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PLIN. EPISTVL. vii 9

Folia Silvulae

SIVE

ECLOGAE POETARUM ANGLICORUM

IN LATINUM ET GRAECUM CONVERSAE

QVAS DISPOSUIT

HUBERTUS A. HOLDEN, LL.D.

COLLEGI SS. TRINITATIS QVONDAM SOCIUS

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LECTORI S.

NIMIS diu in scriniis latuit alterum volumen libri cuius priores duo fasciculos abhinc lustrum et quod excurrit in lucem emisi. Post quartum scilicet fasciculum prelo subiectum variae me curae distinebant quo minus et tertio interiecto totum opus absolutum ederem.

Librum igitur nunc demum do tibi in manus L. B. talem qualem ante hos quinque annos mihi edendum proposueram, nisi quod rogantibus nonnullis obsecutus in tertio fasciculo adscribenda curavi carmina archetypa, quod tamen invitus feci quia spatiis artioribus versiones nonnullae, sede dignissimae, excludendae erant, ne libri moles iustum modum superaret.

Reliquum est ut iis omnibus qui mihi in hoc opere opem praebuerunt gratias iteratas persolvam.

Dabam Gippesvici a. d. VIII Kal. Iun. *A.S.* MDCCCLXX

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Folia Silvulae

FASCICULUS TERTIUS

APHORISMS

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.
He who not needs shall never lack a friend.
No heart so fierce but knows some touch of pity.
The worm of conscience still gnaws the soul.
Why should calamity be full of words?
What is the city but the people?
Extremity is the trier of the spirits.
Common chances common men can bear.
A man is loved when he is lacked.
An old man's tears are salter than a youth's.
Our content is our best having.
Woman is naturally born to fears.
We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.
None can cure their harms by wailing them.
Who most wants advice will hear none.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

---

2 ὁ μὴ σπανίζων οὐ δεήσεται φίλων.

3 τίς ὠμὸς οὕτως ὥστε μὴ 'λεεῖν ποτέ;

6 πόλις γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν αὐτὸς λεώς.

ΓΝΩΜΑΙ ΜΟΝΟΣΤΙΧΟΙ

1 οὐδ᾽ ἀγαθοὶ φεύγουσι διαβολῶν βέλη.
2 τὸν μὴ σπανίζοντ᾽ οὔποτ᾽ ἐκλείψει φίλος.
3 κἂν ἄγριός τις ἔλεον ἐν φρεσὶν τρέφει.
4 κακὸν ξύνοισθα· δηξίθυμόν ἐστ᾽ ἀεί.
5 τοῖς δυστυχοῦσι πλῆθος οὐ πρέπει λόγων.
6 πόλιν λέγοις ἂν ταὐτὸ τοῦτο καὶ λεών.
7 τρόπων ἔλεγχός εἰσιν ἔσχαται τύχαι.
8 τάς τοι τυχούσας χὠ τυχὼν φέρει τύχας.
9 εὖτ᾽ ἂν θάνῃ τις, πᾶς νιν εὐθέως φιλεῖ.
10 δάκρυα γερόντων πικρὰ μᾶλλον ἢ νέων.
11 ἄριστον ἀνδρὶ κτῆμα τὸ στέργειν ἔφυ.
12 φοβερὰ πέφυκε κἀπὶ δείμασιν γυνή.
13 οὐκ ἔστιν ᾅδου καρτερὰν ἴσχειν χέρα.
14 μὴ κρῖνε· τίς γάρ ἐσθ᾽ ἁμαρτίας ἄνευ;
15 κλαίων ἂν οὐδεὶς πημοναῖς ἄκος φέροι.
17 ᾧ πλεῖστα δεῖ, τὸν νουθετοῦντ᾽ οὐ δέξεται.
19 φύει χρόνος τρέφει τε πάντα τἀγαθά.

---

8 μετρίας τύχας τις οἶδε μέτριος φέρειν.
14 ἄλλους τί κρίνεις αὐτὸς ἀδικίας γέμων;
15 οὐκ ἔστι δακρύοντας ἰᾶσθαι κακά.

20 A friend should bear a friend's infirmities.
22 Cowards father cowards and base things sire base.
Seek not for danger where there is no profit.
Great griefs medicine the less.
25 Some falls are means the happier to rise.
Safer to fear too far than trust too far.
Stony limits cannot hold love out.
Dreams are the children of an idle brain.
Silence is the most perfect herald of joy.
30 Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion sway.
Young blood will not obey an old decree.
33 Friendship begets new courage in our breast.
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts.
35 Sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud.
Small things make base men proud.
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible.
Things ill-got had ever bad success.
80 Mirth bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.
82 Ourselves we do not owe.
84 What's to come is still unsure.
87 Do what you please, so that it be becoming.
The labour we delight in physics pain.
The great in villainy are little valiant.
90 Stern looks sometimes dwell with a gentle heart.
92 Their fears are most who know not what they fear.
95 To the sorrowful sorrow seems to dwell everywhere.
To the poor exile all the world's his way.
98 He tires by times that spurs too fast by times.
100 What must perforce be done, as willing do.
A weighty business will not brook delay.
103 No punishment should exceed the law's commission.
132 Too often those who entertain ambition
expel remorse and nature.

20 τὰς ἀσθενείας δεῖ φίλον φίλου φέρειν.
22 αἰσχρῶν πέφυκεν αἰσχρὰ κἀκ κακῶν κακοί.
23 κίνδυνον ἔνθ' ἂν μὴ προσῇ κέρδος φύγε.
24 ταῖς ἥσσοσίν τοι φάρμαχ' αἱ μείζους δύαι.
25 πεσών τις εἶτα μεῖζον ἔσθ' ὅτ' αἴρεται.
26 κρεῖσσον τὸ ταρβεῖν ἢ τὸ πιστεύειν ἄγαν.
27 ἕρκη λιθόδμητ' οὐκ ἔρωτ' εἴργειν ἔχει.
28 φρενὸς ματαιᾶς ἐκπέφυκ' ἐνύπνια.
29 κῆρυξ ἄριστός ἐστιν ἡ σίγη χαρᾶς.
30 ἄρχειν τὸ σῶφρον οὐδὲ τὴν ὄργην πρέπει.
31 νέος παλαιοῖς οὔτις εὐπείθης νόμοις.
33 φιλία φυτεύει θάρσος ἐν στέρνοις νέον.
34 φιλοτιμίαν ἔκβαλλε καρδίας νόσον.
35 λευκόν ποθ' ἦμαρ συσκιάζεται νέφει.
38 κἂν σμικρὰ τοῖς φαυλοῖσιν ἐξογκοῖ κέαρ.
39 οἰκτρὸν τὸ θῆλυ καὶ μάλ' εὔγναμπτον πέλει.
41 κέρδη τὰ μὴ κάλ' οὐ καλῶς εὐημερεῖ.
80 εἴργει τὰ τερπνὰ βλαβερὰ κἀκτείνει βίον.
82 οὐκ αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ κύριος πέφυκ' ἀνήρ.
84 τὸ μέλλον ἐστ' ἄδηλον οἷ προβήσεται.
87 ἅπανθ' ἃ βούλει πρᾶττε πλὴν ἃ μὴ πρέπει.
88 ἰατρὸς ἄλγους ἔσθ' ὁ προσφιλὴς πόνος.
89 δειλοὶ μέγ' εἰσὶν οἱ μέγ' ἀδικοῦντες βροτῶν.
90 φρεσὶν ξυνοικεῖ μαλθακαῖς στυγνὸν βλέπος.
92 ᾧ δεῖμ' ἄδηλον πλεῖστα δειμαίνειν ἔφυ.
95 ἅπαντα πένθος τοῖσι πενθοῦσιν δοκεῖ.
96 πάσης φυγάς τίς ἐστιν οἰκήτωρ χθονός.
98 κάμνει τάχ' ὅστις κάρτ' ἐπείγεται λίαν.
100 ἃ δρᾶν ἀναγκή, ταῦτα δρᾶσον ὡς ἑκών.
101 σπουδαῖον ἔργον οὐκ ἀνέξεται τριβάς.
103 οὔτοι δίκην χρὴ λαμβάνειν νόμων ὕπερ.
132 τιμῆς ἔρως περισσὸς ἐξωθεῖ θάμα
τοὐλεινὸν ἀνδρὸς καὶ βιάζεται φύσιν.

133 It is but wasting time to counsel those
whom we find votaries of fond desire.

134 'Tis useful oft to perfecting a man
that he be tried and tutored in the world.

137 If one should be a prey, how much the better
to fall before the lion than the wolf.

138 Happier is he that has no friends to feed,
than such as do e'en enemies exceed.

139 A good and virtuous nature may recoil
in an imperial charge.

142 The bird that hath been limed in a tree
with trembling wing misdoubteth every bush.

144 The mind by passion driven from its firm hold
becomes a feather to each wind that blows.

146 What our contempts do often hurl from us,
we wish it ours again.

150 Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
but great men tremble when the lion roars.

151 What poor willing duty cannot do,
noble respect accepts as done.

152 Unstained thoughts do seldom dream of evil;
birds never limed no secret bushes fear.

154 When that is gone for which we sought to live,
wretched no longer we have fear to die.

156 Beauty in holy antique hours was seen
without all ornament, itself and true.

W. SHAKESPEARE

186 Nothing comes free-cost here; Jove will not let
his gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat.

133 *ἄλλως πονοῦμεν νουθετεῖν πειρώμενοι*
τὸν εἰς ἔρωτα λῆμ' ἔχοντ' ἀνειμένον.

134 *ἄνδρων θυραίων πεῖρα καὶ ξυναλλαγαὶ*
πολλοὺς ἐπ' ἀρετὴν ἐξεπαίδευσαν νέους.

137 *εἴ τῳ γενέσθαι κύρμα δεῖ, λῷον πολὺ*
λέοντος ἄγραν ἢ λύκου πεσεῖν ὕπο.

138 *φίλων σπανίζειν αἱρετώτερον λέγω*
ἢ τοὺς ἔτ' ἐχθρῶν ὄντας ἐχθίους τρέφειν.

139 *ἔνεστιν ἄνδρα κἂν φύσιν γενναῖος ᾖ*
ἀρχὴν ἐπιτρεφθέντα γ' ἀναπεσεῖν πάλιν.

142 *ἰξῷ δεθεῖσ' ὄρνις ποθ' ὕστερον πτέροις*
τρομεροῖσι πᾶσαν κάρθ' ὑποπτεύει λόχμην.

144 *θυμὸς δ' ὑπ' ὀργῆς ἐκ στάσεως σεσυρμένος*
ἀνέμοις ἅπασι παιγνίον γενήσεται.

146 *ὃ πόλλ' ὑπερφρονοῦντες ἐκβεβλήκαμεν,*
τοῦτ' αὖθ' ἑκόντες αὖθις ἂν δεχοίμεθα.

150 *παρ' οὐδέν ἐστι κυνίδια σεσηρότα,*
μεγάλοι δὲ ταρβοῦσ' ἄνδρες εἰ λέων βρέμει.

151 *ἃ μὴ δυνάμενος βούλεταί τις εὖ ποιεῖν,*
τάδ' ὡς πεπραγμέν' ᾔνεσ' αἰδόφρων ἀνήρ.

152 *ἄχραντος οὐδὲν φροντὶς ἐννοεῖ κακόν,*
ὄρνις δὲ μὴ δεθεῖσά γ' οὐκ ὀκνεῖ λόχμην.

154 *οἷς τοῦτο φροῦδον, οὗ χάριν τοῦ ζῆν ἔρως*
ἐνῆν, τὸ θνήσκειν οὐκέτ' ἐστ' αὐτοῖς βαρύ.

156 *τὸ κάλλος ἐν τῷ πρόσθεν εὐαγεῖ χρόνῳ*
καθαρὸν πέφηνεν ἀγλαϊσμάτων τ' ἄτερ.

ED.

186 *ἄλλως δέχοιτ' ἂν οὐδέν, οὐδ' ἴηλε θεὸς*
ἄτερθ' ἱδρῶτος τἀγάθ' ἀνθρώποις ἔχειν.

190 Man knows where first he ships himself: but he
never can tell where shall his landing be.

191 In this misfortune kings do most excel,
to hear the worst from men when they do well.

192 Who violates the customs, hurts the health
not of one man, but all the commonwealth.

194 If well the dice run, let's applaud the cast;
the happy fortune will not always last.

195 'Tis the chirurgeon's praise and height of art,
not to cut off but cure the vicious part.

R. HERRICK

222 The joys of life are heightened by a friend;
the woes of life are lessened by a friend;
in all the cares of life we by a friend
assistance find.—Who'd be without a friend?

WANDESFORD

223 The wise and active conquer difficulties
by daring to attempt them: sloth and folly
shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
and make the impossibility they fear.

N. ROWE

223*a* The earth walketh on the earth glittering like gold,
the earth goeth from the earth, not where it wold;

---

194 *κύβοις βαλόντ' εὖ τἀκπεσόντ' αἰνεῖν χρεών·*
οὐ ταὐτὸν ἀεὶ σχῆμα διαμενεῖ τύχης.

ED.

222 *φίλου παρόντος πᾶσιν ἐν βίῳ δοκεῖ*
μείω τὰ πικρὰ καὶ τὰ τερπνὰ μείζονα,
λυπουμένοις δ' ἐπωφέλημα γίγνεται
φίλου μέγιστον· τίς φίλους ἄρ' οὐ φιλεῖ;

J. Y. S.

190 *ὅθενπερ εἰς ναῦν εἰσέβη γνωστόν τινι,*
ὅρμος δ' ἄδηλός ἐστιν ὅνπερ ἵξεται.

191 *αὕτη ξυνοικεῖ πλεῖστα κοιράνοις νόσος,*
κάκιστ' ἀπ' ἐσθλῶν πραγμάτων κλύειν βροτοῖς.

192 *νόμους ὑπερβὰς ἕνα μὲν οὐ βλάπτεις μόνον*
ἄνδρ' ἀλλὰ πᾶσαν ἐς νόσον βάλλεις πόλιν.

194 *τοὺς εὖ πεσόντας εὖ λέγειν κύβους πρέπει,*
ἀγανὴ γὰρ ἐλθοῦσ' οὐ φιλεῖ μένειν τυχή.

195 *οὐκ ἐκταμὼν πῆμ' ἀλλὰ φαρμάκοις ἄκος*
εὑρὼν ἰατρὸς φαίνεται σοφώτερος.

C. B.

222 *τέρπει τὰ τερπνὰ μᾶλλον, ἢν φίλος παρῇ,*
ἧσσον δὲ λυπεῖ τἄλγος, ἢν φίλος παρῇ,
ἐν πᾶσι μόχθοις ὠφέλεια γίγνεται
φίλος· τίς οὖν ἂν ζῆν θέλοι φίλων ἄτερ;

J. Y. S.

223 *νικῶσιν οἱ σοφοί τε κἀνδρεῖοι βροτῶν*
τολμᾶν θέλοντες πάνθ' ὅσ' ἐστι δυσχερῆ.
μόχθους δ' ἀποκνοῦσ' ἡ κακὴ ῥαθυμία
τὸν μηδ' ὑπάρχονθ' εὗρεν ἐξ αὑτῆς πόνον.

J. Y. S.

223*a* *λαμπρὸς βέβηκε γήϊνος γαίας ἔπι,*
ἄκων ἀπῆλθε γήϊνος γαίας ἄπο,

---

222 *βροτοῖσι τἀγάθ' αὐξάνει φίλος παρών·*
φίλου παρόντος πάντα μειοῦται κακά·
πασῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι συμφορῶν φίλος
βακτηρία 'στι· τίς ἂν ἔσοιτ' ἄνευ φίλου;

W. B.

the earth buildeth on the earth castles and towers,
the earth sayeth to the earth 'These shall be ours.'

223 *b* Full many a gem of purest ray serene
the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
full many a flower is born to blush unseen
and waste its sweetness on the desert air.

T. GRAY

286 The ample proposition, that hope makes
in all designs begun on earth below,
fails in the promised largeness: checks and disasters
grow in the veins of actions highest reared;
as knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
tortive and errant from his course of growth.

W. SHAKESPEARE

301 Oh sweetest voice! Oh blessed familiar sound
of mother-words heard in the stranger's land!
I see the blue hills of my native shore,
the far blue hills again! those cordial tones
before the captive bid them freshly rise
for ever welcome! Oh, by this deep joy
know the true son of Greece.

F. HEMANS, *translated from* GOETHE

328 How blest is he who his progenitors
with pride remembers, to the listener tells
the story of their greatness, of their deeds,
and, silently rejoicing, sees himself

πυργώμαθ' εἶσε γήϊνος γαίας πεδῷ,
'ἡμῖν τάδ' ἔσται' γήϊνος γαίᾳ λέγει.

W. H. BR.

223*b* πολλοὶ λίθοι φλέγοντες εὐαυγῆ φλόγα
εὕδουσ' ἀίστοις ἐν μυχοῖσι Νηρέως·
ἄνθη τε τὴν ἔρημον αἰθέρος πλάκα
πάμπολλα μειλίσσοντ' ἐρεύθεται μάτην.

F. W. H. M.

286 ἅ τοι προτείνειν ἀφθόνως ἐλπὶς φιλεῖ
ἐν τοῖς βροτείων φροιμίοις βουλευμάτων,
οὐ καλλικάρποις ἐμμένει τάδ' ἐγγυαῖς·
ἐν γὰρ πτυχαῖσι τῶν ἄγαν ὑψιζύγων
ἔργων ἀνάγκαι βλαστάνουσι δύσμαχοι,
ὡς γοῦν, ἀθροίσει συρροῇ τ' ὀποῦ, πλοκαὶ
βλάπτουσιν αἰσχρῶς τὴν πρὶν ὑγιηρὰν πίτυν,
διαστρόφοισιν ἐμποδίζουσαι πλάναις
τὸ μηκέτ' αὖθις αὖ ποτ' ὀρθῶσαι φυήν.

R. ANDREWS, *A. S.* 1840

301 ὦ φθέγμ' ἄελπτον σὺν πόθῳ τ' ἐμοὶ φανέν,
γλώσσης πατρῴας φθόγγος ἐν ξένῃ χθονί.
νιφοστιβῆ γὰρ καίπερ αἰχμάλωτος ὢν
αὖθις δοκῶ μοι πατρίδος εἰσιδεῖν ὄρη
πορθμὸν σκιάζοντ' εὐρὺν Αἰγαίας ἁλός.
χἤμας ἄρ' ἴσθ' Ἕλληνας ὄντας, ὦ γύναι.

T. KOCK, *A. S.* 1861

328 ζηλωτὸς ὅστις ἧς γονῆς μεμνημένος
χαίρει παλαιάν τ' ἐν λόγων ξυναλλαγαῖς
προγόνων ἐπαινεῖ δόξων, αὐτὸν εὐκλεῶν
ἀνδρῶν ἀριθμῷ προστιθεὶς ξὺν ἡδονῇ.

linked to this goodly chain! For the same stock
bears not the monster and the demigod:
a line, or good, or evil, ushers in
the glory or the terror of the world.

A. SWANWICK, *from* GOETHE

332 Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
as if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched
but to fine issues: nor nature never lends
the smallest scruple of her excellence
but, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
herself the glory of a creditor,
both thanks and use.

W. SHAKESPEARE

346 *Som.* Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then between us.
War. Between two hawks which flies the higher pitch,
between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
between two blades, which bears the better temper,
between two horses, which doth bear him best,
between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
but in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

W. SHAKESPEARE

---

346 A. *ὦναξ, σὺ δ' ἡμῖν τοῦ χρέους γενοῦ βραβεύς.*
B. *ἀλλ' εἰ γενοίμην αἱρεθεὶς κίρκοιν πέρι*
βραβεύς, ὁπότερος πλεῖον ὑψοῦται πτεροῖς,
κυνοῖν θ' ὁπότερος τοῖς ὑλάγμασιν κρατεῖ,
ξιφοῖν θ' ὁπότερον θηγανῆς δεῖται πλέον,
ἵπποιν θ' ὁποτέρῳ φερτέρα κνημῶν βάσις,

οὐ γάρ ποτ᾽ οἶκος αὐτίκα σπείρειν φιλεῖ
θεοῖς ὁμοίους ἄνδρας οὐδ᾽ ἀλάστορας·
σπορὰ δὲ πολλῶν σωφρόνων τε καὶ κακῶν
φέρει βροτοῖς ὄλεθρον ἢ σωτηρίαν.

T. KOCK, *A. S.* 1861

332 χρῆται θεὸς βροτοῖσιν, ὡς χρῶνται βροτοὶ
λύχνοισιν οἳ λάμπουσιν οὐχ αὑτῶν χάριν·
ἡμῖν γὰρ ἀρετῶν λανθάνουσ᾽ ὅσαι σκότῳ,
ὅμοιον, ὡς εἰ μήποτ᾽ ἦσαν ἔμφυτοι·
οὐ γὰρ φρένες ποτ᾽ ἐξεγείρονται καλῶς
πλὴν τῶν καλῶν ἕκατι· κοὔποθ᾽ ἡ φύσις
θέλει δανεῖσαι λεπτὸν ἐκ τῶν χρημάτων,
εἰ μή, προμηθὴς ὡς θεά τις, ὥρισε
χρείαν χάριν τε τῆς δανεισάσης κλέος.

J. G. L.

346 A. σὺ δῆτ᾽ Ἀχιλλεῦ τήνδε νῷν κρῖνον δίκην.
B. εἰ χρή με πότερος θᾶσσον ἐξᾴσσει πτεροῖς
κίρκοιν βραβεὺς σφῷν αἱρεθεὶς δυοῖν φράσαι,
δυοῖν θ᾽ ἅμιλλαν ἀμφ᾽ ὑλάγματος κυνῶν
τάχους τε πώλων ἢ ξιφῶν βαφῆς πέρι
ἢ παρθένων τοι καλλονῆς στῆσαι δυοῖν
ἔχοιμ᾽ ἴσως ἂν ὡς ἀπαίδευτος λέγειν.
ἀλλ᾽ αἱμύλων τοι περὶ νόμου σοφισμάτων
οὐδὲν κολοιοῦ τυγχάνω σοφώτερος.

C. B.

κόραιν θ᾽ ὁποτέρας φαιδρότης ἐφιζάνει
ὄσσοις γλυκίων, ταῦτ᾽ ἴσως κρίνειν ὅδε
δύναιτ᾽ ἂν ἀνήρ, ἐν δὲ τοιούτοις λόγοις
περιπλοκῶν τε ποικίλων διαιρέσει
οὐδὲν κολοιοῦ πλέον ἔφυν σοφώτερος.

ED.

357 My gracious liege, this too much lenity
and harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
not to the beast that would usurp their den:
whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
not his that spoils her young before her face:
who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
not he that sets his foot upon her back:
the smallest worm will turn being trodden on;
and doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

W. SHAKESPEARE

361 Hatred hatched at home is a tame tiger,
may fawn and sport, but never leaves his nature.
The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
is like a small stone thrown into a river,
the breach scarce heard; but view the beaten current,
and you shall see a thousand angry rings
rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;
so jars circling in distrusts, distrusts breed dangers,
and dangers death, the greatest, extreme shadow,
till nothing bound 'em but the shore, their graves.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

368 A little onward lend thy guiding hand
to these dark steps, a little further on;

357 ἄναξ φέριστε, μαλθακῶν σ' ἄγαν τρόπων
οἴκτου τ' ἀκέρδους τοῦδε παύσασθαι χρέων.
φέρ' εἰπέ, ποῖον θῆρα δέρκεται λέων
ὄσσοισι μειλίχοισιν; οὐχὶ τὸν βίᾳ
εὐνὴν ἐπεισπίπτοντα. τοῖς δ' ὀρειβάταις
ἄρκτοις τίνων δὴ χεῖρα λιχμᾶσθαι φίλον;
οὐ δῆτ' ἐκείνων οἵ σφιν ὀμμάτων πάρος
σκύμνους ἀναρπάζουσιν. ἢ τίς εὔχεται
κρυφίας ἐχίδνης δήγματ' ἐκπεφευγέναι;
οὐχ οὑπὶ νώτοις θεὶς ἀνιαρὸν πόδα.
καὶ μὴν πατούμενός γε τὸ σμικρὸν κάρα
σκώληξ πρὸς ὀργὴν αἴρεται· δάκνουσι δὲ
τυτθῶν ἀρωγοὶ θρεμμάτων πελειάδες.

W. J. K.

361 μῖσος δόμοισιν ἐντραφὲν πέλει λέων
τιθασός, ὃς εἰ σαίνειν τε καὶ παίζειν θέλει,
ὅμως τὸ πρόσθ' ἔδειξε πατρῷόν γ' ἔθος.
νεῖκός τ' ἀδελφῶν ἀλκιμωτάτων δυοῖν
ὅμοιον, ὥς τις ψῆφον εἰς ὕδωρ βαλὼν
μόγις μὲν ἐψόφησεν· ἀλλ' ἰδὼν ῥοὴν
τυφθεῖσαν ὄψει μυρίους ἐκεῖ κύκλους
ὑδάτων ἐπ' ἄκρων ἐξαναστῆναι χόλῳ,
τείνειν τ' ἀεὶ πρὸς μεῖζον, ὀγκοῦσθαί τ' ἀεί·
οὕτω τε νεῖκος εἰς ἀπιστίαν κυκλεῖ,
ἀπιστία τ' ἔφυσε κινδύνους ἄρα,
κἀκ τῶνδ' ἔβλαστε θάνατος, ὑστάτη σκιὰ
πασῶν μεγίστη, κοὐδέν ἐστ' ἤδη τέλος,
εἰ μὴ πρὸς ὄχθῃ τέρμα τοῦ κείνων τάφου.

J. G. L.

368 βαιόν τι πόρσω χεῖρα πόμπιμον πόρε
βάσει σκοτεινῇ τῇδε, βαιὸν ὦ τέκνον,

for yonder bank hath choice of sun or shade:
there I am wont to sit, when any chance
relieves me from my task of servile toil,
daily in the common prison else enjoined me;
where I, a prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
the air imprisoned also, close and damp,
unwholesome draught. But here I feel amends,
the breath of heaven fresh blowing, pure and sweet,
with day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
369 This day a solemn feast the people hold
to Dagon their sea-idol, and forbid
laborious works—unwillingly this rest
their superstition yields me—hence, with leave
retiring from the popular noise, I seek
this unfrequented place to find some ease,—
ease to the body some, none to the mind
from restless thoughts, that, like a deadly swarm
of hornets armed, no sooner found alone,
but rush upon me thronging, and present
times past, what once I was and what am now.
370 O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
twice by an Angel? who at last in sight
of both my parents all in flames ascended
from off the altar, where an offering burned,
as in a fiery column charioting
his god-like presence, and from some great act
or benefit revealed to Abraham's race.
Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed
as of a person separate to God,

ἐνταῦθα γάρ που θᾶκος ἢ σκιὰν ἔχει
ἢ θάλπος εἰ χρῇς ἡδύ. τῇδ' ἐγὼ φιλῶ
φοιτᾶν βαναύσων ἥν με παραλύσῃ τύχη
πόνων κατ' ἦμαρ οὓς ἐγὼ τάλας φέρω
κακῶς ἐν εἱρκταῖς ἔνθα δεσμοῖσιν ζυγεὶς
αὔρας ξυνοίκους ἀέρος θ' ὑγροῦ μόγις
πνιγηρὸν ἕλκω πνεῦμα καὶ νόσου βρύον.
ἐνταῦθα μέντοι τῶν κακῶν ποίνας τίνει
θεῖός τις ἄνεμος ἵλεῳ γλυκὺς πνοῇ
φανεὶς ἕωθεν· ὧδε δὴ καθῖζέ με.
369 ἐν ἡμέρᾳ τοι τῇδ' ὁ πάνδημος λεὼς
δαίνυσ' ἑορτὴν τῷ θαλασσίῳ θεῷ
Δάγωνι καὶ προεῖπεν ἀργίαν πόνων
βαρέων ἅπασιν· παῦλαν οὐχ ἑκὼν διδοὺς
κἀμοὶ θεῶν ἕκατι. πρὸς δὲ ταῦτα νῦν
ζητῶ βραχεῖαν ὧδ' ἀπ' ἀνθρώπων σχολήν,
ἐὰν τὸ σῶμα κουφίσω, ψυχὴν δέ μοι
λυποῦσ' ἀνιῶν μυρίων ἐπιστροφαί,
αἳ σφῆκες οἷα μοῦνος ἣν τύχω πότ' ὦν
κεντοῦσ' ὁμοῦ με, τὴν παρεστῶσαν τύχην
τῇ πρόσθε συμβάλλοντα κἀξ οἵων ποτὲ
πεσὼν ὁποίαις ξυμφοραῖς ἐλαύνομαι.
370 φεῦ φεῦ.
τί δῆτα γένεσιν δίς τε κοὐχ ἅπαξ ἐμὴν
κῆρυξ προεῖπε θεῖος, ὃς δισσῶν πάλιν
τοκέων ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν αἰθέρ' εἰσέδυ
ῥιπαῖσι πυρπνόοισιν ἁρπασθεὶς ἀπὸ
βωμοῦ φλέγοντος ἐμπύροις μετάρσιος,
ὀχούμενος τ' αὐγαῖσιν ὡς θεὸς λιπὼν
βροτοῖς μέγ' ὠφέλημα; καὶ τί δή ποτε
παίδευσιν ὧδε τὴν ἐμὴν ἐστοίχισεν,
ὡς θεῷ τραφέντος καὶ καθιερωμένου
καλοῖς ἐπ' ἔργοις, τυφλὸν εἴ με χρὴ θανεῖν

design'd for great exploits? If I must die
betrayed, captived, and both my eyes put out,
made of my enemies the scorn and gaze,
to grind in brazen fetters under task,
371 with this heaven-gifted strength? O glorious strength
put to the labour of a beast, debased
lower than bond-slave! Promise was that I
should Israel from Philistian yoke deliver.—
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
eyeless in Gaza, at the mill with slaves,
himself in bonds under Philistian yoke.—
Yet stay, let me not rashly call in doubt
divine prediction. What if all foretold
had been fulfilled but through mine own default!
whom have I to complain of but myself?
who, this high gift of strength committed to me,
in what part lodged, how easily bereft me,
under the seal of silence could not keep,
but weakly to a woman must reveal it,
o'ercome with importunity and tears.

J. MILTON

374 Even to the utmost I have been to thee
a kind and a good Father: and herein
I but repay a gift which I myself
received at other hands; for, though now old
beyond the common life of man, I still
remember them who loved me in my youth.
Both of them sleep together; here they lived,
as all their forefathers had done; and when

λωβητὸν ἐμπολητὸν ἐχθροῖσιν γέλων
θέαμα θ' ἡδὺ χαλκέοισιν ὡς τάλας
δεσμοῖς βαρυνθεὶς φορτικῷ μύλης ἔπι
μόχθῳ τὸ θεῖόν μου καταισχύνω σθένος.
371 *ὦ σῶμα κλεινὸν θηρὸς ὡς ἀντλεῖς πόνους*
δούλων κακίω μοῖραν. ἆρ' ἐμοί ποτε
φήμη τις ἦλθε θεόθεν ὡς τοὐμὸν γένος
λύσαιμ' ὑπ' ἐχθρῶν μὴ κακῶς πάσχειν ἔτι;
νῦν δ' αὖθ' ὁρᾶτε τὸν μέγαν σωτῆρ' ἐμὲ
ἁλῶντ' ἀτίμως τυφλὸν ἐν Γάζῃ πόλει,
δοῦλον μετ' ἄλλων ξυνδεθέντα δέσμιον.
καίτοι τί φημι; πῶς τὰ νημερτῆ θεοῦ
μαντεῖ' ἐλέγχειν χρή με παντόλμῳ φρενί;
ἐκεῖνα γὰρ δὴ ζῶντα κἂν πεπρωμένον
ἐξεῦρε, τοὐμὸν εἴ τι μὴ 'σφάλη, τέλος·
τίς ξυμμετίσχει τῶνδέ μοι τῆς αἰτίας;
ὃς δὴ τὸ σεμνὸν ἰσχύος γέρας νέμων
θέσιν τ' ἔχον τοιάνδε τοῖς τ' ἐχθροῖς ἀεὶ
ἄγρευμα φαῦλον θεσμὰ τῆς σιγῆς τάλας
ὅσια μιαίνω καὶ γυναικὶ μαλθακῶς
προὔδωκα δάκρυσι καὶ λιταῖς νικώμενος.

C. B.

374 *εἰς τοὔσχατον δὴ πρᾶος ἤπιός τ' ἐγὼ*
πατὴρ ἐγενόμην ἔς σ', ὑπουργήσας χάριν
ὧνπερ πρὸς ἄλλων καὐτὸς ἐξεδεξάμην.
γεραίτερος γὰρ ἢ κατ' ἀνθρώπων ζόην
ὢν ἐς τοσόνδε γ' ἡμέρας μνείαν ἔχω
οἳ παῖδ' ἔτ' ὄντα νήπιόν μ' ἐστεργέτην.
καθεύδετον δύ' ὄντε γ' ἐν ταὐτῷ λέχει.
ἐνταῦθ' ἔναιον οὗπερ οἱ γεννήτορες,

at length their time was come, they were not loath
to give their bodies to the family mould.
I wished that thou should'st live the life they lived.

376 Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not
that when the searching eye of heaven is hid
behind the globe, that lights the lower world,
then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
in murders and in outrage, boldly here;
but when, from under this terrestrial ball,
he fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
and darts his light through every guilty hole,
then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
the cloak of night being plucked from off their backs,
stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

W. SHAKESPEARE

377 Can Love be pleased? Love is a gentle spirit;
the wind that blows the April flowers not softer;
she's drawn with doves to shew her peacefulness:
lions and bloody pards are Mars's servants.
Would you serve Love? do it with humbleness,
without a noise, with still prayers and soft murmurs;
upon her altars offer your obedience,
and not your brawls; she's won with tears, not terrors;
that fire you kindle to her deity

ὅπως δὲ καιρὸς ἦν τελευτῆσαι βίον,
οὐδὲν πατρῴου μοῖραν ὠκνείτην τάφου.
οὕτω βιῶναι καί σ' ἔγωγ' ἐβουλόμην.

H. J.

376 *οὐ δὴ κάτοισθ' ὡς οὐρανοῦ μαστήριος*
ὀφθαλμὸς εὖτ' ὂν εὐκύκλου γαίας κάτω
κεύθων παράσχῃ τοῖς ἔνερθ' αὐγὴν τόποις,
ἐν τῷδε λῆσται κἄγριοι συλήτορες
φοιτῶσιν ἐνθάδ' ἐγκαλυφθέντες σκότῳ,
ὕβρει βιαίῳ καὶ σφαγαῖς μιαιφόνοι·
χθονίας δ' ἐπειδὴ τῆσδ' ἐπαντέλλων ὑπὸ
σφαίρας κλάδους ἀκτῖσιν ὑψίστους φλέγει
πευκῶν ἑῴων, πανταχοῦ μυχῶν ἔσω
αὐγὴν ἰάπτων ἀνοσίων ἐπίσκοπον,
φόνοι τότ' ἤδη, προδοσίαι, μορφαί θ' ὁμοῦ
κακῶν ἀπευκτῶν, ἐννύχου καλύμματος
ἀποστερέντες ἐμφανῶς γυμνοί τ' ἰδεῖν
ἑστᾶσ' ὑπ' αὐγὰς καὶ τρόμῳ πεφρικότες
αὐτοὶ πρὸς αὑτῶν.

H. LUSHINGTON, *A. S.* 1833

377 *πῶς ἔστ' ἀδεῖν Ἔρωτι; μαλθακαὶ φρένες*
Ἔρωτος· οὔτ' οὖν ἄνεμος εὐμενέστερος
ἔπνευσεν ἔαρος ἄνθεσιν· περιστερῶν
ὄχῳ γεγηθὼς ἡμέραν δηλοῖ φύσιν·
λέοντες αὖ πάρδοι τε, φοίνιον γένος,
Ἄρει λατρεύουσ'. ἆρ' ὑπηρετεῖν θέλεις
Ἔρωτι; τοῦτ' οὖν ἔρδε, πάντ' ὄγκον μεθεὶς
βοήν τε, σῖγα προσφέρων λιτάς, στόμα
ἔχ' ἡσυχαῖον· τοῦδε γὰρ βωμοῖς πρέπει
πειθαρχία μὲν οὐδὲ νεικέων ἔρις·
δάκρυα δαμᾷ νιν, οὐχὶ δεῖμ'· οὐδ' ἂν φλόγα

is only grateful when it's blown with sighs,
and holy incense flung with white-hand innocence.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

379 Hark! in the trembling leaves
mysterious whispers: hark! a rushing sound
sweeps through yon twilight depth—e'en now they come,
they throng to greet their guest! and who are they
rejoicing each with each in stately joy,
as a king's children gathered for the hour
of some high festival! Exultingly
and kindred-like, and godlike, on they pass,
the glorious wandering shapes! aged and young,
proud men and royal women! Lo my race,
my sire's ancestral race!

F. HEMANS *from* GOETHE

382 One draught from Lethe's flood! reach me one draught,
one last cool goblet filled with dewy peace!
soon will the spasm of life departing leave
my bosom free! Soon shall my spirit flow
along the deep waves of forgetfulness,
calmly and silently! away to you,
ye dead! Ye dwellers of the eternal cloud,
take home the son of earth, and let him steep
his o'er-worn senses in your dim repose
for evermore.

F. HEMANS *from* GOETHE

386 Gone,—my lord!
gone thro' my sin to slay and to be slain!
and he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell? I should have answered his farewell.
His mercy choked me. Gone, my lord the King,
my own true lord! how dare I call him mine?

δαίοις ἀρεστὴν τῷ θεῷ στόνων ἄνευ,
οὐδ' ἂν δέχοιτ' ἄναγνα θυμιάματα,
ἃ μὴ βάλοιεν εὐσεβῶς λευκαὶ χέρες.

J. G. L.

379 *ποίας ποτ' ὀμφῆς κέλαδος ἐν κλάδοις ψοφεῖ;*
ποίων δὲ φωνῶν πνεύματ' ἐν δένδρων σκιᾷ;
βλέψοντες οἶδ' ἥκουσι τοὺς ἐπήλυδας.
τίς ἥδε χωρεῖ τάξις εὐπρεπὴς ἰδεῖν
σεμνῶν τυράννων ἐμφερὴς ὁμιλίᾳ;
παῖδες γέροντες, ἄνδρες ἀναμεμιγμένοι
γυναῖξιν, ἀλλήλοισι καὶ θεοῖς ἅμα
ἐοικότες στείχουσιν· ἀλλ' ἤδη νοῶ·
εἰσὶν γὰρ ἡμῶν τοῦ γένους ἀρχηγέται.

T. KOCK, *A.S.* 1861

382 *ἄλλην ἔτ' ἔγχει ναμάτων λήθης πόσιν*
πανυστάτην δὴ τέρψιν ἴασίν τ' ἐμοί.
βίου γὰρ εὐθὺς σπασμὸς ἀλγεινὸς μέλη
λείψει, κάτεισι δ' ἡσυχῇ ψυχὴ τάχα
πρὸς τοῖσι λήθης ῥεύμασιν πλανωμένη
ἐς γῆν καμόντων καὶ τὸ δηναιὸν σκότος.
ὦ πρὸς θεῶν δέξασθε τὸν δυσδαίμονα
πάσης ἀλήτην γῆς ἐν εἰρήνης τόποις.

T. KOCK, *A.S.* 1861

386 *βέβηκεν οὖν βέβηκεν, αἰτία δ' ἐγώ,*
κτείνας ὅπως ἂν αὐτὸς ἀνθαλῷ δορί,
ὀργὴν δ' ἐμοὶ μεθῆκεν, ἀντειπεῖν δ' ἐγὼ
οὐκ ἔσχον οὐδέν· τλῆμον, ἆρ' ἔχει καλῶς
χαίρειν λέγοντα μηδὲ προσφωνεῖν πάλιν;
ἔθηκ' ἄφωνόν μ' οἰκτίσας· βέβηκ' ἐμοὶ
ἄναξ ἐμὸς ξύνευνος· οὐκ ἐμὸς μὲν οὖν,

the shadow of another cleaves to me,
and makes me one pollution: he, the King
called me polluted: shall I kill myself?
what help in that? I cannot kill my sin,
if soul be soul; nor can I kill my shame;
no, nor by living can I live it down.

A. TENNYSON

396 I well remember too (for I was present)
when in a secret and dead hour of night,
due sacrifice performed with barbarous rites
of muttered charms and solemn invocation,
you made the Magi call the dreadful powers,
that read futurity, to know the fate
impending o'er your son: their answer was
'If the son reign, the mother perishes.'
'Perish' you cried 'the mother! reign the son!'
He reigns, the rest is heaven's; who oft has bade,
even when its will seemed wrote in lines of blood,
th' unthought event disclose a whiter meaning.

T. GRAY

397 His worth is great; valiant he is and temperate;
and one that never thinks his life his own
if his friend need it. When he was a boy,
as oft as I return'd, (as, without boast,
I brought home conquest), he would gaze upon me
and view me round, to find in what one limb
the virtue lay to do those things he heard;

ἐπεὶ διώκει μ' ἀνδρὸς ἀλλοίου σκιὰ
καί μ' ἐκμιαίνει πᾶσαν. ἆρ' αὐτός μ' ἔφη
φῦναι μίασμα; καὶ τόδ' ἀγχόνης πέλας.
οὐ χρὴ θανεῖν τιν'; ἀλλὰ πῶς τόδ' ὠφελεῖ;
ζῇ γὰρ τό γ' αἰσχρόν, εἴ τι κἀν αἵδου μένει
ψυχή, θανοῦσιν οὐδὲ συνθνήσκει βροτοῖς.
ζῶσαν δὲ δὴ τὸ μῖσος οὐ λείπει ποτέ.

C. B.

396 ἐτύγχανον παροῦσα, καὶ μνείαν ἔχω,
ἀωρόνυκτος ὥς ποτ' ἐν σκότῳ κρύφα
ἔθυσας, οἷ' ἐν βαρβάροις νομίζεται,
μύζουσ' ἀοιδήν, χρωμένη σεμναῖς λιταῖς,
μάγους τ' ἐπῇρας δαίμονας δεινοὺς καλεῖν
τοὺς εἰδότας τὸ μέλλον, ὡς φαίνωσί σοι
αἶσαν τέκνῳ σῷ πλησίαν· ἦν δ' οὖν λόγος·
μόρσιμον ὀλέσθαι μητέρ', ἄρχοντος τέκνου·
'ὄλοιτο μήτηρ' εἶπας 'ἀρχέτω τέκνον.'
ἐκεῖνος ἄρχει· θεοῖς δὲ τῶν λοιπῶν μέλει,
οἳ πολλὰ δὴ 'κέλευσαν, εὖτ' ἐν αἵματι
γράψαι 'δόκουν τὴν δέλτον, εἶτα συμφορὰν
ἀπροσδόκητον ἄλλα λευκότερα θέλειν.

J. G. L.

397 καὶ κάρτα πολλῆς ἄξιος τιμῆς ἔφυ·
γνώμην γὰρ ἀσκεῖ σώφρον' ἀνδρείαν θ' ἅμα,
οὐχ οἷος ἂν φείδοιτο τῆς αὑτοῦ πότε
ψυχῆς, ἐὰν φίλων τις ἐνδεῶς ἔχῃ·
εὐθὺς δὲ παῖς ὤν, εὖτ' ἀνέλθοιμ' οἴκαδε
φέρων τρόπαια (κοὔτι κομπάσας λέγω)
ἔστη θεάτης ὄμμα διαφέρων ἀεὶ
ἐκεῖσε καὶ τὸ δεῦρο τοῦδε σώματος,
εἴ πως ἀνεύροι τῶν μέλεων ὅπου σθένος
γένοιθ', ὑφ' οὗ τὰ κλεινὰ ποιήσας ἔχω·

then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
the quickness of the edge, and in his hand
weigh it: he oft would make me smile at this.
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
will see it all performed.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

399 Oh hear me, look upon me! how my heart,
after long desolation, now unfolds
unto this new delight, to kiss thy head,
thou dearest, dearest one of all on earth,
to clasp thee with my arms, which were but thrown
on the void winds before! O give me way,
give my soul's rapture way! the eternal fount
leaps not more brightly forth from cliff to cliff
of high Parnassus, down the golden vale,
than the strong joy bursts gushing from my heart,
and swells around me to a flood of bliss—
Orestes!—oh, my brother!

F. HEMANS *from* GOETHE

405 How use doth breed a habit in a man!
these shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
here can I sit alone unseen of any,
and to the nightingale's complaining notes
tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
and leave no memory of what it was!

εὖτ' αὖ θεᾷσθαι τοὐμὸν ηὔχετο ξίφος,
ἀκμῆς τε πειρᾷν βαστάσαι τε ταῖν χεροῖν,
ὥστ' εἰσιδόντα πολλάκις γελᾷν ἐμέ.
ἦτοι παρασχὼν πλῆθος ἐλπίδων τότε
τάσδ' οὔτι μὴ ψεύσῃ ποτ' ἐξανδρούμενος.

ED.

399 ὦ τάν, ἄκουσον ἠδὲ πρόσβλεψόν μ' ὅπως
ἄλγιστα τλᾶσαν πήματ' εὐφραίνει θεός.
ἀναπτεροῦμαι δ' ἐλπίσιν τὸ σόν γ' ὅτι
κρᾶτ' ἀσπάσασθαι, φιλτάτου βροτῶν ἐμοί,
καὶ ταῖσδε χερσίν, ἃς τέως μάτην κεναῖς
προὔτεινον αὔραις, σοῦ γε νῦν ἔστιν θιγεῖν.
ὦ μή μ' ἀπώσῃς· οὐδὲ γὰρ Παρνασόθεν
καθαρώτερον κρηναῖον εὔποτον γάνος
χρυσαυγὲς ἕρπον κατὰ πετρῶν ἄρδει πέδον.
ἦ νῦν ἐμοὺς ἔτεγξεν ὀφθαλμοὺς ῥέος
ἁγνὸν ποθεινῆς ἡδονῆς πλημμυρίδι.
Ὄρεστ' Ὄρεστ' ἀδελφέ.

T. KOCK, *A. S.* 1861

405 ὡς τὸ ξυνηθὲς ἐν βροτοῖς τίκτει νόμους·
ὕλην ἔρημον τήνδε καὶ δρυμῶν σκιὰν
ἔγωγε πόλεων μᾶλλον εὐάνδρων φιλῶ.
ἐνταῦθ' ἄποπτος ὀμμάτων ἧμαι μόνος
ἀηδόνος τε πενθίμῳ μελῳδίᾳ
ξύμφωνος ᾄδω κἀποδύρομαι πάθη·
ὦ τῆς ἐμῆς ναίουσα καρδίας μυχούς,
μὴ δαρὸν οὕτω δῶμ' ἀοίκητον λίπῃς,
μή πως ὄληται πρεμνόθεν σαθρὸν γεγώς,
καὶ τοῦ πρὶν ὄντος πᾶν ἀϊστωθῇ τέκμαρ.

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!

W. SHAKESPEARE

406 Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
but cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
the cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
and half our sailors swallowed in the flood?
yet lives our pilot still: is't meet that he
should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
with tearful eyes add water to the sea,
and give more strength to that which hath too much;
whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
which industry and courage might have saved?

W. SHAKESPEARE

407 I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost
all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises;
and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my dispo-
sition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems
to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent

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407 *ἐμοὶ μὲν ἀρτὶ—τοῦ χάριν δ' ἀμηχανῶ—
φροῦδος βέβηκε πᾶσα χαρμονὴ βίου,
τρόπων ἀπαλλαγέντι τῶν εἰωθότων.
καὶ δή μ' ἀλύονθ' ὧδ' ὑπῆλθ' ἀθυμία,
ὥστ' εὐπρεπῆ γῆς τόνδ' ἐμοὶ πόλον πέτραν
χερσὴν δοκεῖν προβλῆτα, τοῦδε δ' αἰθέρος
περιπτυχὴν εὔμορφον, οὐράνου τόδε
κάλλιστον αἰώρημα χρυσοδαιδάλοις*

ὦ πότνια, σῇ με κούφισον παρουσίᾳ,
οἴκτειρ' ἐραστὴν Σιλβία δυσδαίμονα.

C. R. KENNEDY, *A.S.* 1853

406 ἀλλ' οὔποτ', ἄνδρες, οἱ σοφοὶ καθημένοι
κλαίειν προτιμῶσ' ὡς ἐπ' ἐξειργασμένοις,
ἢ τῶν κακῶν θαρσοῦντας εὖ ζητεῖν ἄκος.
τί δ' εἴπερ ὕπλοις ναυστολοῦμεν ὑπτίοις,
κάλω κακαῖς ῥαγέντος ἀγκυρουχίαις,
εἰ δ' οὖν ἑταίρους πόντιός γ' ᾅδης ἔχει,
ἀλλ' ἐστὶν ἡμῖν σῶς κυβερνήτης ἔτι·
ἆρ' οὖν προσήκει τῷδε, παιδίου δίκην,
πρυμνὴν προδόντι τῆς ἄγαν ὑπερκόπου
ὕβριν θαλάσσης δακρυοῖς πλείω τρέφειν;
ἐν ᾧ τὸ πλοῖον ἕρμασιν συντρίβεται,
ὅπερ τὸ θάρσος ῥᾳδίως ἔσωσεν ἄν.

J. Y. S.

407 ἐγὼ μὲν ἄρτι—τοῦ χάριν δ' ἀμηχανῶ—
τῶν πρόσθε πάντων χαρμάτων ἐξίσταμαι,
νόμον τ' ἀπεῖπον διατριβῆς εἰωθότα·
ἀλλ' οὖν τοσοῦτον ἐν φρέσιν βαρύνομαι,
ὥστ' ἀντὶ γῆς τῆσδ' εὐκύκλου σφαιρώματος
χερσόν τιν' ἄλλως εἰσβλέπειν δοκῶ πέτραν.

σεμνῶς ἄνω λαμπτῆρσιν ἐξηρτυμένον,
ἐμοί γε μηδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν αἰσχρὰν δοκεῖν
ἐχθρῶν ὀλεθρίαν πνευμάτων ὁμήγυριν.
οἴμοι· τί χρῆμ' ἄνθρωπος; ὡς φρονήματι
γενναῖος, ὡς γνώμαισιν ὢν ἀνήριθμος,
μορφήν τε καὶ βάδισμα θαυμάσαι πρέπων·
ἔργοισι μέν τῳ δαιμόνων ἀλίγκιος
τοῦ νοῦ δὲ δύναμιν ἐξισούμενος θεῷ.

canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god!

W. SHAKESPEARE

409 I see thou art implacable, more deaf
to prayers than winds and seas; yet winds to seas
are reconciled at length, and sea to shore:
thy anger, unappeasable still rages,
eternal tempest, never to be calmed.
Why do I humble thus myself, and, suing
for peace, reap nothing but repulse and hate?
bid go with evil omen, and the brand
of infamy upon my name denounced.
To mix with thy concernments I desist
henceforth, not too much disprove my own.

J. MILTON

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409 *ὁρῶ σ' ἀμείλιχόν τε κἀπροσήγορον*
λιταῖσιν, οἶά τ' οὐδὲ πρὸς πόντου σάλον
τὰ πνεύμαθ', οἷσιν, ὡς παροίχεται χρόνος,
εἴσ', ὡς πρὸς ἀκτὴν εἰσ' ἁλός, ξυναλλαγαί·
σοὶ δυσπροσοίστῳ μαίνεται θυμὸς βίᾳ,
χειμῶνος ὡς ἄπαυστον αἰανοῦς μένος.

καὶ μὴν φερίστου παραπετάσματ' αἰθέρος,
ὁ σεμνὸς οὗτος ἐπικρεμαστὸς οὐρανός,
ποικίλμασίν τε χρυσοδαιδάλτου φλογὸς
στίκτον στέγας μέγιστον—οὐδὲν ἄλλ' ἄρ' ἦ
πνοῶν κακίστων δυσχερῆ ξυμπτύγματ' ἦν·
οἷον τί χρῆμ' ἄνθρωπος· ὡς τετυγμένος·
γνώμην μὲν ὡς γενναῖος· ὡς δὲ μυρίαις
ξύνεσθ' ὁδοῖσι φροντίδος· μορφὴν δὲ καὶ
κίνησιν ἤδη παντελής, τέρας τ' ἰδεῖν·
πρὸς ἔργα χωρεῖν δ' ἐν τροποῖσι δαίμονος
πέφυκε, τὴν δ' ἔννοιαν ᾔκασται θεῷ.

F. V. H.

409 ὁρῶ σ' ἄτεγκτον κἀπροσηγορώτερον
ἢ κῦμα πόντου κἀνέμων φυσήματα·
ἀλλ' ἄνεμος γὰρ τοῖσι κύμασιν χρόνῳ,
ἄκτῃ δὲ κύματ' ἦλθεν ἐς ξυναλλαγάς·
ἡ σὴ δ' ὅπως θύελλ' ἀκοιμήτῳ μένει
μέμηνεν ὀργὴ κοὐ μαλάσσεταί ποτε.
ἔα· τί δῆτ' ἐμαυτὴν ὧδ' ἀτιμάσασ' ἔχω;
οὐδὲν γάρ, οὐδὲν ἄλλο καρποῦμαι σέθεν,
μάτην σε προσπίτνουσά γ' εἰρήνης τυχεῖν,
πλὴν μῖσος ὕβριν θ' ὡς ἀπόπτυστον δέμας.
ἔρρειν δέ μ' εἶπας ἀγρίαις δυσφημίαις,
αἰσχρὸν χαρακτῆρ' ἐγγράφων τῷ 'μῷ κάρᾳ.
οὔκουν τὸ λοῖπον σπεύσομαι τὰς σὰς τύχας,
οὐδ' ἔργα γ' αὐτὴ τἀμὰ μέμψομαι λίαν.

ED.

ἦ γὰρ ματαίας ἱκεσίας ἀντεσχόμην·
ὕβριν λαχοῦσαν καὶ στύγος μ' ἀπήλασας,
φάτιν δύσορνιν δυσκλεᾶ τ' ἐστιγμένην.
ἀφετέον οὖν σε τήν τε σὴν τύχην ἐμοί,
καὶ δὴ περισσὸν ὧν δέδρακ' αὐτὴ ψόγον.

GEORGIUS BARO LYTTELTON

411 Life, life, my father,
my venerable father, life has charms
which we have ne'er experienced. We have been
but voyaging along its barren coasts,
like some poor ever-roaming horde of pirates,
that, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
house on the wild sea with wild usages,
nor know ought of the main land but the bays
where safeliest they may venture a thieves' landing.
Whate'er in the inland dales the land conceals
of fair and exquisite, O! nothing, nothing,
do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

S. T. COLERIDGE *from* SCHILLER

421 No, all is hush'd and still as death—'Tis dreadful!
how reverend is the face of this tall pile
whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
to bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
by its own weight made steadfast and immoveable,
looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
and terror to my aching sight! the tombs
and monumental caves of death look cold,
and shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
thy voice;—my own affrights me with its echoes.

W. CONGREVE

427 Rome, Rome, thou now resemblest a ship
at random wandering in a boisterous sea,
when foaming billows feel the northern blasts;
thou toil'st in peril, and the windy storm
doth topside-turvey toss thee as thou float'st.

411 ζωῇ, πάτερ, πάρεστιν, ὦ πατρὸς σέβας,
ζωῇ γλυκέα πάρεστιν, ὧνπερ οὐ νέμει
ζωὴ παρ' ἡμῖν πεῖραν· ἧμιν οὖν μόνος
πλοῦς ἦν ἄκαρπον ποντίαν ἀκτὴν πάρα,
λῃστῶν ὅπως τις πλάζεται πένης ὄχλος,
οἳ συστραφέντες δυσπινεῖ 'ν στένῳ σκάφει
ἐπ' ἀγρίῳ ναίουσιν ἀγρίως σάλῳ,
ἤπειρον οὔτιν' εἰδότες γε πλὴν ὅπου
κόλπων ἂν ἐκβαίνοιεν ἀσφαλέστατα.
ὅσον δὲ γαῖ' ἔκρυψεν ἔντος ἀγκέων
τερπνόν τε καὶ κάλλιστον, οὐδὲν οὖν, πάνυ
οὐδὲν πλέοντες εἴδομεν, σκληρὸν γένος.

J. G. L.

421 οὐκ ἀλλὰ σιγᾷ πάντα τοῖς νεκροῖς ἴσα.
φόβος μ' ὑφέρπει, ναὸς ὡς σεμνὸν πρέπει
ἀρθεὶς παλαιαῖς κίοσιν πρὸς οὐρανόν·
αὗται δὲ βαστάζουσιν, οὐκ εὐάγκαλον
ἄχθος, τὰ κυρτὰ μέλαθρα κρατὶ λαϊνῷ,
βέβαια κἀκινητά, θανάσιμον θέαν.
πέφρικα δὴ λεύσσουσα· καὶ γὰρ οἱ τάφοι
ψυχροὶ πεφήνασ', αἵδε τ' αἰανεῖς νεκρῶν
στεγαί, δι' ἧπαρ δ' εἶσι δυσθαλπὲς κρύος.
δὸς μὲν θιγεῖν τὴν χεῖρα, δὸς δέ μοι τὸ σὸν
φώνημ' ἀκούειν· πῶς ἂν οὖν φθέγξαι', ἐπεὶ
ἠχώ μ' ἔναυλος φθέγματος τοὐμοῦ φοβεῖ.

R. BR.

427 πόλις, σε νηῒ νῦν λέγοιμ' ἂν ἐμφερῆ
εἰκῇ κατ' οὖρον τῆς ἁλὸς πλανωμένῃ,
ᾗ γ' αἰνὰ κάμνεις καί σε χειμῶνος βία
σάλῳ ταράττουσ' ὑπτιουμένην φέρει.

Thy mast is shivered and thy mainsail torn,
thy sides sore beaten, and thy hatches broke:
thou want'st thy tackling, and a ship unrigged
can make no shift to combat with the sea.
See how the rocks do heave their heads at thee,
which if thou should but touch, thou straight becom'st
a spoil to Neptune and a sportful prey
to the Glaucs and Tritons, pleased with thy decay.

T. KYD

441 *OEDIPUS ON HEARING HIS NAME CALLED OUT BY THE GHOST*

When the sun sets, shadows that shew'd at noon
but small, appear most long and terrible;
so when we think fate hovers o'er our heads,
our apprehensions shoot beyond all bounds,
owls, ravens, crickets seem the watch of death!
nature's worst vermin scare her godlike sons:
echoes, the very leavings of a voice,
grow babbling ghosts and call us to our graves:
each mole-hill thought swells to a huge Olympus,
while we fantastic dreamers heave and puff,
and sweat with an imagination's weight;
as if like Atlas with these mortal shoulders
we could sustain the burden of the world.

DRYDEN AND LEE

444 *DUTIES RELATIVE TO THE PUBLIC*

The single and peculiar life is bound,
with all the strength and armour of the mind,
to keep itself from noyance; but much more
that spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
the lives of many. The cease of majesty

ἱστὸς δ' ἔαγε καὶ λίνων πολλὴ λακίς,
τοῖχοι μὲν αὐτοῖς σέλμασιν τεθραυσμένοι,
τὰ δ' ὅπλα φροῦδα· τίς δ' ἄρ' ἄσκευός γε ναῦς
οὐκ ἐξόλωλε κυμάτων νικωμένη;
ἴδ' οἷ' ἀπειλοῦσ' αἱ κατηρεφεῖς πέτραι,
ὧν καίπερ ἐν πλῷ παραπλέουσ' ἐὰν θίγῃς,
ἕλωρ γενήσει κἀπίχαρτος ἐναλίοις
Τριτῶσι λεία τῷ τε ποντίῳ θεῷ.

J. Y. S.

441 μικραὶ μέν εἰσιν αἱ μεσημβριναὶ σκιαί,
ἐφ' ἑσπέρᾳ δὲ μῆκος ἐντίκτει φόβον.
οὕτω δ' ὕπερθε πετομένης μοίρας ποτὲ
ἠκόντισέν τις δείμασιν καιροῦ πέρα,
κόραξ τέ που, καὶ γλαύξ τις, ἐσχάρᾳ δ' ἔπι
τέττιξ ὀλέθρου δορύφοροι δοκοῦσι δή.
φύσις τε φαύλοις ἑρπετοῖς βροτοὺς φοβεῖ
θεοῖς ὁμοίους ὄντας· εἶτ' ἠχὼ κενὴ
φωνῆς τὸ λοιπὸν πολύλογος μορμὼ 'φάνη
καλοῦσα πρὸς τὸν τύμβον· εἰ δέ που σκάλοψ
λόφον τις ἦρεν, αὔξεται πελώριος
Ὄλυμπος ὥσπερ, φροντίδων θ' ἵζει θρόνον·
ἡμεῖς τ' ὀνείρων ἄτοπ' ἰδεῖν ἡγούμενοι
στένομέν τε καὶ φυσῶμεν, οὓς γ' ἱδρὼς ἔχει
δοξῶν ὑπ' ἄχθους· οὐ γάρ, ὡς Ἄτλας, βροτοὶ
σωκοῦσι δὴ νώτοισι γῆς βάρος φέρειν.

J. G. L.

444 ἀλλ' ἄνδρ' ἕκαστον, κἄνπερ ἰδιώτης τις ᾖ,
χρὴ παντότολμον ἐξοπλίζεσθαι φρένα,
ὅπως ἀρήξει θανάσιμον ψυχῇ βίαν·
πῶς δ' οὐκ ἐκεῖνον μᾶλλον, οὗ πράσσοντος εὖ
ψυχῶν σέσωσται πλῆθος ἐξηρτημένων;

dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
what's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
to whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
each small annexment, petty consequence,
attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

W. SHAKESPEARE

446 *THE DYING GREEK*

But he cried "Phantoms of the free, we come!
armies of the Eternal, ye who strike
to dust the citadels of sanguine kings,
and shake the souls throned on their stony hearts,
and thaw their frost-work diadems like dew;—
O ye who float around this clime, and weave
the garment of the glory which it wears:
whose fame, though earth betray the dust it clasped,
lies sepulchred in monumental thought;—
progenitors of all that yet is great,

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444 ὀφειλέτης γάρ ἐστ᾽ ἀμύνασθαι κακὰ
τόλμῃ προθύμῳ καρδίαν ὡπλισμένος
ἕκαστος εἷς ὤν· ἐκ δὲ τῶν μάλιστ᾽ ἐν ᾧ
κεῖται καλῶς πράσσοντι πανδήμου πόλεως
τὸ ζῆν τε καὶ μή· παῦλα γὰρ τυραννικὴ
οὔτοι μονωθεῖσ᾽ οἴχεται, δίνῃ δ᾽ ὅπως
κάτω ξὺν αὑτῇ τἀγγύθεν ξυνείλκυσεν·

θανὼν γὰρ ἄρχων οὐχ ἁπλοῦν τεύχει πάθος·
ἀλλ' ὡς χάρυβδις χἂν προσῇ ξυνήρπασεν.
τροχῷ δ' ἔοικεν ἀσπέτῳ, πελωρίους
ἔχοντι κνήμας, αἷς ἀπρὶξ ἡρμοσμένα
ἄραρεν ἄλλα μείον', ἀνάριθμον βάρος·
ὁ δ' οὖν ἐπ' ἄκρας ἀστρογείτονος πάγου
ἀρθεὶς ἐάν ποτ' ἀναπέσῃ πρὸς τοὐπίσω,
ξύμπανθ' ἃ δὴ ξυνῆπτο προσθήκης τρόπον,
φαῦλ' ὄνθ', ὁπαδεῖ βαρυβρόμοις ἐρειπίοις.
καὶ τῷ τυράννῳ τῇδ' ἔχει· θρηνοῦντι γὰρ
ἀεὶ ξυνεστέναξε πάνδημος λεώς.

J. L. H.

446 ὁ δ' εἶπε φωνῶν 'ἐρχόμεσθ' ἐλευθέρων
ψυχαὶ θανόντων, ἄμβροτοι Θεοῦ λόχοι,
ὑμεῖς τυράννων οἳ βροτοφθόρων ἄκρα
σκηπτοῖς ἐρείδετ' ἐν κόνει πολίσματα,
ἀδαμαντίναισί τ' ἐν φρεσὶν καθημέναι
ψυχὰς ταράσσετ'· οἳ στέφη σκεδάννυτε
μάται', ἑῴαν ὥσπερ ἥλιος δρόσον,
ταύτης ὅρους γῆς ὧ πέριξ πωτώμενοι
κλέους ὑφαίνεθ' ἣν φορεῖ λαμπρὰν στολήν,
ὧν τἄργα, κἄνπερ ἐκβάλῃ τυμβὸς σπόδον,
γεγραμμέν' ἔσται μνήμοσιν δελτοῖς φρενῶν·
τῶν νῦν μεγίστων ὧ μόνοι γεννήτορες,

οἷος σταθεὶς ἐπ' ἀκροτάτου πελώριος
ὄρους τροχός τις, οὗ γεγόμφωται χνόαις
δειναῖσι πλῆθος μυρίον τῶν μειόνων.
χὤταν πέσῃ, τὰ δεσμὰ φρικώδει φθορᾷ
τὰ φαῦλ' ἕκαστα συμπίτνει· τίς γὰρ μόνος
στένει τύραννος μὴ οὐχὶ σὺν κοινῷ στόνῳ;

ANON.

ascribe to your bright senate, O accept
in your high ministrations, us, your sons—
us first, and the more glorious yet to come!"

P. B. SHELLEY

(448) *BEATRICE TO HER FATHER COUNT CENCI*

Beatrice. Dare no one look on me?
none answer? can one tyrant overbear
the senses of many best and wisest men?
or is it that I sue not in some form
of scrupulous law, that ye deny my suit?
Oh God! that I were buried with my brother!
and that the flowers of this departed spring
were fading on my grave! and that my father
were celebrating now one feast for all.
Cenci. Retire to your chamber, insolent girl!
448 *Beatrice.* Retire thou, impious man! ay, hide thyself
where never eye can look upon thee more!
wouldst thou have honour and obedience,
who art a torturer? Father, never dream,
though thou mayst overbear this company,
but ill must come of ill.—Frown not on me!
haste, hide thyself, lest with avenging looks
my brothers' ghosts should hunt thee from thy seat!

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448 χώρει μὲν οὖν σὺ πρόσθεν, ἀνόσιον κάρα,
κρύψων σεαυτὸν ἔνθα μή τις ὄψεται,
ἆρ' ἤλπισας σύ, τὸν παλάμναιον λέγω,
πειθαρχίας δῆτ', εἶτα καὶ τιμῆς τυχεῖν;
κἂν δὴ κρατήσῃς τῆσδ' ὁμιλίας, πατέρ,
πάντως νόμιζε τῶν μεθύστερον κακῶν

ἐς λαμπρὸν ὑμῶν ἐγγράφεσθε σύλλογον,
σεμνῶν λατρειῶν δεχόμενοι ξυνεργάτας
πρῶτον μὲν ἡμᾶς, ἐγγενῆ λίαν τέκνα,
ἔπειτα δ' ἄλλους, εὐκλεεστέρους ἔτι.'

W. D.

(448) Θ. *οὐδείς με τολμᾷ προσβλέπειν; οὐδεὶς ἔπος*
ἔτ' ἀντιφωνεῖν· μῶν ἔχει σοφωτάτων
γνώμην ὁ λυσσῶν οὗτος εἷς πολλῶν κρατεῖν;
ἢ τοῦ 'ννόμου γὰρ οὐ κατ' ἀκριβῆ λόγον
ξυνηγορῶ, τοῦδ' οὕνεκ' οὐ κυρῶ δίκης;
φεῦ· φεῦ. εἴθ' ὤφελον γὰρ τῶν κασιγνήτων μέτα
κεῖσθαι ταφεῖσ', ἵν' ἀμφὶ τύμβον ἠρινῶν
στέφη 'μάραινεν ἀνθέων, πᾶσιν δ' ἅμα,
νεκρῶν κτερίσμαθ', εἰστία τάφους πατήρ.
Π. *ἔσω σὺ χώρει, μηδ' ἔθ' ὑβρίσῃς, κορή.*
448 Θ. *χώρει μὲν οὖν σύ—δυσσεβεῖς γάρ, ὦ γέρον.*
κεύθοι' ἄν, ἔνθα μηδενός σ' ἔτ' ὄψεται
ὀφθαλμὸς ἀνδρῶν. ἆρα σοὶ πειθαρχίαν
τιμήν τ' ὀφείλω, τοῦδε λυμαντῇ βίου.
ἀλλ', ὦ πάτερ, μὴ τοῦτο μηδ' ὄναρ δόκει,
εἰ καὶ παρόντων τῶνδ' ὑπερφρονεῖν σθένεις,
κακὸν κακοῦ φίτυμα φεύξεσθαί σ' ἀεί.
οὐ μὴ 'κφοβήσεις προσβλέπων; ἴθ', ἐγκόνει,
σκότος περιβαλοῦ, μὴ τέκνων Ἐρινύες
δίκην βλέπουσαί σ' ἐξελαύνωσιν θρόνων.

τὰ νῦν κάκ' οὐκ ἄπαππα γίγνεσθαι χρέων.
μήτοι μ' ὁρῶν σκύθραζε, σὺν ταχεῖ μὲν οὖν
κρύφθητι, παίδων μή σε ποινίμῳ σκιαὶ
ὄψει βλέπουσαι τῆσδε θηράσωσ' ἕδρας.
ὄμματα κάλυψον μήτιν' εἰσιδεῖν βρότων,

cover thy face from every living eye,
and start if thou but hear a human step:
seek out some dark and silent corner, there
bow thy white head before offended God,
and we will kneel around, and fervently
pray that he pity both ourselves and thee.

P. B. SHELLEY

452 *IPHIGENIA BEFORE THOAS*

If I concealed, O King, my name, my race,
'twas fear that prompted me and not mistrust.
For didst thou know who stands before thee now,
and what accursed head thy arm protects,
a shuddering horror would possess thy heart;
and, far from wishing me to share thy throne,
thou, ere the time appointed, from thy realm
would'st banish me perchance, and thrust me forth,
before a glad re-union with my friends
and period to my wanderings is ordained,
to meet that sorrow, which in every clime,
with cold, inhospitable, fearful hand,
awaits the outcast, exiled from his home.

J. F. GOETHE

463 *A FATHER'S LEGACY*

KING LEAR

Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy dower:
for, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
the mysteries of Hecate and the night;
by all the operations of the orbs
from whom we do exist and cease to be;

μηδ' ἴζ' ἄτρεστος, ἧν πέλας πρέπῃ βάσις.
ζήτει σκοτείνου δή τινος σιγὴν μυχοῦ,
ἀλάστορος δὲ πρόσθε λεύκανθες κάρα

κάλυπτε πάντων ὄμμ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὀμμάτων βροτῶν,
τρόμει βροτείων εἰ κλύεις ποδῶν ψόφου.
εἶτ᾽ ἔσχατόν τιν᾽ ἥσυχόν τ᾽ ἐλθὼν μυχὸν
θεοῦ προσίκτωρ δυσμενοῦς κλῖνον κάρα·
ἡμεῖς δὲ κύκλῳ προσπεσούμεθ᾽, εἴ ποθεν
οἴκτου σέ θ᾽ αὐτούς θ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἐξείη τυχεῖν.

F. H.

452 ὦναξ, ὀκνοῦσά σ᾽, οὐκ ἀπιστήσασά πως
γονέων ἐσίγων ὄνομα καὶ πάτραν ἐμὴν
ἀεὶ πρὸς ὑμᾶς· εἰ γὰρ εἰδείης μ᾽, ἄναξ,
ὅθεν γεγῶσ᾽ οἵαισιν ἐμπεπλεγμένη
ἄταις παρ᾽ ὑμῖν ἀσφαλῆ τροφὴν ἔχω,
ἦ τἄν σε δεινὸς καρδίαν πάλλοι τρόμος,
ἥν τ᾽ ἄρτι πάρεδρον ἐν θρόνοισιν ἤθελες
ἵζειν, ἄκαιρον τῆσδ᾽ ἂν ἐκπέμποις χθονός,
ἢ καὶ βιαίως νοστίμου σωτηρίας
οὔπω φανείσης αἶαν εἰς ἐμφύλιον,
οὐ τέρμα πω κέλσασαν ἐν πλάναις πόνων
ἐς πτωχὸν ἂν ῥίψειας ἀστεργῆ βίον,
ὃς τοὺς ἀλήτας πανταχοῦ ξένης ἔπι
ψυχραῖς ἐν ἀγκάλαισιν ἰσχναίνει λαβών.

T. KOCK *A. S.* 1861

463 ἔχοι τάδ᾽ οὖν ἂν ὡς ἔχει· σὲ δ᾽ αὖ λέγω
τὰ πιστὰ δῆθεν ἀντίφερνα συλλαβεῖν.
μαρτύρομαι γὰρ ἱρὸν ἡλίου κύκλον
Ἑκάτην τε τῆς τε μητρὸς εὐφρόνης σέβας,
καὶ τοὺς γενέθλης ἡμέρας τε τερμίας
ῥοπὴν βροτοῖσιν ἀποδίδοντας ἀστέρας,

θεοῦ πρόκυψον, ἔνθα γονυπετεῖς πέριξ
αἰτῶμεν ἡμᾶς καὶ τὸ σὸν κατοικτίσαι.

C. J.

here I disclaim all my paternal care,
propinquity and property of blood,
and as a stranger to my heart and me
hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
or he that makes his generation messes
to gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
be as well neighboured, pitied and relieved,
as thou my sometime daughter.

W. SHAKESPEARE

467 *BELIAL DISSUADING WAR FOR THE RECOVERY OF HEAVEN*

Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
thus trampled, thus expelled to suffer here
chains and these torments? better these than worse,
by my advice; since fate inevitable
subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
the victor's will. To suffer as to do,
our strength is equal, nor the law unjust
that so ordains. This was at first resolved,
if we were wise, against so great a foe
contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light;
besides what hope the never-ending flight
of future days may bring, what chance, what change
worth waiting.

J. MILTON

ἦ μὴν ἀπωθεῖν τὴν φυτάλμιον χάριν,
κῆδός θ' ὅμαιμον καὶ τὸ συγγενὲς τόδε.
σὺ δ' οὖν τὰ λοῖπα τὸν δι' αἰῶνος χρόνον
ἔρροις ἀποπτυστός τε κἀπάτωρ ἐμοῦ.
τοίγαρ παρ' ἀνδρὶ τῷδ' ὁ βάρβαρος Σκύθης
χὠ παιδοβρωτὸν δεῖπνον ἑστιώμενος,
ἄδην κρεουργὸν ἦμαρ εὐθύμως ἄγων,
φίλος φιλοῦντι ξυμφρόνως ξενώσεται,
οἰκτοῦ τε πλεῖον λήψεται σέθεν μέρος
ἐμῆς θυγατρὸς τῆς πάρος καλουμένης.

J. Y. S.

467 ἆρ' οὖν ταπεινοὶ ζῶμεν, οὐρανοῦ γένος
πατηθὲν ὧδε, φυγάδες, ὥστ' ἄρ' ἐνθάδε
δεσμῶν ἀνάγκην, τάσδε τ' αἰκίας παθεῖν;
καὶ μὴν ἄμεινον ταῦτά γ' ἢ χείρω φέρειν,
ὡς οὖν ἐμοί γ' ἔδοξε· μοῖρα γὰρ δαμᾷ
ἡμᾶς ἄφυκτος, καὶ τὸ δὴ πάντων κρατοῦν
ψήφισμα, βουλὴ τοῦδε νικῶντος θεοῦ,
τὸ γὰρ παθεῖν δὴ καὶ τὸ ποιῆσαι σθένος
ἡμῖν ὁμοιοῖ, τόνδε χὠ τάξας νόμον
οὔτοι πανουργεῖ· τοῦτό γ' οὖν ἐγνώσμεθα
τὸ πρῶτον, εἴπερ ἐφρονήσαμεν τότε,
ἐχθρόν τ' ἔχοντες δυσμαχώτατον πελᾶν,
καὶ τὴν τύχην ἄδηλον οἷ προβήσεται·
γενήσεται δεῖμ' εὐμενές, λάμψει σκότος·
καὶ δὴ φέρει τιν' ἐλπίδος ξυναλλαγὴν
μακρὸς πετόμενος κἀναρίθμητος χρόνος,
πολλάς τ' ἀμοιβὰς ἀξίας καραδοκεῖν.

J. G. L.

468 ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

Methought I saw my late-espouséd saint
brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint,
purification in the Old Law did save,
and such, as yet once more I trust to have
full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
so clear, as in no face with more delight.
But oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

J. MILTON

468 *b* ROMEO

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine? O me! what fray was here?
yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!
mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health;
still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
this love feel I, that feel no love in this.

W. SHAKESPEARE

468 γυναῖκ' ἔδοξα τὴν νεόδμητον βλέπειν
ἐς φῶς κατασταθεῖσαν ἐκ τάφου πάλιν,
οἵαν ποθ' ἵδρυσ' ἐς δόμους, πόσει χαράν,
ἀγῶνα Θανάτῳ ξυμβαλὼν Ζῆνος γόνος
Ἄλκηστιν, ὠχρὰν καὶ παρειμένην ὅμως.
ἡ δ' οὖν—ὁ παλαιὸς ὥσπερ ἃς καθαρσίοις
ἁγνὰς ἔθηκεν ὕδασιν ἐκ τόκου νόμος,
οἵαν δ' ἔτ' ἐλπίς ἐσθ' ὁμιλοῦσαν θεοῖς
φανερὰν κατ' ὄμμα προσβλέπειν σφ' αὖθις πάλιν—
ἦλθεν πέπλων πάλλευκον ἁγναῖσιν φρεσὶν
σχῆμ' ἐξομοιώσασα· καὶ καλύμμασιν
κεκρυμμένης περ ἀλλ' ἐμοί γ' ἐφαίνετο
βλεφάρων ἐναργὴς ἵμερος στίλβειν ἄπο,
αἰδώς τε κεὐσέβει' ἐπ' ὄμμασιν πρέπειν
ὅσηνπερ οὐδεὶς πλεῖον ἂν φαίνοι βροτῶν.
εἶθ' ὡς περιπτύξασά μ' ἀγκάλας φίλας
προὔτειν' ἅμ', ἐξήγειρέ μ', ὢ τάλας ἐγώ,
τῆς δ' αὖ φυγούσης νὺξ ἅμ' ἡμέρᾳ παρῆν.

468 *b* φεῦ· ἔτ' ἐγκαλυφθεὶς ὄψιν ὀμμάτων Ἔρως
ἄδερκτος ὧν θέλει γε δέρκεται πόρους.
ποῦ δὴ θέλεις δειπνῶμεν; ὢ τάλας ἐγώ.
μάχη τίς ἐνθάδ' ἀρτίως ἠγείρετο;
ἀλλ' εὖ γὰρ οἶδα, κοὔ σε χρὴ φράζειν πέρα.
ἐνταῦθ' ἔρις μὲν πόλλ' ἔχει, πλέον δ' ἔρως.
πῶς οὖν, ἔρως ὑβριστά, πῶς, ἔχθρα φίλη,
πᾶν οὐδενὸς γεννηθέν, οὐδὲν ὂν τὸ πρίν,
ὢ κουφότης βαρεῖα, μωρία σοφή,
ὢ δυσπρόσωπον εὐπρεπῶν μορφωμάτων
χάος, μολυβδοβριθὲς ὄρνιθος πτερόν,
καπνὸς διαυγής, θερμότης ψυχρά, νόσος
ἄνοσος, ὕπνος τ' ἄϋπνος, οὐ τοιοῦτος ὢν
οἷός περ ἦν πρίν· τόνδ' ἔρωθ' ὁ δύσμορος,
τοιοῖσδ' ἐπ' ἔργοις καίπερ οὐκ ἔχων, ἔχω.

F. A. P.

468 *c* *EPITAPH ON ALEXIS*

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, that viewst the tomb,
know that here lies in the cold arms of death
the young Alexis: gentle was his soul
as sweetest music: to the charms of love
not cold, nor to the social charities
of mild humanity: in yonder grove
he woo'd the willing Muse: Simplicity
stood by and smiled: here every night they come,
and with the Virtues and Graces tune
the note of woe, weeping their favourite
slain in his bloom, in the fair prime of life.
'Would he had lived!' alas! in vain that wish
escapes thee: never, stranger, shalt thou see
the youth; he's dead; the virtuous soonest die.

469 *COMUS—LADY*

Com. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?
Lad. Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.
Com. Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?
Lad. They left me weary on a grassy turf.
Com. By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?
Lad. To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

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469 Κ. *τίς ὧδ' ἀπεστέρησέ σ', ὦ γυναί, τύχη;*
Γ. *κνέφας τ' ἀμαυρὸν ἄσκοποί θ' ὕλης πλάνοι.*
Κ. *πῶς ταῦτα πομπῶν πλησίων σ' ἐνόσφισεν;*
Γ. *λείπουσι γὰρ κάμνουσαν ἐπὶ πόας βάθρῳ.*
Κ. *τί δὴ θέλοντες; μὴ προδόντες ὑβρίσαι;*

468 *c* ΕΠΙΤΑΦΙΟΝ ΤΟΥ ᾿ΑΛΕΞΙΔΟΣ

ὦ ξεῖνε, τοῦτον ὅστις εἰσορᾷς τάφον,
ἴσθ' ὡς ὅδ' ἔνδον σῶμ' Ἀλέξιδος νέου,
ψυχρὸν παραγκάλισμα ταρτάρου, στέγει·
μολπῆς γλυκυτάτης αἱμυλώτερος φρενάς·
οὐδ' ἦν ἄθαλπτος Κύπριδος τερπνῷ βέλει,
οὐδ' ἂν παρῶσε τὸν φιλάνθρωπον τρόπον
ἁρθμόν θ' ἑταίρων· ἀλλ' ἐκεῖν' ἄλσος κάτα
ἑκοῦσαν ἐζήτησε μοῦσαν· χρηστότης τ'
ἐγέλα παραστᾶσ', αἶν ἑκάστης ἐνθάδε
νυκτὸς παροῦσαιν αἱ 'ρεταί τε χαἰ καλαὶ
χάριτες συνωμίλησαν, εἶτα τὸν φίλον
ποθοῦσ' ἐραστὴν δυσθρόῳ μελῳδίᾳ,
ὃν ἄρτι θάλλοντ' ἠρίνῳ καιρῷ βίου
ἐδρέψαθ' Ἅιδης. 'εἴθ' ἔτ' ἐν ζώοισιν ἦν'—
εὐχὴ μάτην ἄρ', ὦ ξέν', ἥδε τὸ στόμα
πέφευγεν, οὐ γὰρ μήποτ' εἰσόψει νέον·
τέθνηχ' ὃ δή· τάχιστα πάσχουσ' ἀγαθοί.

R. PORSON *A.S.* 1781

469 Κ. *τις ὧδέ σ' ἠρήμωσεν, ὦ γύναι, τύχη;*
Γ. *ἄχλυς τε δύσποροί τε τῆσδ' ὕλης ὁδοί.*
Κ. *ὡς ταῦθ' ἰδαγῶν τῶν πέλας σε χωρίσαι;*
Γ. *ἔλιπόν με χλωρὸν ἐς πέδον παρειμένην.*
Κ. *πότερα δόλον τιν', ἢ λέγεις τρόπους φρενῶν;*
Γ. *ζητοῦντες εἴ που ψυχρὸν ἐν νάπαις ὕδωρ.*

Γ. *ψυχρὰν ναπαίαν εὐφιλῆ κρήνην μέτα.*
Κ. *τοιόνδ' ἀφέντες ὧδ' ἀφρούρητον δέμας;*
Γ. *καὶ μὴν δύ' ὄντ' ἔμελλον ἐν τάχει μολεῖν.*
Κ. *μῶν νιν φθάσασα νὺξ ἐκώλυσεν τάδε;*
Γ. *οὐτἄρα γ' ἀξύμβλητον ἦν τοὐμὸν πάθος.*

Com. And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?
Lad. They were but twain, and purposed quick return.
Com. Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.
Lad. How easy my misfortune is to hit!
Com. Imports their loss, beside the present need?
Lad. No less than if I should my brothers lose.
Com. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
Lad. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.
Com. Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox
in his loose traces from the furrow came,
and the swinked hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them, under a green mantling vine
that crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Κ. ἦ καὶ ποθεῖς σφε τῆς γε νῦν χρείας ἄτερ;
Γ. πῶς δ' οὐ ποθοῖμ' ἂν ἀμπλακοῦσ' ὁμαιμόνων;
Κ. ἤδη γὰρ ἄνδρες ἦσαν ἢ 'ν ὥρᾳ νέοι;
Γ. κουρᾶς γ' ἄπειροι· λειότης δ' ἥβης ἐπῆν.

L. C.

469 Κ. τίς σ' ὧδ' ἐρήμην, ὦ γυναί, τύχη 'λιπεν;
Γ. σκότος τ' ἄμαυρος χἤδε πολύπλοκος νάπη.
Κ. ἆρ' οὖν ὁδηγῶν πομπίμων σ' εἶρξεν τάδε;
Γ. ὄχθῃ καμοῦσάν μ' ἐν χλοηφόρῳ 'λιπον·
Κ. ψεύδοντες ἢ 'μελοῦντες ἢ τίνος χάριν;
Γ. ψυχροῦ ποθοῦντες νάματος κάτω τυχεῖν.
Κ. οὕτω δ' ἄφαρκτον προὔλιπον τὸ σὸν δέμας;
Γ. ἀλλ' αὐτίχ' ἥξειν δύο τιν' ὄντ' ἐφασκέτην.
Κ. τάχ' ἂν φθάσασα νὺξ ἐκώλυσεν τάδε.
Γ. φεῦ· δυστύχημα τοὐμὸν ὡς φλαῦρον τυχεῖν.
Κ. ἆρ' ἦν περισσόν σοι μέλημ' ὀλωλότοιν;
Γ. οὐχ ἧσσον ἢ εἴ μοι ξυγγενεῖς ὀλοίατο.
Κ. πότερον ἀκμαίους ἢ νεανίσκους λέγεις;
Γ. οὐκ ἔστιν Ἥβης χεῖλος ἀξυρώτερον.

G. B.

Κ. *ἦ καὶ δέμας σὸν ἔλιπον ἄφρακτον, γύναι;*
Γ. *μόνῳ γὰρ ὄντ᾽ ἔστελλον οὐ μακράν γ᾽ ὁδόν.*
Κ. *ἴσως φθάσασα νὺξ ἀνήρπασεν πόδας.*
Γ. *ὡς εὐμαθὴς ἄρ᾽ ἥδε συμφορὰ τυχεῖν.*
Κ. *ἦ καὶ ποθεῖς νιν τῆσδε τῆς χρείας πλέον;*
Γ. *τοσόνδε γ᾽ ὡς εἰ συγγόνους ἀπώλεσα.*
Κ. *ἀνδρῶν τ᾽ ἀκμὴ τοῖσδ᾽ ἢ νέον θάλλει δέμας;*
Γ. *ἥβης πρέπουσιν ἄξυρον παρηΐδα.*
Κ. *τοίω κατεῖδον, ἡνίκ᾽ ἐξ ἀγροῦ βόες*
ἔστειχον οἴκαδ᾽ ἡνίας ἀνειμένοι,
δειπνῶν τέ που γεωργὸς ἷζεν ἐκ πόνου·
χλωρᾶς νιν εἶδον ἀμπέλου χλαίνης ὕπο,
ἣν δὴ παρ᾽ ὄχθον κεῖνον ἕρπουσαν βλέπεις,

Κ. τίς ὧδέ σ᾽ ἠρήμωσεν, ὦ γύναι, τύχη;
Γ. ὄρφνη σκοτεινὴ καὶ τόδ᾽ εὔφυλλον νάπος.
Κ. μῶν ταῦθ᾽ ὁδαγῶν πλησίων σ᾽ ἐνόσφισεν;
Γ. κόπῳ καμοῦσάν μ᾽ ἔλιπον ἀνθηρᾷ χλόῃ.
Κ. ψεύσαντες ἢ προδόντες ἢ ποίῳ τρόπῳ;
Γ. ζητοῦντες ἐν νάπαισι πηγαῖον ῥέος.
Κ. ὡς κἀφύλακτον σὴν καλὴν πλευρὰν λιπεῖν;
Γ. δίσσοι γὰρ ἦσαν ἤλπισαν δ᾽ ἥξειν τάχος.
Κ. ἴσως φθάσασα νὺξ ἐκώλυσεν μολεῖν.
Γ. ὡς εὔστοχόν τοι τυγχάνειν τοὐμὸν κακόν.
Κ. λυποῦσ᾽ ἀπόντες τῆσδε τῆς χρείας πέρα;
Γ. εἴπερ γ᾽ ἀδελφῶν ἐσθ᾽ ἁμαρτάνειν κακόν.
Κ. ἡβῶντες ἢ θάλλοντες ἀνδρείας ἀκμῇ;
Γ. ξυρῶν ἄθικτον χεῖλος, ὥσθ᾽ Ἥβης, ἰδεῖν.
Καὶ μὴν τοιούτω γ᾽ εἶδον, ἡνίκ᾽ ἔκλυτος
σειραῖα βοῦς ἀνῆλθεν ἐξ ἔργου καμών,
πόνοις τ᾽ ἀπείπων δόρπον ᾑρεῖτο σκαφεύς·
εἶδον χλοηρᾶς ἀμπέλου σκιᾶς ὕπο,
κεῖνον κατ᾽ ὄχθον ᾗ πέριξ ἑλίσσεται,

plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
their port was more than human as they stood;
I took it for a faery visiön
of some gay creatures of the element,
that in the colours of the rainbow live,
and play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,
and as I passed, I worshipped. If those you seek,
it were a journey like the path to Heaven
to help you find them.

J. MILTON

471 *MERCY*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,—
it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd,—
it blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
the thronéd monarch better than his crown;
his sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
the attribute to awe and majesty,
wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings:
but mercy is above this sceptred sway,—

βότρυν πέπειρον κλημάτων δρέποντ' ἄπο.
καὶ σχῆμα μορφῆς μεῖζον ἢ κατ' ἄνδρ' ἰδεῖν
ἑστῶτες εἶχον· ὡς δ' ἐμοὐδόκει τότε,
θεία τις ἦν συνωρὶς ὀφθαλμοῖς ἰδεῖν
τῶν καλλιπαίδων αἰθέρος γεννημάτων,
οἷ' ἐν φαενναῖς Ἴριδος περιπτυχαῖς
ἢ χρυσοπάστοις οὐρανοῦ ποικίλμασι
παίζει χορεύοντ'· ἐκπεπληγμένος δ' ἐγὼ
τὼ χεῖρ' ἀνασχὼν ὡς θεοῖς προσηυξάμην.
ἀλλ' εἰ τοιούτω γ', ὦ γύναι, ζητεῖς ὅπου,
ἴσην ἂν αὐτῇ τῇ πρὸς οὐρανὸν τρίβον
στείχοιμι, τῷ σῷ σύννομος ζητήματι. F. A. P.

βότρυς πεπείρας ἐκ κλάδων καρπουμένους·
ἑστηκοτων δ' ἄρ' οὐ κατ' ἄνθρωπον δέμας·
ἐγὼ δὲ θείαν ὄψιν ἤλπισ' εἰσορᾶν
φαιδρῶν προσώπων ἐν δόμοισιν αἰθέρος,
παίζουσαν ἔνδον Ἴριδος ποικιλμάτων,
νεφέων πτύχας ναίουσαν. ἐκπλαγεὶς δ' ἐγὼ
καὶ προσκυνῶν παρῆλθον· εἰ τούτῳ ποθεῖς,
χαίρων ἴοιμ' ἂν ὡς ἐς οὐρανοῦ δόμους
τούτοιν κατὰ ζήτησιν, ὦ φίλη γύναι.

J. G. L.

471 οὐκ ἐξ ἀνάγκης οἶκτος ἀλλ' εὔφρων ἔφυ.
στάζει δ' ὅπως ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ χλωρὰ δρόσος
φίλῳ βρέχουσα τὴν ἔνερθ' αἶαν πότῳ.
δὶς δ' ἐστὶ χρηστός· ἐξ ἴσου γὰρ ὠφελεῖ
τὸν δόντα, τὸν λαβόντα θ'· ὑψίστοις δ' ἀεὶ
ὕψιστος ἐμπέφυκεν, εὐθρόνοις πλέον
πρέπων μοναρχοῖς ἢ στέφος χρυσήλατον·
σκῆπτρον μὲν ἀρχῆς μαρτυρεῖ θνητοῦ κράτη,
τιμῇ ξύνεδρος παντελεῖ τ' ἐξουσίᾳ,
ἐν αἷς ἀνάκτων ἔμφοβον κεῖται σέβας·
οἶκτος δὲ κρείσσων τῆσδ' ἔφυ σκηπτουχίας,

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471 οὔτοι βιαίας χειρὸς ἐσθ' ἡσσητέος
οἶκτος, πέπων γὰρ ὄμβρος ὡς ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ
στάζει χαμᾶζε· δὶς μὲν οὖν μάκαρ πέλει,
τὸν δόνθ' ὁμοίως, τὸν λαβόντα τ' ὀλβίσας·
ἐν τοῖς κρατίστοις πλεῖστα δὴ κρατεῖ· πρέπει δ'
ἄνακτι μᾶλλον ἢ στέφος τυραννικόν·

it is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
it is an attribute to God himself;
and earthly power doth then shew likest God's
when mercy seasons justice.

W. SHAKESPEARE

473 *JANE SHORE*

Yet, yet endure, nor murmur, O my soul!
for are not thy transgressions great and numberless?
do they not cover thee like rising floods,
and press thee like a weight of waters down?
does not the Hand of Righteousness afflict thee?
and who shall plead against it? who shall say
to power almighty 'Thou hast done enough'?
or bid his dreadful rod of vengeance stay?
Wait then with patience, till the circling hours
shall bring the time of thy appointed rest,
and lay thee down in death. The hireling thus
with labour drudges out the painful day,
and often looks with long-expecting eyes
to see the shadows rise, and be dismissed.

N. ROWE

δηλοῖ γὰρ ἰσχὺν ἐμφανῆ σκῆπτρον, δέους
καὶ σεμνοτίμου σύμβολον τυραννίδος,
ἐν ᾧ φόβος τε κοιράνων θ' ἧσται σέβας.
οἶκτος δὲ κρείσσων τῆσδε τῆς σκηπτουχίας,
τὰς γὰρ τυράννων φίλον ἔχει θρόνον φρένας,
αὐτῷ θ' ὑπάρχει τῷ Θεῷ· κράτος μὲν οὖν
θείῳ βροτεῖον φαίνεται προσεμφερὲς
μάλιστ', ἔανπερ οἶκτος ὀρθώσῃ δίκην.

G. B.

ἐν γὰρ τυράννων καρδίαις ἔχει θρόνον,
κἀυτῷ ξύνεδρός ἐστιν ἐξ ἀρχῆς Θεῷ·
καὶ τηνικαῦτα πάντα τἀν θνητοῖς κράτη
μάλισθ' ὁμοῖα γίγνεται θείῳ κράτει,
ὅταν ξὺν οἴκτῳ πλεῖστα συγκραθῇ δίκη.

B. H. KENNEDY, *A. S.* 1824

473 μηδ' οὖν ἄγαν πόνει σύ, κἂν οἰκτρῶς ἔχῃς,
ψυχὴ τάλαινα, πολλὰ γὰρ κἀνήριθμα
ἥμαρτες· ἆρ' οὐ τῶν κακῶς πεπραγμένων
μνήμη παλαία στυγνὸν ἔγκειται βάρος,
δυσχειμέρων πλημμυρὶς οἷα κυμάτων;
οὔκουν σὲ κινεῖ χείρ τις, ὡς δίκης, πέλας
σιγῇ προσέρπουσ', ἣν σόφος περ ὢν ἀνὴρ
μάτην ὑπελθεῖν ἤλπισεν τίς εὖ λέγων;
τίς οὖν πέφυκεν ὧδε τλησικάρδιος,
ὅστις γ' ὑπ' οἴστρου δαίμονος πεπληγμένος
'ἅλις τάδ'' εἴποι; τίς ποτ' ἤλπισ' εἰργαθεῖν
μάστιγα κρυπτήν, ἧς κρατοῦσ' ἐριννύες;
μέν' οὖν· ταλαιπωρεῖν σε δεῖ· τάδ' οἰστέον
ἕως ἂν ὡρῶν σὺν χρόνῳ βαίνων κύκλος
πόνων λιμήν τις μόρσιμος φανήσεται,
ᾅδου τιθείς σε πανδόκοις ἐν ἀγκάλαις·
οὕτως ἀνήρ τις, ὡς ἔοικε, δοῦλος ὢν
φάους πονηροῦ πικρὸν ἐξαντλεῖ βάρος,
κόρας θ' ἑλίσσει πολλάκις δι' αἰθέρα
τρέφων ὑφ' ἧπαρ ἐλπίδ', ἥν ποτ' ἀντολὰς
ὄρφνης νοήσῃ καὶ πόνων παῦλαν φίλην.

MARMADVCAS LAWSON, *A. S.* 1814

479 *TIME AND LOVE*

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
but sad mortality o'ersways their power,
how with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
against the wreckful siege of battering days,
when rocks impregnable are not so stout,
nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O, fearful meditation! where, alack,
shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O! none, unless this miracle have might,
that in black ink my love may still shine bright.

W. SHAKESPEARE

487 *LVX E TENEBRIS*

It gives me wonder great as my content,
to see you here before me. O, my soul's joy!
if after every tempest come such calms,
may the winds blow, till they have wakened death;
and let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
as hell's from heaven! if it were now to die,

479 *ἐπεὶ μὲν οὔτε χάλκος, οὔτε γῆς πέδον,*
οὐ πόντος ἄμετρος, οὐ πέτρα τόσον σθένει
πικρᾶς ὑπ' ἄτης ὥστε μὴ πεσεῖν βίᾳ,
πῶς οὖν τοιῷδ' ἂν διὰ δίκης ἔλθοι χόλῳ
τὸ κάλλος, οὐδὲν ἀνθέων ὑπέρτερον;
φεῦ, προσβολαῖς γὰρ μυρίαισι μυρίου
χρόνου πολυφθόροισιν ἀντέχειν ἀεὶ
δυνήσεται πῶς μείλιχος θέρους πνοή,
εἰ καὶ σθένουσι μεῖον ἄρρηκτοι πέτραι
ἀδαμάντινος δ' ἁλίσκεται πύλη χρόνῳ;
φεῦ στυγνὸν ἐνθύμημα, ποῦ γὰρ ἂν χρόνου
κάλλιστον ἄνθος ἐκφύγοι χρόνου μύχον;
καὶ τίς δύναιτ' ἂν τὸν ταχὺν πόδας χερὶ
στῆσαι κραταίᾳ, τίς δὲ κωλῦσαι λέγων
τὸ μήποτ' αὖθις καλλονὴν καθαρπάσαι;
οὐδεὶς μέν, οὐδείς, εἴ γε μὴ τόσον σθένει
μέλαν τόδ', ὥστ' ἔρωτ' ἀεὶ λάμψειν ἐμόν.

E. T.

487 *ἴσον μ' ἔχει τοι θάμβος, ἥδομαί θ' ἅμα*
βλέπων σ' ἐναργῆ, καρδίας ἄγαλμ' ἐμῆς.
εἰ γὰρ τοιαῦτ' ἐκ κυμάτων γαλήν' ἀεί,
πνέοιεν, ἔστ' ἂν κῆρ' ἐγείρωσιν, νότοι,
πονοῖ τε ναῦς ἐμβᾶσα κυμάτων λόφοις
ὅσοις Ὀλύμπου, καὶ πάλιν δύοι κάτω,
ὅσονπερ Ἅδης χωρὶς ᾤκισται θεῶν.
ἤδη τάχιστα κατθανεῖν νικᾷ λόγον
ἅπαντ'· ἐπεὶ δέδοικα καρδίαν ἐμήν,

'twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
my soul hath her content so absolute,
that not another comfort like to this
succeeds an unknown fate.

488 *GRATIANO—OTHELLO*

Gr. What is the matter?
Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
a better never did itself sustain
upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
that, with this little arm and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
than twenty times your stop. But, O vain boast!
who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
and very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismayed? 'tis a lost fear;
man but a rush against Othello's breast,
and he retires;—where should Othello go!

W. SHAKESPEARE

488 *b* *MACBETH—BANQUO*

M. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
B. How far is't called to Forres?—What are these,
so withered and so wild in their attire,
that look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
and yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
that man may question? You seem to understand me,
by each at once her chappy finger laying
upon her skinny lips: you should be women,
and yet your beards forbid me to interpret
that you are so.

W. SHAKESPEARE

μὴ καὶ τοιαύτης νῦν γ' ὑπερπλησθῇ χαρᾶς,
ὥστ' ἐξ ἀδήλου μήτιν' ἡδονὴν τύχης
ἄλλην φανῆναι τῷδ' ἰσόρροπον γάνει.

J. G. L.

488 ΓΡ. τί τοῦτ'; Ο. ἐγὼ μέν, ὡς ὁρᾷς, ἔχω ξίφος
οὗ δὴ λέγοιμ' ἂν οὐ φερεγγυώτερον
φορεῖν ποτ' ἄλλον οὐδ' ὑπέρτερον μάχῃ.
τούτῳ γάρ, ἴσθι, πολλάκις βραχίονι
μικρῷ περ ὄντι τοῦδε φασγάνου μέτα
ἤδη διπλάσια τἀμπόδων τεταγμένα
ῥώμης γε τῆς σῆς οἶδα νικήσας ἐγω.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἐστὶ τῆς πεπρωμένης κρατεῖν,
μάτην ὁ κόμπος, οὐδ' ἄρ', οἷος ἦν, ἐγώ.
καίτοι βλέπων με μὴ τρέσῃς ὡπλισμένον·
ὡδοιπόρηται τἀμὰ καὶ περαίνεται,
νεώτατον δὲ δεῦρ' ἐσορμίσας ἔχω·
ἆρ' οὖν ἀποκνεῖς; ἄφοβος ὅδε φόβος πάρα,
σκία γὰρ ἄνδρα τόνδ' ἂν ἐς φυγὴν τρέποι.

J. Y. S.

488*b* Μ. οὐπώποτ' εἶδον ἡμέραν τοίανδ' ἐγὼ
λευκήν τε καὶ δύσομβρον ἐν μεταλλαγῇ.
Β. πόσον τι μῆκος τῆσδε πρὸς Φόρρας ὁδοῦ;
τίνες πότ' εἰσιν αἵδε, παρέχουσαι βλέπειν
ἐφθαρμένον σῶμ', ἠγριωμέναι στολήν;
οὐκ ἐμφερεῖς μὲν οὐδενὶ σπαρτῶν γένει,
ὅμως δὲ γῆν ναίουσιν. ἦ ζώσας λέγειν
ἔξεστιν ὑμᾶς; ἤ τι χρῆμ' ἀνθρωπίνοις
λόγοις ἐρωτᾶν ὅσιον; ἀλλ' ἐμοὺς μαθεῖν
μύθους δοκεῖτε, χειλέων ξηρῶν ἔπι
τιθεῖσ' ἑκάστη δάκτυλον τετηκότα.
ἐχρῆν μὲν ὑμᾶς ὡς γυναῖκας ἐννέπειν·
καὶ μὴν γένειά γ' οὐ γυναικείου τρόπου
κρίνειν τόδ' ὀρθῶς δυσμαθῆ. J. G. L.

488 *c* *ALTHAEA—CHORUS*

Al. Look ye say well and know not what ye say,
for all my sleep is turned into a fire
and all my dreams to stuff that kindles it.
Ch. Yet one doth well being patient of the gods.
Al. Yea, lest they smite us with some fourfoot plague.
Ch. But when time spreads find out some herb for it.
Al. And with their healing herbs infect our blood.
Ch. What ails thee to be jealous of their ways?
Al. What if they give us poisonous drinks for wine?
Ch. They have their will; much talking mends it not.
Al. And gall for milk and cursing for a prayer?
Ch. Have they not given life and the end of life?

A. SWINBURNE

488 *d* *KING LEAR*

Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very foolish fond old man,
fourscore and upward: and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man:
yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
what place this is; and all the skill I have
remembers not these garments: and I know not
where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me:
for, as I am a man, I think this lady
to be my child Cordelia.

W. SHAKESPEARE

488 *e* *MAX. PICCOLOMINI*

Whate'er is human, to the human being
do I allow; and to the vehement
and striving spirit readily I pardon
the excess of action. But to thee, my General,
above all others make I large concession.
For thou must move a world, and be the master—

488c Α. ἰδού· καλῶς ἐλέξατ' οὐδ' ἄρ' ἴσθ' ὅ τι·
ἅπας γὰρ ὕπνος ὥστε πῦρ μετηλλάγη,
ὕλη δὲ καὶ τὠνείραθ' ᾗ θρεφθήσεται.
Χ. ἀλλ' οὖν τις εὖ δρᾷ τοὺς θεούς γε καρτερῶν.
Α. μή γ' ἐκπλαγῶμέν τῳ τετρασκελεῖ νόσῳ.
Χ. χρόνου δὲ μηκυνθέντος ἐντέμνουσί τι.
Α. οἵῳ γ' ἂν αἷμα φαρμάκῳ νοσοῖ πλέον.
Χ. τί δὴ πεπονθυῖ' οἷα πράσσουσιν φθονεῖς;
Α. τί δ' ἰὸν ἣν πόρωσιν ἀντ' οἴνου πιεῖν;
Χ. δρῶντές γ' ἃ κἀβούλευσαν· οὐδὲ δεῖ λόγων.
Α. χολὴν γάλακτος, ἀντὶ δ' εὐχωλῆς ἀράν;
Χ. οὔκουν βίον διδοῦσι καὶ τέλος βίου;

A. S.

488*d* αἶ αἶ σ' ἱκνοῦμαι, μὴ τάδ' ὑβρίσῃς ἐμέ·
ἐγὼ γὰρ ἤδη, παιδνὸς εὐήθης γέρων,
ῥέπων ἐς ὀγδώκοντα καὶ πλεῖον μέρος
ἐτῶν· δέδοικά τ', εἴ με δεῖ λέγειν σαφές,
ὅπως ἔτ' εἰμί που φρενῶν ἐπήβολος.
δοκῶ μὲν οὖν τόνδ' ἄνδρα καὶ σέ γ' εἰδέναι,
ἀμηχανῶ δέ· καὶ γὰρ ἀγνοία μ' ἔχει
ὅπου ποτ' ἐσμέν· οὐδὲ πᾶν τεχνώμενος
πέπλους γε τούσδ' ἐγνώρισ', ἀμνηστῶ δ' ὅπου
ταύτην διῆγον νύκτα· μὴ 'πί μοι γέλα·
ἐγὼ γὰρ ὡς ἄνθρωπος ὢν εἶναι δοκῶ
γυναῖκα τήνδε παῖδ' ἐμὴν Κορδηλίαν.

J. G. L.

488*e* ἅπαντα τἀνθρώπεια συγχωρῶ βροτοῖς,
φρεσίν τε τολμηραῖσι καὶ δραστηρίοις
περισσὸν εἰ πονοῦσι συγγνώμην ἔχω·
σοὶ δ' οὖν ἁπάντων, ὦ στρατηγέ, πλεῖστα δή,
ὅσ' οὐκ ἂν ἄλλοις, ἐστὶ συγχωρητέα.
πᾶν γὰρ μοχλεῦσαι καὶ σὲ δεσπόσαι χρεών·

he kills thee who condemns thee to inaction.
So be it then! maintain thee in thy post
by violence. Resist the Emperor,
and if it must be, force with force repel:
I will not praise it, but I can forgive it.

488*f* Merrily the throstle sings
  in the merry May,
the throstle singeth to mine ear
  but my heart is far away.
Merrily with blossom bough
  laugheth out the tree,
mine eyes upon the blossoms look,
  but my heart is o'er the sea.

488*g* *ION—CLEMANTHE*

Ion. No: thou must live, my fair one:
there are a thousand joyous things in life,
which pass unheeded in a life of joy
as thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
to ruffle it: and daily duties paid
hardly at first, at length will bring repose
to the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Thou dost not mark me. *Cl.* Oh, I do! I do!
Ion. If for thy brother and thy father's sake
thou art content to live, the healer Time
will reconcile thee to the lovely things
of this delightful world.

T. N. TALFOURD

488*h* *GLOUCESTER—OLD MAN*

Glou. Away, get thee away; good friend be gone;
thy comforts can do me no good at all;
thee they may hurt.

ὀλεῖ δέ σ᾽ ὅστις ἀργίᾳ ζεύξει βίου·
εἶεν τάδ᾽, εἶεν· τάξιν ἣν κυρεῖς λαχὼν
βίᾳ φύλασσε, βασιλέα δ᾽ ἀμυναθοῦ
ὡς δὴ κρατήσων, εἴ σε χρή, βίαν βίᾳ·
ἐπαινέσαι μὲν οὔτι, συγγνῶναι δ᾽ ἔχω.

P. F.

488*f* *ὥρας παρούσης ἦρος ἡδίστου μέλος*
ἥδιστόν ἐστι τῆς ἀκανθίδος κλύειν·
ἀκανθίδος διῆλθεν ᾀδούσης μέλος
ὤτων, πρόσω δὲ θυμὸς οἴχεται φυγών·
σφριγᾷ τε δένδρον ἀνθεμώδεσιν κλάδοις
εὐφρανθὲν ὥσπερ ἡδέσιν γελάσμασιν·
κλάδους μὲν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἀνθοῦντας βλέπω,
θυμὸς δ᾽ ἄπεστιν οὑμὸς οἰδμάτων πέρα.

P. F.

488*g* I. *οὐκ ἔστ᾽· ἔτι ζῆν δεῖ σέ, καλλίμορφε παῖ,*
βίῳ δ᾽ ἔνεστι τῷδε τερπνὰ μύρια
ὧν λανθάνει δρόμος τιν᾽ εὐεστοῖ φίλῃ
οἵαν λέλογχας, ἔστ᾽ ἂν ἐλθοῦσαι πνοαί
λύπης καταιγίσωσιν· εἰ δέ τις θέλει
ἃ χρὴ παρασχεῖν τῷ καθ᾽ ἡμέραν βίῳ,
χαλεπῶς τὸ πρῶτον ἀλλὰ τῷ χρόνῳ φρένα
λύπης ἔπαυσε κἀνέπνευσεν ἐκ κακῶν.
ἀλλ᾽ ὡς ἔοικας οὐ τόδ᾽ ἐκμαθεῖν ἔπος·
K. *Ἀλλ᾽ οὖν ξυνῆκα πάνθ᾽, ὃν εἴρηκας, λόγον.*
I. *Εἰ δ᾽ οὖν κασιγνήτου τε καὶ πατρὸς χάριν*
θέλεις ἔτι ζῆν, ἴσθι σ᾽ ἰατρὸν πόνων
χρόνον ξυναλλάξοντα τοῖς τερπνοῖς, ὅσα
ἐν τῷδ᾽ ἔνεστιν ᾧ ξυνοικοῦμεν βίῳ.

P. F.

488*h* A. *ἴθ᾽, ἄντομαί σ᾽, ὦ φίλτατ᾽, ἐκποδὼν ἄπει·*
οὐδὲν γὰρ οὐδ᾽ ἔμ᾽ ὠφελεῖς παραστατῶν,
σαυτὸν δὲ πημαίνοις ἄν.

Old man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.
Glou. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes
I stumbled when I saw: full oft 'tis seen,
our means secure us, and our mere defects
prove our commodities. O dear son Edgar,
the food of thy abused father's wrath!
might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I 'ld say I had eyes again!

W. SHAKESPEARE

488 *i* *BENVOLIO—MONTAGUE*

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
a troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
where, underneath the grove of sycamore
that westward rooteth from the city's side,
so early walking did I see your son:
towards him I made, but he was ware of me
and stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,
that most are busied when they're most alone,
pursued my humour not pursuing his,
and gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.
488 *k* *Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been seen,
with tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
but all so soon as the all-cheering sun

Γ. Ἀλλ', ὦ δέσποτα,
πῶς δῆτ' ἀμαυρὰν ὧδ' ἂν ἐξέρποις ὁδόν;
Λ. *τί δ' ὀμμάτων δεῖ; τίπτ' ἔμοιγ' ὁδοῦ μέλει;*
μᾶλλον δ' ὁρῶν ἔπταιον· ὡς τὸ δὴ μεσοῦν
πλείστους ἔσωσε καὶ τό γ' ἐνδεὲς βροτοῖς
δαίμων μάλιστ' εἴωθε πρὸς κέρδος τρέπειν.
παῖ, σπέρμ' ἐμοὶ ποθεινόν, ὃν πατρὸς κέαρ
πλαστοῖσι κλεπτὸν αἰτιάμασιν κλονεῖ·
εἰ καὶ μόνῃ σ' ἴδοιμι προσψαύσας ἀφῇ,
φαίην ἂν αὖθις αὖ δεδορκέναι, τέκνον.

L. C.

488*i* Β. *Δέσποιν', ὁ σεπτὸς ἥλιος βαιοῦ χρόνου*
ἐδεῖτο χρυσῆς θυρίδος ἀντολῶν ἄπο
μόγις προκύψαι, κἀμέ τις δεινὸς φρενῶν
ταραγμὸς ἐξέπεισεν ἐξελθεῖν δόμων.
ἐκεῖ δὲ πλατάνων τῶν βαθυσκίων ὕπο,
τῶν ἀστέως τοὐντεῦθεν ἐρριζωμένων
πρὸς ἡλίου δύνοντος, ἐξαίφνης ὁρῶ
ἕρπονθ' ἑῷον τὸν σὸν ἔκγονον πρόσω.
κἀγὼ μὲν εὐθὺς τόνδ' ἔφ' ἱέμην πόδα·
ὁ δ' ἐννοήσας ἔφθασ' ἐκφεύγων ταχύς,
κρύπτων θ' ἑαυτὸν ἐν δυσευρέτῳ νάπῃ·
οὗ δὴ τὰ κείνου τὴν ἐμὴν σταθμὴν πάρα
μετρῶν, ὃς οὐχ ἥκιστα φροντίζειν φιλῶ
ὅταν μάλιστα τυγχάνω μονούμενος,
τοὐμὸν διώκων εἷρπον, οὐ κεῖνον σκοπῶν,
ἑκὼν ἐάσας τόν γ' ἑκόνθ' ἑῶντ' ἐμέ.

F. A. P.

488*k* Μ. *πολλῶν δι' ὄρθρων φαίνεται παρὼν ἐκεῖ*
δρόσον θ' ἑῴαν αὐξάνων δακρύμασιν,
νέφη τε νέφεσιν προστιθεὶς βαρυστόνως·
εὖτ' ἂν δὲ πρῶτος ἐσχαταῖς πρὸς ἀντολαῖς

should in the furthest east begin to draw
the shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
away from light steals home my heavy son,
and private in his chamber pens himself,
shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out
and makes himself an artificial night:
black and portentous must this humour prove,
unless good counsel may the cause remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?
Mon. I neither know it nor can learn of him.
Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?
Mon. Both by myself and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
is to himself—I will not say how true—
but to himself so secret and so close,
so far from sounding and discovery,
as is the bud bit with an envious worm,
ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
we would as willingly give cure as know.

W. SHAKESPEARE

488 *l* *ROMEO*

Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!
where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.
Why, then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

δνοφερὰ καλύμματ᾽ ἐξέλῃ λέχους Ἕω
ὁ πάντα θάλπων ἥλιος, τότ᾽ οἴκαδε
οἷος βαρυνθεὶς λανθάνει φεύγων τὸ φῶς
καὶ νόσφιν ἄλλων κρύπτεται κατὰ στέγας
θύρας τε πακτοῖ λαμπρὸν ἐκκλείων φάος,
νέαν τιν᾽ αὑτῷ νύκτα μηχανώμενος.
ἦ δεῖ τόδ᾽ ἔς τι κρυερὸν ἐκβαίνειν τέρας,
εἰ μὴ προτρέψεις αἰτίαν εὔβουλος ὤν.
B. οἶσθ᾽ αἰτίαν τῶνδ᾽, εὐγενὲς θείου κάρα;
M. οὔτ᾽ ἴσμεν οὔτε μανθάνειν τούτου πάρα.
B. οὐδ᾽ ἐξερευνᾷς λιπαρῶν τρόπῳ τινι;
M. αὐτός τε κἄλλων μυρίον πλῆθος φίλων.
ὁ δ᾽ αὐτὸς αὑτῷ συμφορὰς κοινούμενος
ὡς δ᾽ ἐστὶν αὑτῷ πιστός, οὐκ ἔχω λέγειν,
στέγει δὲ πυκνὴν οἰόφρων αὑτοῦ φρένα
ὡς μὴ ᾽ξικνεῖσθαι φροντίδων βυθοὺς τινά,
κάλυξ ὁποῖα δυσχίμου δηχθεῖσ᾽ ὕπο
ἰπός, πρὶν αὔραις φύλλ᾽ ἀναπτύξαι καλά,
δοῦναί τε κόσμον εὐπρόσωπον ἡλίῳ.
εἰ γὰρ μάθοιμεν ἐξ ὅτου ᾽βλαστεν νόσος
ἑκὼν τάδ᾽ εἰδείην ἂν ἰῴμην θ᾽ ἑκών.

488*l* φεῦ· ἔτ᾽ ἐγκαλυφθεὶς ὄψιν ὀμμάτων Ἔρως
ἄδερκτος ὢν θέλει γε δέρκεται πόρους.
ποῦ δὴ θέλεις δειπνῶμεν; ὢ τάλας ἐγώ.
μάχη τις ἐνθάδ᾽ ἀρτίως ἠγείρετο;
ἀλλ᾽ εὖ γὰρ οἶδα, κοὐ σὲ χρὴ φράζειν πέρα.
ἐνταῦθ᾽ ἔρις μὲν πόλλ᾽ ἔχει, πλέον δ᾽ ἔρως.
πῶς οὖν, ἔρως ὑβριστά, πῶς, ἔχθρα φίλη,
πᾶν οὐδενὸς γεννηθέν, οὐδὲν ὂν τὸ πρίν,
ὦ κουφότης βαρεῖα, μωρία σοφή,
ὦ δυσπρόσωπον εὐπρεπῶν μορφωμάτων
χάος, μολυβδοβριθὲς ὄρνιθος πτερόν,

mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!
feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!
still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

W. SHAKESPEARE

488 *m* *CLYTAEMNESTRA TO AEGISTHUS*

Ah! what avails it where the guilty fly,
since from themselves they cannot? Ah! behold
the black abyss discloses to my view!
Hell from beneath is moved at my approach;
its princes flock around. 'Behold,' they say,
'the greatly wretched, greatly wicked woman!
she who preferred the villain to the hero!'
The Trojan shades with sharp derision thank me:
the Grecian droop. Lo where he comes himself!
see how in sullen majesty he stalks!
O, look not on me with that silent scorn!
I am too cursed already!

J. THOMSON

488 *n* *FRIAR LAURENCE TO JULIET*

Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
to marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow:
to-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
take thou this vial, being then in bed,
and this distilled liquor drink thou off;
when presently through all thy veins shall run
a cold and drowsy humour, for no pulse
shall keep his native progress, but surcease:
no warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest:

καπνὸς διαύγης, θερμότης ψυχρά, νόσος
ἄνοσος, ὕπνος τ' ἄϋπνος, οὐ τοιοῦτος ὢν
οἷόσπερ ἦν πρίν. τόνδ' ἔρωθ' ὁ δύσμορος
τοιοῖσδ' ἐπ' ἔργοις, καίπερ οὐκ ἔχων, ἔχω.

F. A. P.

488*m* ἔα· τί δ' ὄφελος τοῖς ἁμαρτοῦσιν φυγῆς,
αὐτούς γε μὴ φεύγουσιν; ἀλλ' ἴδεσθέ μοι,
κευθμὼν ὅδ' ἤδη σχίζεται μελαμβαθής,
πέλας δ' ἰούσῃ νέρθε συνταράσσεται
ᾅδης σαλευθείς· ἐν κύκλῳ δέ μοι πέριξ
ἐς ταὐτὸν ἥκει βασιλέων παρουσία·
ἴδεσθε δή, λέγουσι, τὴν παναθλίαν,
τὴν παμπονήραν, ἣ κακοσπλάγχνου βρότου
δορισθενῆ παρ' ἄνδρα προὔτίμα λάχος·
χάριν δ' ἔχουσιν αἱ μὲν ἐκ Τροίας σκιαὶ
δέννοισι πικροῖς· αἵ τινες δ' ἀφ' Ἑλλάδος,
πτήσσουσιν αἰσχύναισιν· ἀλλ' ὅδ' ἔρχεται
αὐτὶς σκυθρωποῖς ὄμμασιν, κυκλῶν βάσιν.
μὴ δῆτα σῖγα προσβλέπων στύγει μ', ἐπεὶ
λίαν ἀραῖσι ξυγκεκραμένη κυρῶ.

P. F.

488*n* ἐπίσχες· ἕρπ' ἐς οἶκον· εὐφραίνου κέαρ
συναινέσασα Πάριδι συζεῦξαι λέχος·
τὴν αὔριον δὲ νύχθ' ὅπως κείσει μόνη,
καὶ μηδὲ θαλάμῳ συγκαθευδήσει τροφός.
κἄπειτ' ἐν εὐνῇ κειμένη τεῦχος τόδε
χεροῖν λαβοῦσα στακτὸν ἐκπιεῖν ποτόν.
εὐθὺς δὲ πασῶν διὰ φλεβῶν ἐπίσσυτον
ῥιγηλὸν ἕρπον ἄρθρα συμπήξει κρύος.
οὐ γὰρ σὸν αἷμα τὴν πάρος δυνήσεται
ὁδὸν βαδίζειν, ἀλλὰ παύσεται ῥοῆς.
οὐ θάλπος οὐδὲ πνεῦμά σε ζῶσαν φανεῖ,

the roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
to paly ashes, thy eyes' windows fall,
like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
each part, deprived of supple government,
shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death:
and in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
and then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

W. SHAKESPEARE

488*o* *THE APOTHECARY*

I do remember an apothecary,—
and hereabouts he dwells,—which late I noted
in tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
and in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
an alligator stuff'd, and other skins
of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
a beggarly account of empty boxes,
green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said
'And if a man did need a poison now,
whose sale is present death in Mantua,
here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.'
O, this same thought did but forerun my need;
and this same needy man must sell it me.

W. SHAKESPEARE

φοινικόβαπτον δ' ἄνθος ἐκ παρηΐδων
καὶ χειλέων σῶν ἐξίτηλον, ὡς σποδός,
ἀλλάξεται δύσμορφον· ὀφθαλμῶν δὲ σῶν
θυρίδες πεσοῦνται, θάνατος ὡς ὅταν φάος
ζωῆς ἀμαυρῶν ἡμέραν κλείῃ βίου,
μέρος δ' ἕκαστον, τῆς ὑγρᾶς τητώμενον
ἀρχῆς, παραύτικ' ἐκτάδην παράορον
σκληρὸν φανεῖται ψυχρόν, ὡς τεθνηκόσιν.
καὶ τοῦτ' ἔχουσ' εἴκασμα παμφθάρτου μόρου,
μένουσα δισσὰς ἡμέρας νύκτας τ' ἴσας,
ὡς ἡδέως εὕδουσ' ἀναστήσει λέχους.

F. A. P.

4880 ἦν φαρμακεύς τις, εὖ δέ νιν κάτοιδ' ὁρῶν
ἐνταῦθά που ναίονθ', ὃν εἶδον ἀρτίως,
ῥάκη φοροῦντα καὶ ξυνωφρυωμένον,
δρέποντα φύλλα, δυσπρόσοπτον εἰσορᾶν.
πενία δ' ἐς ὀστᾶ πᾶν ἀνάλωσεν δέμας.
φαῦλον κατ' οἶκον δ' ἦν ἰδεῖν ἠρτημένην
στέγης χελώνην, καὶ ταριχευθένθ' ἅμα
κροκόδειλον, ἄλλων ἰχθύων τε δέρματα
δύσμορφα· σανίδων δ' ἐν κύκλῳ πέριξ ἔπι
κενῶν ἐφέξης τευχέων ἀριθμὸς ἦν
χλωραί τε χύτραι, σπερμάτων σαπρῶν πλέαι,
ξηραί τε κύστεις σπαρτίων τε λείψανα,
πηκτῶν ῥόδων παλαιὰ θησαυρίσματα,
σπανίως διεσπείροντο δείγματος χάριν.
κἀγώ, τοιαύτην τοῦ ταλαιπώρου σκοπῶν
πενίαν, τάδ' εἶπον, εἰ δὲ φαρμάκων τανῦν
χρείαν ἔχοι τις, οἷα τῷ πωλοῦντι δὴ
θάνατος πρόκειται τῇδε τῇ πόλει, τάχ' ἂν
ἄνθρωπος οὗτος οὐκ ἀπαρνοῖτ' ἂν τὸ δρᾶν,
τὸ δ' ἐννοεῖν τάδ' ἔφθασεν χρείαν ἐμήν,
καὶ τὸν πένητα ταῦτα δεῖ πωλεῖν ἐμοί.

F. A. P.

488*p* *THE GHOST*

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
my custom always of the afternoon,
upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
with juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
and in the porches of my ears did pour
the leperous distilment; whose effect
holds such an enmity with blood of man
that swift as quicksilver it courses through
the natural gates and alleys of the body,
and with a sudden vigour it doth posset
and curd, like eager droppings into milk,
the thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
and a most instant tetter bark'd about,
most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
all my smooth body.

W. SHAKESPEARE

488*q* *LEONATO TO CLAUDIO*

Tush, tush, man; never fleer and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
as under privilege of age to brag
what I have done being young, or what would do
were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
that I am forced to lay my reverence by
and, with grey hairs and bruise of many days,
do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
and she lies buried with her ancestors;

488*p* ἀλλ' ἤδ' ἑῴα γάρ με περιπίτνει πνοή,
ἔστω βραχύς μοι μῦθος· ἐκ μεσημβρίας
κήποις ὑπνώσσονθ', ὡς ξύνηθες ἦν ἐμοί,
λάθρα μ' ἐπῆλθεν, οὐ δοκοῦνθ' ἕξειν κακόν,
σὸς θεῖος, αἰνὰ φάρμακ' ἐν τεύχει φέρων,
ὤτων τ' ἐνέχεε τῶν ἐμῶν ἀναπτυχαῖς
τὸ δυσφόρητον στάγμ', ὃ καὶ τοσόνδ' ἀεὶ
μισεῖν πέφυκεν αἷμα σύμφυτον βροτῷ
ὥστ' ἐκ ταχείας, ἀργύρου χυτοῦ δίκην,
πάσας διᾷξαι σώματος διεξόδους
πυλάς τε· δύναμιν προσλαβών τε δυσμενῆ,
ὥς τις γάλακτι συντόνως ἐνεὶς ὀπόν,
ἔπηξ' ἀκραιφνὲς ῥεῦμ' ἀκήρατον βίου.
οὕτω δὲ κἄμ' ἔσφηλε καὶ παραυτίκα
λιχήν τις, αἰσχρῶς λεῖον αἰκίζων δέμας,
κηλῖδι λυγρᾷ τὴν πρὶν ἔφθειρεν φύσιν.

F. A. P.

488*q* ὦνθρωπε σίγα μηδ' ἐμοῦ καθυβρίσῃς,
λέγω γὰρ οὔτε σὺν φρενῶν φοίτῳ φλύων,
οὔθ' ὡς παλαίῳ σύντροφος βίῳ, νέος
ὁποῖ' ἔτ' ὢν ἔδρασα, κομπάσαι θέλω,
οὔθ' οἷα νῦν δράσαιμ' ἂν εἴ γ' οἱ συγγενεῖς
μῆνες παρεῖεν. τοιγαροῦν κατ' ὄμμα σοι,
Κλαύδιε, προφωνῶ κἀμὲ τήν τ' ἀναιτίαν
θυγατέρα τοίοισδ' ἐξελυμήνω κακοῖς
ὡς τοὐμὸν αὐτὸς ἀξίωμ' ἀφείς, τριχὰς
πολίας ἔχων περ χἠμερῶν λώβην μακρῶν,
Ἄρεως ἐλέγξω τὸν σὸν ἐν κύβοις τρόπον·
τὴν ἀβλαβῆ γὰρ διαβαλὼν ἔχεις κόρην,
ἰὸς δὲ γλώσσης δυσμένης ψευδηγόρου
νέαν διῆξε καρδίαν, κεῖται δ' ἐνὶ
θήκαισι προγόνων, οὗπερ οὐδεπώποτε

O, in a tomb where never scandal slept,
save this of hers, framed by thy villany!

W. SHAKESPEARE

488*r* *THE CEASING OF THE ORACLES*

The oracles are dumb;
no voice or hideous hum
runs through the arched roof in words deceiving:
Apollo from his shrine
can no more divine,
with hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving:
no nightly trance or breathed spell
inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
and the resounding shore
a voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
from haunted spring and dale
edged with poplar pale
the parting Genius is with sighing sent;
with flower-inwoven tresses torn
the nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

J. MILTON

488*s* *OENONE'S LAMENT*

O mother, hear me yet before I die:
hear me, O Earth! I will not die alone,
lest their shrill happy laughter come to me
walking the cold and starless path of Death
uncomforted, leaving my ancient love
with the Greek woman. I will rise and go
down into Troy, and, ere the stars come forth,
talk with the wild Cassandra, for she says
a fire dances before her, and a sound
rings ever in her ears of armed men.
What this may be I know not; but I know

λόγων διῆλθε λοιδόρων βλασφημία,
πλὴν τῆς κακίστης σῆς χερὸς πανουργίας.

W. G. H.

488*r* ἤδη σιωπᾷ πανταχοῦ χρηστηρίαις
μαντεῖ' ἐν ἕδραις, οὐδὲ φρικωδεῖς κλύειν
ψόφοι ῥοθοῦσ' ἐς ὄροφον ἢ φωνὴ κενὰς
ἀπατὰς λεγόντων· οὐδὲ τἀπίοντα νῦν
ὁ Φοῖβος ἀδύτων ἐκ μέσων αἰνίσσεται·
κρήμνον γὰρ ἐκπέφευγε τὸν Παρνάσσιον,
κοίλων ἀπελθὼν οὐκ ἄνευ κωκυμάτων.
οὐ νύκτερον νῦν φάσμα κἄνθεος πνοὴ
χλωρὰν ἐγείρει μαντικοῖς ἑδωλίοις
λάτριν· μόνοις δ' ἐν ὄρεσιν ἀκταῖσίν τ' ἐπὶ
θαλασσοπλάγκτοις δακρύων ἀκούεται
ἠχὼ βαρεῖα πενθίμου τ' ὀδύρματος·
πηγήν θ' ἑκάστην καὶ φάραγγ', ἐν ᾗ φιλεῖ
γλαυκὴ παροικεῖν ὕδασιν αἴγειρος, θεοὶ
λείποντες αἰάζουσ'· ἐν ὑλωδεῖ σκιᾷ
δένδρων σκοτεινῶν ἄνθεσιν περιστεφεῖς
τίλλουσι νύμφαι βοστρύχους ἄχους ὕπο.

W. S. W.

488*s* ὦ κλῦθι μῆτερ, κλῦθι, πρὶν θανεῖν ἐμέ·
γῆ κλῦθί μου· μόνη γὰρ οὐ τεθνήξομαι,
μή μοι προσέλθῃ λιγυρὸς εὐγηθὴς γελώς,
κρυερὰν ἄναστρον οἶμον εὖθ' ἕρπω νεκρῶν,
παρηγορῶν δέουσα, τὸν πάλαι πόσιν
λιποῦσα σὺν γυναικὶ τῇ Πελασγικῇ.
ἀλλ' εἶ', ἀναστᾶσ' Ἴλιον καθίξομαι·
καί, πρὶν προβαίνειν ἄστρα, τῇ φρενοβλαβεῖ
ξυνάψομαι λόγοισι, Κασσάνδραν λέγω·
πῦρ γὰρ χορεύειν ἐμποδὼν οἷ φησὶ καὶ
βάλλειν δι' ὤτων αἰὲν αἰχμητῶν κτύπον.
οὐκ οἶδ' ὁποῖόν ἐστι τοῦτ'· ἀλλ' οἶδ' ὅμως,

that wheresoe'er I am, by night and day,
all earth and air seem only burning fire:

A. TENNYSON

499 *KING HENRY THE FIFTH'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOLDIERS BEFORE HARFLEUR*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
as modest stillness and humility;
but when the blast of war blows in our ears,
then imitate the action of the tiger:
stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
let it pry through the 'portage of the head
like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
as fearfully as doth a galled rock
o'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

W. SHAKSPEARE

499*b* *QUEEN—HAMLET*

Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Qu. Why, how now, Hamlet!
Ham. What's the matter now?
Qu. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
you are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
and—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

ὅπουπερ εἰμί, νυκτὸς ἡμέρας τ' ἐμοὶ
αἰθήρ τε καὶ γῆ πᾶσα πάμφλεκτος δοκεῖ.

S. L.

499 *σοῦσθ' αὖτε τείχους εἰς ἐρείπιον, φίλοι,*
ἢ πίμπλατ' ἀνδρῶν τειχίον τεθνηκότων·
θνητὸν μὲν οὐδὲν ὧδ' ἐν εἰρήνῃ πρέπει
ὡς πρᾳότης τε καὶ φιλάνθρωποι τρόποι,
ὅταν δ' ἐν ὠσὶ φοινίας ῥιπὴ μάχης
βρέμῃ, λέοντος σχῆμα δεῖ μιμουμένους
καὶ κάρτα πολλῇ νεῦρα συντείνειν βίᾳ,
φλεβῶν τε θερμὸν ῥεῦμα συλλέγειν, τό τε
φύσεως δυσειδεῖ κάλλος αἰσχύνειν χόλῳ·
φοβερὸν τότ' ἤδη δέργμα ταυροῦσθαι κορῶν,
τὸ δ' ὄμμα κροτάφων ἐκ μύχων παπταινέτω
ὡς ἔμβολον παρ' εὐσταλοῦς προὖχον νεώς,
ὀφρῦν θ' ὕπερθε συννεφῆ συστέλλετε
δεινῶς, οἵα τις ἐν ζάλῃ πόντου πέτρα
κρηπῖδ' ἐς αὐτῆς ἐκκρεμασθεῖσα βλέπει
κλυσθεῖσαν ὕβρει τῆς λαβρᾶς πλημμυρίδος.

J. P. M.

499*b* AN. *Ἄμβλητε, τὸν σὸν πατέρ' ἐλύπησας λίαν.*
ʽAM. *μῆτερ, σὺ τὸν ἐμὸν πατέρ' ἐλύπησας λίαν.*
AN. *τί φῄς; μάταια γλῶσσ' ἀμείβεται σέθεν.*
ʽAM. *οὐ γὰρ πονηρὰ γλῶσσ' ἀνιστορεῖ σέθεν;*
AN. *τέκνον, τί πάσχεις;*
ʽAM. *καὶ τί δὴ θέλεις, γύναι;*
AN. *μῶν οὐχί μ' οἶσθα;*
ʽAM. *παγκάλως σ' ἐγᾦδά τοι,*
σὲ τὴν ἄνασσαν, ἣν κάσις γῆμας ἔχει
τοῦ πρόσθεν ἀνδρός· πρὸς δ' ἐγὼ τέκνον σέθεν
πέφυκα· βουλοίμην δ' ἂν οὐκ εἶναι τόδε.

Qu. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
you go not till I set you up a glass
where you may see the inmost part of you.
Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

W. SHAKESPEARE

504 *NIGHT AND DEATH*

Mysterious night! when our first parent knew
thee from report divine and heard thy name,
did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
this glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
and lo! creation widenened in man's view:
who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
within thy beams, O sun? or who could find,
whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
that to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death, with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

B. WHITE

509 *THE ARROW OF THE OMEN*

With war-songs and wild music they came on:
we the while kneeling raised with one accord
the hymn of supplication. Front to front,
and now th' embattled armies stood: a band

ΑΝ. *καὶ μὴν λόγον δώσοντά σοι στελῶ τινα.*
ʽΑΜ. *μήπωγε· θάκει δ' ὧδε· μὴ κίνει πόδα·*
οὐ γάρ σ' ἐάσω τήνδ' ἕδραν λιπεῖν, πρὶν ἂν
προσθῶ κάτοπτρον εἰς ὅπερ λεύσσουσ' ὁρᾶν
οἵα τ' ἔσει τὰ κρυπτὰ τῆς σῆς καρδίας.
ΑΝ. *σὺ δὴ τί δράσεις; μῶν ἐμὲ κτεῖναι θέλεις;*

W. R.

504 *ὦ πότνια νύξ, θαῦμ' ἄσκοπον, θεοῦ πάρα*
τὸ πρῶτον ὡς ἤκουσε κἀπεδέξατο
ὄνομα τὸ σὸν τόθ' ὃς βροτῶν προὔφυ πατήρ,
ἆρ' οὐχὶ δεῖμ' ὑπῆλθε μή τι καὶ πάθοι
παγὲν τόδ' ἔργον παγκαλῶς, αἰθήρ τ' ἄνω
γλαυκαῖς περιπτυχαῖσιν, ἰσόμοιρόν τε φῶς.
καλυμμάτων δ' ἄρ' ἀναφανεὶς ὑγρῶν ὕπο
μεγάλου βολαῖσι τοῦδε διαβρεχθεὶς πυρὸς
δύνοντος, Ἕσπερός τε σύν θ' ὁμήγυρις
ἔσπευδεν ἀστερωπός, ἐξαίφνης τ' ἰδεῖν
τὰ πάνθ' ὅσ' ἐστι πλέον ἀνεπτύχθη πρόσω.
τίς δή, τίς ἄν ποτ' ᾤεθ' ὧδ' ἄρ', ἥλιε,
ἀκτῖσι ταῖς σαῖς σκότος ἐνεδρεῦσαι τόσον;
καὶ τίς φύτων τε καὶ πόης μυίων θ' ἅμα
λαμπρῶν φανέντων ταῦτ' ἂν ἐξαρκοῖ μαθεῖν;
σέ τοι, σὲ κύκλους οὐρανῶν ἀνηρίθμους
ἡμᾶς ἀπείργειν μηδὲ πρόσβλεψαι τὸ πᾶν.
τί δῆτα θανάτῳ δεῖ τρέφειν τοίανδ' ἔριν;
πῶς οὐκ ἄν, εἰ φῶς, χὠ βίος κλέπτοι φρένας;

E. T.

509 *οἱ δ' ἠλάλαζον ὑπό τ' ἀναρσίου κτύπου*
ἐπῆλθον αὐλῶν βαρυβρόμων τε τυμπάνων·
τέως δὲ δὴ καθέντες ἐς πέδον γόνυ
ἱκέσιον ὕμνων πίτυλον ἀντηχήσαμεν.

of priests, all sable-garmented, advanced:
they piled a heap of sedge before our host,
and warned us—'Sons of Ocean! from the land
of Atlan, while ye may, depart in peace!
before the fire shall be extinguished:
or, even as yon dry sedge amid the flame,
so shall ye be consumed.' The arid heap
they kindled and the rapid flame ran up,
and blazed and died away. Then from his bow,
with steady hand, their chosen archer loosed
the arrow of the Omen.

R. SOUTHEY

511 *ASIA TO PANTHEA*

Look, sister, ere the vapour dim thy brain:
beneath is a wide plain of billowy mist,
as a lake, paving in the morning sky,
with azure waves which burst in silver light,
some Indian vale. Behold it rolling on
under the curdling winds and islanding
the peak whereon we stand, midway, around,
encinctured by the dark and blooming forests,
dim twilight-lawns, and stream-illumined caves,
and wind-enchanted shapes of wandering mist;
and far on high the keen sky-cleaving mountains
from icy spires of sun-like radiance fling
the dawn, as lifted Ocean's dazzling spray,
from some Atlantic islet scattered up,
spangles the wind with lamp-like water-drops.

P. B. SHELLEY

καὶ δὴ κατὰ στόμ' ἦν ἰδεῖν δισσοὺς στρατοὺς
ταχθέντας, ἐκ δὲ ταξέων πέπλοις πρέπων
μελαγχίμοισι σεμνὸς ἱερέων στόλος
ἔστειχεν· εὐθὺς δ' ἐν μέσοις μεταιχμίοις
νήσας ἐρείκης θωμὸν ἐξαυδᾷ τάδε
'μὴ μέλλετ' ὦνδρες, ποντίου φύντες θεοῦ,
ἐκ γῆς ἀπαίρειν τῆσδ' ἕως ἐάσομεν,
ἀπάρατ' εὐθὺς πρὶν φλόγ' ἐσβέσθαι πυρός.
εἰ μὴ δ' ἐρείκη θᾶσσον ἢ γραία φλογὶ
πανώλεθροι φθερεῖσθε.' κἀρείκης ἅμα
γραίας ἀνῆψαν θωμόν, ἀνέδραμεν δὲ φλόξ,
σέλας δ' ἀφεῖσα βαιὸν εἶτ' ἀπέφθιτο.
κἄπειτ' ἀτρέστῳ τοξότης κριθεὶς χερὶ
ἀφῆκεν, οἰώνισμα τῆς μάχης, βέλος. ED.

511 *σκέψαι, φίλη, πρὶν ἀτμὸν ἀμβλῶσαι φρένας·*
ἀχλὺν τεταμένην προσβλέπεις δι' αἰθέρα
ἑῷον, ὡς ἔνερθε κυμαίνει δίκην
λίμνης, νάπην τιν' ἥτις εὔλειμον χθονὸς
ἔστρωσεν ὑδάτων ἀργυρώδεσιν δρόσοις.
ὁρᾷς ὑπ' ἀνέμων ὡς ἑλίσσεται πρόσω
πορευτός, ἀκρὸν οὗ καθεστάμεν λέπας
ἕως περιρρεῖ, καί νιν ἀμπίσχει μέσον
πάντῃ κυκλωθὲν περιβολαῖς βαθυξύλων
νάπων, κνεφαίοις τ' ἄλσεσιν, καὐτοκτίτοις
ἄντροισιν, ἔνθα ποτάμιον λάμπει ῥέος,
ἀνεμοτρέφους τε πολυπλάνοισι σχήμασιν
ἀτμοῦ, μάλ' ὑψόθεν δὲ διάτορ' οὐρανοῦ,
κρυσταλλοπήγων ἐκ ἀκρῶν ἀντήλια,
ἑῷον ὄρεα φῶς ἀκοντίζει σαφές,
ὁποῖον ἀρθεῖσ' εὖτε ποντία δρόσος,
θαλασσοπλήκτου γῆς ἀναρριφθεῖσά που,
αὔρας φλογωποῖς ποικιλοῖ σταλάγμασιν.

ED.

515 *FRIAR LAURENCE ENTERING HIS CELL WITH A BASKET*

The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
and flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
from forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels:
now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
the day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,
with baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
what is her burying grave, that is her womb:

---

515 *ἤδη σκυθρωποῦ νυκτὸς ὄμμασιν δοκεῖ*
γλαυκῶπις ὄρθρος ἐπιγελᾶν, ἑωθινὰ
ἀκτῖσιν αἰόλαισι ποικίλλων νέφη·
σκότος τε πυκνόστικτος ἐκκυλίνδεται,
κάτοινος ὥς τις, ἡμέρας ὁδῶν ἄπο
τῶν ἡλίου τροχοῖσιν ἡμαξευμένων.
πρὶν οὖν φλέγοντ' ὀφθαλμὸν αἰωρεῖν θεὸν
κάλλιστον ἦμαρ εὐφρανοῦντα καὶ δρόσους
ἀποσκεδῶντα νυκτεράς, κανοῦν τόδε
πεπλεγμένον δεῖ μ' ὀλεθρίοισι πιμπλάναι
φυτοῖσι, τιμίῳ τ' ἀπ' ἀνθέων γάνει.
φύσει τάφος πέφυκεν ἡ τεκοῦσα γῆ,
αὐτή τε νηδὺς οὖσα καὶ τύμβος νεκρῶν.
παντοῖ' ἐκεῖ γὰρ ἔκγον' εὑρίσκειν πάρα
φυταλμίοις κόλποισιν ἐντεθραμμένα,
ὧν πολλὰ πολλοῖς ὠφελήμασιν πρέπει,
κἀχρεῖον οὐδέν, διαφέρει δ' ἅπανθ' ὅμως.

H. H.

Ἕως μὲν ἡ γλαυκῶπις οἷα προσγελᾷ
νυκτὸς σκυθρωπὸν ὄψιν· οἷα δ' αὖ νέφη
ἑῷα γραπτοῖς σήμασιν ποικίλλεται·
στικτὴ γὰρ ὄρφνη νῦν μεθυσθέντος δίκην
τρέχει σαλεύουσ', ἡμέρας φεύγουσ' ὁδὸν
τροχούς τε τοὺς Τιτᾶνος· ἀλλ' ἤδη χρέων,
πρὶν ὄμμ' ἀνίσχειν φαιδρὸν ἡλίου σέλας
φάος τ' ἐνεγκεῖν τήν θ' ὑγρὰν νυκτὸς δρόσον
θάλψαι, τόδ' ἡμᾶς πλεκτὸν ἐμπλῆσαι κύτος
φυτοῖσι λυγροῖς ἠπίοις τ' ἀκέσμασι
καὶ τιμίοισιν· πάντα γὰρ μητρὸς δίκην
τεκοῦσα γαῖα τῶνδε κῦμα λαμβάνει·
τάφος θ' ὁ κρύπτων νηδύς ἐστ' αὐτῇ πάλιν.

φαιδροῖς ἕως μὲν τὴν ξυνωφρυωμένην
ὄσσοισι σαίνει νύκτα τὰς ἐν ἀντολαῖς
χρώζουσα νεφέλας φωσφόροις ποικίλμασιν·
σκότος δ', ὅπως τις ἀμπέλου πλησθεὶς γάνους,
βαλιὸς πέφευγεν ἡμέρας ὁδὸν λιπών,
λαμπτῆρες ἣν ἔτεμνον ἡλίου τροχοί.
πρὶν οὖν φλογωπὸν ὄμμα φαίνεσθαι θεοῦ
ἦμάρ τε θάλπον εὐφρονῆς ἐξικμάσαι
σταγόνας ὑδρηλάς, τόνδ' ἄρ' εὔπλεκτον χρέων
πλῆσαί με κάλαθον ὀλεθρίοις φυτεύμασιν
εὐημέροισί τ' ἄνθεσιν, φίλῳ γόμῳ.
ἡ γὰρ τεκοῦσα τὴν φύσιν, γαῖαν λέγω,
αὐτὴ θανούσης ἐστί τοι φύσεως τάφος,
χὠ νεκροδέγμων τύμβος οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν
ἡ πρόσθ' ἀφεῖσα νηδύς· ἐκ δὲ νηδύος

and from her womb children of divers kind
we sucking on her natural bosom find;
many for many virtues excellent,
none but for some, and yet all different.
516 O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies
in herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
for naught so vile, that on the earth doth live,
but to the earth some special good doth give;
nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
and vice sometimes by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this small flower
poison hath residence and medicine power:
for this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
in man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;
and where the worser is predominant,
full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

W. SHAKESPEARE

522 A grim old king,
whose blood leapt madly when the trumpets brayed
to joyous battle 'mid a storm of steeds,
won a rich kingdom on a battle day;

ἰχνεύομεν πόλλ' εὐτόκου μητρὸς τέκνα
ἕλκοντα μαστούς. Ταῦθ' ὑπ' οἰκείων πόρων
ὁρῶμεν ἰσχύοντα παντοίοις τρόποις,
οὐδέν τ' ἄμοιρον, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἀνώμαλα
ξύμπαντα· δύναμιν κυρίαν γὰρ ἐννέπω
φυτῶν λίθων τε δενδρέων τ' οἰκήτορα.

* * * *

παντοῖα δ' ἡμεῖς τέκνα τὰ σπλάγχνων ὕπο
ἕλκοντα μητρὸς οὖθαρ ἐξευρίσκομεν,
ὧν πολλὰ πολλὰς καιρὸν ἐς χρείας ἔχει,
τὰ μὲν πρὸς ἄλλας, πάντα δ' ἐς μίαν τινά.

516 ἦ δεινὸν εἰς ὄνησιν ἐς βλαβήν τ' ἔχει
σθένος τὰ τοῖς φυτοῖσιν ἄνθεσιν λίθοις
ἀληθινῶς ἐνόντα. τῶν δ' ἐπὶ χθονὸς
οὐκ ἔστιν οὕτω φαῦλον οὐδ' ἀνάξιον,
ὃ μή τι χρηστὸν γῇ φυτοσπόρῳ νεμεῖ,
οὐδ' ὧδε πρᾷον, ὥσθ', ὅτ' οἰκείαν ἅπαξ
φύσιν μεθῆκε, μὴ τυχεῖν ἐναντίων
τῆς εὐγενείας τῆς πάροιθ' ἀποστατοῦν.
σκοποῦ θ' ἁμαρτοῦσ' ἀρετὴ πονηρία
στυγνὴ γένοιτ' ἄν, κᾆσθ' ὅτ' εὐσχήμων βίος
ὑπ' ἀγλαώπων ἐργμάτων ὠρθωμένος
κακὴν ἀμείψει κληδόν'· ἔμφυτον δ' ἐγὼ
νεαῖσι λεπίσιν ἄνθος ἀμφικειμέναις
λεπτὸν τόδ' εἶναι φαρμάκων διπλῆν σποράν,
τὴν μὲν θανάσιμόν φημι, τὴν δ' ἰάσιμον.
τὸ γὰρ φύτευμα τοῖς ἐκεῖ σωτηρίοις
ῥινηλατηθὲν ἔρνεσιν θάλψει δέμας,
γεύσει δὲ ληφθὲν πᾶσαν αἴσθησιν φθερεῖ,
ἰσχύν τ' ἀμαυροῦν καρδίας ὀλεῖ βίον.
ἀλλ' ἐν βροτοῖσιν ἐξ ἴσου φυτῶν γένει
δίσσοι πάρεισιν ἀνταγωνισταὶ στρατοί,
ἦθός τε χρηστὸν θερμόνους θ' ὕβρις φρενῶν.
στρατός θ' ὁ χείρων εὖτ' ἂν ἐκνικᾷ, τάχα
ξηραῖς γνάθοισιν ἐξαμᾷ λειχὴν φυτόν.

522 βασιλεύς γέρων τις γοργός, ᾧπερ ἐμμανῶς
ἔθρωσκεν αἷμα θερμόν, εὖτ' ἐν ἱππικαῖς
σάλπιγξ ἐφορμήσειε προσβολαῖς μάχην,
γῆν πλουσίαν ἐκτήσατ' ἐν δορὸς κρίσει,

but in the sunset he was ebbing fast,
ringed by his weeping lords. His left hand held
his white steed, to the belly splashed with blood,
that seemed to mourn him with its drooping head;
his right, his broken brand; and in his ear
his old victorious banners flap the winds.
He called his faithful herald to his side,—
'Go! tell the dead I come!' With a proud smile,
the warrior with a stab let out his soul,
which fled and shrieked through all the other world
'Ye dead! my master comes!' And there was pause
till the great shade should enter.

A. SMITH

531 *COMUS*

Within the navel of this hideous wood,
immured in cypress shades a sorcerer dwells,
of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
deep-skilled in all his mother's witcheries;
and here to every thirsty wanderer
by sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
with many murmurs mix'd, whose pleasing poison
the visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
and the inglorious likeness of a beast
fixes instead, unmouldering reason's mintage
charactered in the face. This have I learnt
tending my flocks hard by, i' the hilly crofts,
that brow this bottom-glade, whence night by night

πρὸς δ' ἡλίου φθινάσματ' ἐξέπνει βίον
δακρυρρούντων ἐν μέσῳ ταγῶν κύκλῳ.
ἀριστερᾷ μὲν ἔσχε πάλλευκον χερὶ
ἵππον βαφέντα μεχρὶ γαστέρος φόνῳ,
καὶ δὴ κατηφεῖ τῷ κάρᾳ τὸν δεσπότην
πενθεῖν δοκοῦντα, δεξιᾷ δὲ φάσγανον
κατεαγός· ὠσὶ δ' ὕστατ' ᾔσθετο ψόφον
ὅπως ἔβαλλον σινδόνος πτυχαὶ πνόας,
πάλαια νίκης σήματ' εὐκλεεστάτης.
κήρυκα πιστὸν εἶτα προσκαλούμενος
'κήρυσσ'' ἔφη 'τοῖς νερτέροις ὡς ἔρχομαι.'
παίσας δ' ἐς ἧπαρ, μειδιῶν σεμνῶς, ξίφει
ψυχὴν ἑκοῦσαν ἐξαφῆκε σώματος·
ἡ δ' αὖ φυγοῦσα πᾶσι τοῖς ἐκεῖ λίγεως
προεῖπε 'νεκροί, δεσπότης προσέρχεται·'
σιγὴ δ' ἄρ' ἔσχε πάντα τἄνερθεν χθονὸς
ἕως ἂν εἰσίῃ ποθ' ἡ δεινὴ σκιά.

W. D.

531 τῆσδ' ἐντὸς ὕλης ἀγρίας, παρ' ὀμφαλόν,
κυπαρισσίναισιν ἐν σκιαῖς κεκρυμμένος,
ναίει μάγος τις, Κῶμος ἐκ Βάγχου σπαρεὶς
Κίρκης τε, μητρῴαισιν ἐντριβὴς τέχναις·
οὗτος κρυφαίως, εἴτις ἐκ μακρᾶς ὁδοῦ
διψῶν ἀλᾶται, τῷδε κηλητήριον
ἔδωκ' ἐπῳδῶν οὐκ ἄτερ μίξας πόσιν,
ἢ τοῦ πιόντος φαρμάκοισιν ἡδέσιν
τὴν ὄψιν ἐξήλλαξε, θηρὸς εἰκόνα
κόπτουσα φαύλην, καὶ διαφθείρουσα νοῦ
νόμισμα λαμπρὸν τοὐν προσώποισιν τεθέν.
βόσκων γὰρ ἀγέλας ἐν λόφοισιν, οἳ πέριξ
ἄγκους ὕπερθε τοῦδε θριγκοῦσιν πέδον,
ἔχω μαθὼν τάδ', ἔνθα νυκτίπλαγκτος ἂν

he and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
like stabled wolves or tigers at their prey,
doing abhorred rites to Hecaté,
in their obscured haunts of inward bowers.

J. MILTON

538 *CHARACTER OF LAUNOY*

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE

I never looked that he should live so long.
He was a man of that unsleeping spirit,

---

538 Ἀλλ᾽ οὐκ ἂν ἤλπισ᾽ ἐς τοσόνδε τοῦ χρόνου
βλέψαι νιν· ἦν γὰρ ἦν τοιοῦτος, εἰς ἀεὶ
ὥρμησ᾽ ἄϋπνον θυμόν, ὥστε θαυμάσαι
ζῶντ᾽ οὐ βροτείῳ γ᾽ ἐν νόμῳ, κλέος δέ νιν
ἔθρεψε, γνώμης τ᾽ ἐμβαλὸν διαφθοράν,
καὶ σῶμα πελάσαν ἀσπέτῳ πλήθει πόνων.
Ἤδη ποτ᾽ ἔγνων μυρίον βροτῶν ὄχλον
θανόντ᾽ ἀφ᾽ ὥρας, οἷς προσῆν ἀνὴρ ὅδε,
παύρων ἐνέγκας τῶν τότ᾽ ἐλλιπὲς κλέος,
ὥστ᾽, εἴ τις ἔλαχε μῆκος ἐν τούτοις βίου,
τέρας λέγοιτ᾽ ἄν· ἐννόει σὺ γὰρ τάδε·
κλέους ἐς ἀκρὸν τέρμα τίς ποθ᾽ ἵκετο,
τίς ἔλαχε τἀριστεῖά γ᾽, ἔνθα μὴ μέσου
δρόμου σφαλέντες καὶ μάλ᾽ ἀξιώτεροι
ἄλλοι προῆκαν μυρίοι; καί τις πλόῳ
ἐχρήσατ᾽ ὀρθῷ, κἂν πλάτῃ σμικρᾷ περᾷ,
ἵν᾽ ἄλλος ὄχλος ἕρμ᾽ ἔπαισε ναυστολῶν.
παύρους δὲ τούτοις πρόσθες, οἳ δεινοὶ φύσιν
γεγῶτες εἶθ᾽ εὕδουσιν εὐμαρεῖ τρόπῳ,
μέτρον βέβαιον γνόντες ἀσφαλοῦς βίου.

ED.

αὐτός θ' ὑλακτεῖ καὶ μάλ' ἀγρία στάσις,
ὥσπερ λύκοι σταθμοῖσιν ἐγκεκλῃσμένοι,
ἢ καὶ βορᾶς τις πάρδος ἐμπλήρων γνάθους,
Ἑκάτῃ δὲ προσφέρουσι φρικώδη τέλη,
κευθμῶνες οὗπερ συσκιάζονται δασεῖς.

538 *οὐκ ἤλπισ' αὐτὸν ὧδε μηκύνειν βίον·*
ἦν γάρ τις οὕτως ἀγρύπνου φρονήματος,

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538 *ἀλλ' οὔ νιν ἥκειν ἐς τόδ' ἤλπιζον βίου·*
ἦν γάρ τι τῷδ' ἄγρυπνον ἔμφυτον μένος,
ὥστ' ἂν λέγειν τιν' αὐτὸν αὐταρκῆ βίον
τρέφειν, ὅτῳ τὸ λαμπρὸν ἀνθρώπων κλέος
βρῶσιν πάρεσχε σώματος δηλήμονα,
δεῖπνον δυσαλθὲς ὑστεροφθόρον φρενῶν·
πολλῶν γὰρ εἷς ἦν ταχυμόρων καλουμένων
ὧν πρῴ θανόντων καὶ τάχ' οἴχεται φάτις,
ἔπειτα δ' ἤν τις ἐς πλέον τι τοῦ βίου
τύχῃ διαζῶν, πᾶσι φαίνεται τέρας·
βίου δὲ πολλὰς ἀναμετρούμενος τύχας
πολλῶν δραμόντων οὐκ ἂν εἰσίδοις τινα
τὰ πρῶτ' ἀριστεύσαντα νικητήρια,
ἀλλ' ἢ πρὶν αὐτὸν εὐτυχεῖν τρισμύριοι,
καὶ πολλὰ τοῦδε τἀνδρὸς εὐπρεπέστεροι,
πεσόντες ᾦχοντ' ἐκ δρόμου· πολλοὶ μὲν οὖν
κατερράγησαν δαίμονος ξυναλλαγαῖς,
ἐν ᾧ τὰ κοῦφα μᾶλλον ἔφθασεν σκάφη.
πρὸς τοῖσδ' ἀριθμεῖτ' ἐξόχων ἀνδρῶν λόγον,
οἳ καὶ περισσῶς ἐκπρεπεῖς πεφυκότες
μάλ' ἡσύχαζον κἀφρόνουν τὰ μέτρια. J. Y. S.

he seemed to live by miracle: his food
was glory, which was poison to his mind
and peril to his body. He was one
of many thousand such that die betimes,
whose story is a fragment, known to few.
Then comes the man who has the luck to live,
and he's a prodigy. Compute the chances,
and deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times
who wins the race of glory, but than him
a thousand men more gloriously endowed
have fallen upon the course: a thousand others
have had their fortunes foundered by a chance,
while lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
a smaller tally, of the singular few
who, gifted with predominating powers,
bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace.

H. TAYLOR

538 *a* *QUEEN KATHARINE—CARDINAL WOLSEY*

Q. K. Would I had never trod this English earth,
or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
no friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me;
almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
that once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish. *Wol.* If your grace
could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
you'ld feel more comfort: why should we, good
lady,

θαυμαστὸν ὥστε βίον ἄγειν· τούτῳ κλέος
τροφὴ κατέστη, φάρμακον λυγρὸν φρενὶ
καὶ σῶμα τἀνδρὸς προὖπτον εἰς αἴδην φέρον·
ἐκ μυρίων εἷς ἐγένεθ' οἵτινες χρόνῳ
θνήσκουσ' ἄωροι, τῶν ὁ μῦθος ἄσκοπος
παύροις βροτῶν εὔγνωστος· εἶτ' ἐπέρχεται
ὃς εὐβόλως τοῦ ζῶντος ἔσπασεν πάλον,
τέρας δ' ἐκεῖνος· φέρε, τὰ τῆς τύχης μόνον
λόγισαι, νόμιζέ τ' ὀλεθρίοις καιροῖς ἔπι,
ὡς οὔτις ἐκράτησεν ποτ' εὐκλείας δρόμον
ἣν μήποτ' αὐτοῦ χίλιοι βελτίονες
ἔξω πέσωσι τοῦ δρόμου, δαίμων δέ τις
πρόρριζον ἐξέτριψε χιλίων τύχας.
* * * *

G. B.

538 *a* K. εἴθ' ὤφελον μὴ τήνδε γῆν βρεταννικὴν
ἐπεμβατεῦσαι μηδὲ τῶν θωπευμάτων
ἔμπειρος εἶναι τῶν ἐπανθούντων χθονός.
θεῶν μὲν εἶδος ἔχετε, τὰς δ' ἔσω φρενῶν
γνώμας σύνοιδεν ὁ θεός· ὦ τάλαιν' ἐγώ.
πασῶν γάρ εἰμι δυστυχεστάτη γυνή.
φεῦ φεῦ τάλαιναι. ποῦ τύχης ἑστήκατε,
ὧδ' ἐκπεσοῦσαι γῆν ἐς ἄξενον κακῶς;
κἄγωγ' ἄνοικτος, ἄφιλος ἐλπίδων ἄνευ,
ἐκ συγγόνων ἄκλαυστος, ἣ τάφου λαχεῖν
οὐκ ἠξιώθην πλὴν τὸ κρυφθῆναι μόνον.
ἀλλ' εἶμι καὶ φθίνουσα, λειρίου δίκην,
ἣ πᾶσι πρὶν δέσποινα διέπρεπεν φυτοῖς,
κάρα καθεῖσα τοὐμὸν ἀνανθήσομαι.
B. εἰ γὰρ δύναιο ταῦτα μανθάνειν σαφῶς,
δέσποιν', ἐν ἡμῖν εὖ βεβουλεῦσθαι τάδε,
τάχ' ἂν τι μᾶλλόν σοι φέροι παραψυχήν.

upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
the way of our profession is against it:
we are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

544 *FRIAR LAURENCE TO ROMEO*

Hold thy desperate hand:
art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art;
thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
the unreasonable fury of a beast:
unseemly woman in a seeming man!
or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
thou hast amazed me; by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
and slay thy lady too that lives in thee,
by doing damned hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
in thee at once; which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

W. SHAKESPEARE

545 *KING RICHARD II*

What must the king do now? must he submit?
The king shall do it: must he be depos'd?
The king shall be contented: must he lose
the name of king? o' God's name, let it go:
I'll give my jewels for a set of beads,
my gorgeous palace for a hermitage,
my gay apparel for an almsman's gown,

τίνος γὰρ εἵνεκ', ὦ γύναι, τίν' αἰτίαν
ἔχοντες ἡμεῖς σοί τι προσφέρειν κακὸν
θέλοιμεν; ἀλλὰ τοῦθ' ὃ νῷν γέρας πάρα,
ὁδός τε τιμῆς ἣν πορεύεσθαι χρέων,
ἐναντιοῦται, τὰς δὲ τοιαύτας πρέπει
λύπας ἀκεῖσθαι, μὴ πλέω σπείρειν κακά.

F. A. P.

544 μὴ δῆτ'· ἐπίσχες τήνδε μαργῶσαν χέρα·
ἀνδρὸς μὲν ὄντος σου δέμας κατηγορεῖ,
γυναικὸς αὖ τὰ δάκρυ', ἔργα τ' ἄγρια
ἄφρονα προφαίνει θηρίου λύσσαν κακοῦ.
τίς δ' εἶ; γύναιον εἶδος ἀνδρικὸν φοροῦν,
ἢ θὴρ διπλῆν αἴσχιστα δεικνύων φύσιν;
ὥς μ' ἐξέπληξας· ὀμνύναι γ' ἂν ἤθελον
τὸ λῆμα τοῦδε σωφρονέστερόν σ' ἔχειν.
κτανὼν Τύβαλτον, εἶτα καὶ σαυτὸν κτενεῖς,
καὶ ζῶσαν ἔν σοι τὴν δάμαρτ' ἀποφθερεῖς
κατὰ σοῦ γ' ὑβρίζων αὐτὸς ἐχθίστην ὕβριν;
γένος τὸ σὸν γῆν τ' οὐρανόν τε λοιδορεῖς·
ἀλλ' οὐρανός τε γῆ τε καὶ γένος τρίτον
ἐν σοὶ συνάπτει· πάντα δ' ἀποβάλλεις ὁμοῦ.
ἔρωτα νοῦν τε σχῆμά τ' αἰσχύνεις τὸ σόν.

C. B. S.

545 τί δῆτα χρὴ δρᾶν; ἆρ' ὑπεικτέον κακοῖς;
οὐκ ἀντιτείνω γ'· ἢ 'κπεσεῖν τυραννίδος;
καὶ ταῦτα στέρξω· κἂν μ' ἀφαιρεῖσθαι δέῃ
τὸ σεμνότιμον ὄνομα, δημότης ἀνὴρ
τλήσω κεκλῆσθαι καὶ τύραννος ὢν τὸ πρίν.
τάδ' οὖν ἀφήσω κεἰς ἐρημίαν τινὰ
τῶν πλουτογηθῶν δωμάτων μεθορμίσας,
στεφάνων τε στέμμα βασιλικῶν ἱκτήριον
λαμπροῦ τ' ἀμείψω πτωχικὴν πέπλου στολήν,

my figured goblets for a dish of wood,
my sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff,
my subjects for a pair of carved saints
and my large kingdom for a little grave,
a little little grave, an obscure grave:
or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
some way of common trade, where subjects' feet
may hourly trample on their sovereign's head;
for on my heart they tread now whilst I live;
and buried once, why not upon my head?

W. SHAKESPEARE

548*a* *KING ARTHUR*

I hold that man the worst of public foes,
who either for his own or children's sake,
to save his blood from scandal, lets the wife
whom he knows false, abide and rule the house.
For being through his cowardice allowed
her station, taken everywhere for pure,
she, like a new disease, unknown to men,
creeps, no precaution used, among the crowd,
makes wicked lightnings of her eyes and saps
the fealty of our friends, and stirs the pulse
with devil's leaps and poisons half the young.
Worst of the worst, were that man he that reigns!
Better the king's waste hearth and aching heart
than thou reseated in thy place of light,
the mockery of my people and their bane.

A. TENNYSON

καὶ τῶν κυπέλλων ἀντὶ τῶν χρυσηλάτων
σκύφος τι φαῦλον τἀνδρὶ τῷδ' ἐπαρκέσει·
ῥάβδον δὲ τήνδε μεταβαλὼν σκηπτουχίαν
ξοάνοιν, νεωκόρος τις ὥς, μέλλω κρατεῖν,
ἄναξ τοσαύτης δὴ καθεστηκὼς χθονὸς
ἐν ᾗ γε φαύλως φαῦλος ὢν κρυφθήσομαι,
ἢ καὶ τάφον τιν' ἐμφανῆ κεκτήσομαι
ὁδῷ παρ' αὐτῇ καὶ βροτῶν ἐπιστροφαῖς,
ἵν' οἱ πολῖται τοῦδε δυστυχοῦς ἀεὶ
ποσὶν πατῶσι δεσπότου κάρα· τί μήν;
ἐπεὶ πατοῦσι καὶ πάλαι τὴν καρδίαν.

J. Y. S.

548 *a* οὗτος μέν ἐστιν, ὡς ἐμοὶ κριτῇ, πόλει
ἔχθιστος, ὅστις ἢ τέκνων κέρδος σκοπῶν
ἢ καὐτὸς αὑτοῦ, δημόθρουν φεύγων ψόγον,
γυναῖκ' ἄπιστον ἐξελεγχθεῖσαν σαφῶς
δόμοισιν οἰκουροῦσαν ἐμμένειν ἐᾷ·
ἐκ τῆς γὰρ αὐτοῦ δειλίας ἔτ' ἐντελὴς
μένουσα κεδνὴ πανταχοῦ νομίζεται,
ἕρπει δ' ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ὡς νόσημά τι
νεοσπόρητον, οὐδέ τις φυλάσσεται·
ἐκ δ' ὀμμάτων ἀναιδὲς ἀστράπτει βέλος,
πίστιν δ' ἁπάντων δὴ κατασκάπτει φίλων,
τὸ δ' αἷμα κινεῖ δυσθέοις σκιρτήμασι,
νέους δὲ πάντας ὤλεσ', ὡς εἰπεῖν ἔπος.
ἀλλ' ἐκ κακῶν κάκιστον, εἰ τοιοῦτος ὢν
τὰ σκῆπτρα νωμᾷ· τοίγαρ ἥδιον δρακεῖν
δόμους τ' ἀΐστους φρενοβόρους τ' ἀλγηδόνας
ἢ καί σ' ἀνιδρυθεῖσαν ἐμφανεῖ θρόνῳ
γέλων τ' ἐμοῖς ἀστοῖσι καὶ νόσημ' ἅμα.

W. E. B.

548 *b* Unmuffle ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,
that wontest to love the traveller's benison,
stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
and disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
in double night of darkness and of shades;
or, if your influence be quite dammed up
with black usurping mists, some gentle taper,
though a rush candle from the wicker-hole
of some clay habitation, visit us
with thy long-levelled rule of streaming light;
and thou shalt be our star of Arcady,
or Tyrian Cynosure.

J. MILTON

550 *PUBLIC ENTRY OF BOLINGBROKE INTO LONDON*

DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
with slow but stately pace kept on his course,
while all tongues cried 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
You would have thought the very windows spake,
so many greedy looks of young and old
through casements darted their desiring eyes
upon his visage, and that all the walls
with painted imagery had said at once
'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,
bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,

548 *b* Ἴτ' ἐκκαλύπτεσθ', ἄστρ' ἀμαυρά, καὶ καλῆς
φέγγος σελήνης, ἥτις εἴωθας φιλεῖν
ὁδοιπόρων πρόσφθεγμα, πάλλευκόν τε σὺν
κάθες πρόσωπον χρυσέου νέφους δία,
καὶ τοῦ τυραννεύοντος ἐνθάδ' αὖ χάους
διπλῆν τε νύκτα καὶ μελαμβαθῆ σκιὰν
ἕδρας ἀπῶσον· εἰ δὲ παντελῶς τὸ σὸν
φάος κελαινῆς συγκεκλῃμένον χθονὸς
νεφέλαις ἀπέσβη, προσγένοιτο νῷν ποθὲν
κἂν λαμπὰς ἤ τις εὐμενής, κανὼν σαφής,
ἐκ πηλοπλάστου δώματος πλεκτῶν ὀπῶν
σωτήριός τις πανὸς ἐκ σχοίνων παγείς,
ἡμεῖς δέ σ' Ἑλίκης ἄστρον ἢ Τύρου σέβας
Κυνόσουραν εὐφημοῦντες ἀνακαλούμεθα.

F. A. P.

550 ΑΝΑΞ. τοὐντεῦθεν, ὥσπερ εἶπον, ἐπὶ πώλου βεβὼς
κριθῶντος αἴθωνός τε καὶ τὸν ἀμβάτην
τύραννα πράσσοντ' εἰδότος, δοκεῖν ἐμοί,
ὁ παντελὴς στρατηγός, Ἕρρικον λέγω,
βραδὺς μὲν ἕρπων σεμνόπους δ' ὡδοιπόρει.
ἔλασκε δ' εὐφημοῦσα πάνδημος πόλις
'εὐδαιμονοίης σὺν Θεῷ, σεμνὸν κάρα.'
κἂν τῷδε θυρίδας γ' εἶπας ἂν φωνεῖν, ὅθεν
ἄπληστον εἰσορῶντες ὀφθαλμῶν ἄπο
νέοι γέροντες ἱμέρου τοξεύματα
ἴαπτον ἔς νιν, πάντα τ' ἐγγεγραμμένων
τοίχων βοᾶν ποικίλματ' ἐξ ἑνὸς ῥόθου
'χαῖρ' ἡμιν, ὦναξ, ἵλεων δ' ἔχοις Θεόν.'
χὠ δεξιᾶς τότ', ἄλλοτ' ἐξ ἀριστερᾶς
ἔνερθε νεύων εὐγενοῦς ἵππου δέρης
τὸ κρᾶτα γυμνόν, εἶπε τόνδ' αὐτοῖς λόγον

bespake them thus: 'I thank you, countrymen:'
and thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
551 *Duch.* Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
after a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
are idly bent on him that enters next,
thinking his prattle to be tedious:
even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
did scowl on Richard; no man cried, 'God save him!'
no joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
but dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
his face still combating with tears and smiles,
the badges of his grief and patience,
that had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
the hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
and barbarism itself have pitied him.

W. SHAKESPEARE

558 We have gone too far
to think now of retiring; in our courage
and daring lies our safety; if you are not
slaves in your abject minds, as in your fortunes,
since to die is the worst, better expose
our naked breasts to their keen swords, and sell
our lives with the most advantage, than to trust
in a forestalled remission, or yield up

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558 *προσωτέρω δῆτ' ὦ φίλοι βεβήκαμεν*
ἢ τῆσδε πείρας ἀσφαλῆ 'κτρέπειν πόδα,
θράσος δὲ μοῦνον προξενεῖ σωτηρίαν.
ὑμῖν δ' ἄρ' εἰ μὴ ταῖς τύχαισι σύμμετρος
γνώμη γε δούλη τῇδ' ὕπεστι καρδίᾳ,

‘ὑμῖν, πολῖται, μυρίαν ἔχω χάριν.’
καὶ ταῦτ᾽ ἀεὶ δρῶν ὧδ᾽ ὁδὸν πορεύεται.
551 Γ. *οἴμοι Ῥιχάρδου· ποῦ γὰρ ἦν ἐν τῷδ᾽ ἰών;*
Α. *ὡς εὐφυής τις ἡνίκ᾽ ἐξιὼν ποτε*
σκηνὴν ἐρημοῖ μῖμος, οἱ θεώμενοι
ἀθροῦσιν ἄνδρα τὸν ἐπιόντ᾽ ἀνειμέναις
εἰκῇ κόραισιν, ὡς λάλημα μακρὸν ὄν·
οὕτω δὲ κἄτ᾽ ἔχθιον εἰσορῶσί νιν
στυγοῦντες ἀστοὶ καὶ συνωφρυωμένοι.
οὐδεὶς ἐπωρθίαζεν εὔφημον βοὴν
οὐδ᾽ εὐστόμοισι νόστιμον προσφθέγμασιν
ἠσπάζετ᾽· ἔρριπτον δὲ τοῦ σεμνοῦ κόνιν,
ἣν πρευμενῶς ἀλγῶν περ ἐξωμόρξατο,
γέλωτι δακρύοις τ᾽ ὄμμ᾽ ἔχων διχοστατοῦν,
λύπης τεκμηρίοισι τλησικαρδίου,
ὥστ᾽ εἴ τι μὴ Θεὸς δεινὸν ἐννοούμενος
ἀδαμαντίνας ἔθηκεν ἀνθρώποις φρένας,
ἦν τἂν ἀνάγκῃ μαλθακισθῆναι βίᾳ
τὸ βάρβαρόν τ᾽ ἂν αὐτό νιν κατοικτίσαι.

THOMAS W. BROGDEN, *A. S.* 1864

558 *ἐπὶ τοῖς δεδραμένοισιν οὐκ ἐς τοὐπίσω*
χωρεῖν ἔθ᾽ ἧμιν ἐστιν, οἷ βεβήκαμεν·
θράσος μόνον σῶν ἐστὶν ἥ τ᾽ εὐψυχία.
εἰ δ᾽ ἐν κακαῖσι μὴ δεδούλωσθε φρεσὶν
ὡς κἂν τυχαῖσιν, ἔστι δ᾽ ἔσχατος πόνων
θάνατος, παρασχεῖν στέρνα γυμνὰ φασγάνοις
ἐχθρῶν ἄμεινον, χαῖμα δὴ τιμήματος
πωλεῖν ὅσον μέγιστον, ἢ πεποιθέναι

ἐπεὶ μέγιστον ἔρχεται τὸ κατθανεῖν,
πῶς οὐκ ἄμεινον ἐμπεσόντας εὖ δορὶ
δῄους κακουργήσαντας ὡς πλείστης βίον
τιμῆς ἀμείβειν, ἢ παρ᾽ ἀκόντων χάριν
αἰτοῦντας ἄχαριν, εἶτ᾽ ὀφλισκάνειν γέλων;

our bodies to the furnace of their fury,
thrice heated with revenge. Hear and obey me:
and I will either save you, or fall with you.
Man the walls strongly, and make good the ports;
boldly deny their entrance—'Tis no time
to talk, but do: a glorious end, or freedom,
is now proposed us: stand resolved for either,
and live or die together.

575 From the turret of the fort,
by the rising clouds of dust, through which, like
    lightning,
the splendour of bright arms sometimes breaks through,
I did descry some forces making towards us;
and from the camp, as emulous of their glory,
the general—for I know him by his horse—
and bravely seconded, encountered them.
Their greetings were too rough for friends, their swords,
and not their tongues, exchanging courtesies.
By this the main battalias are joined;
and if you please to be spectators of
the horrid issue, I will bring you where,
as in a theatre, you may see their fates
in purple gore presented.

τόλμας δ' ἀνέντας ἔσχατ' ἐσχάτων παθεῖν
ἐχθρῶν παρ' ἀνδρῶν ζωπυρουμένων φρενί;
ἀνθ' ὧν ὑπηρετεῖτε τοῖς ἐμοῖς λόγοις,
ἐγὼ δ' ἄρ' ὑμᾶς ἢ 'πὸ τῶνδε ῥύσομαι
ἢ ξυνθανοῦμαι· νῦν φυλακτέον πόλιν,
πληροῦτε τείχη, τὰς πύλας συγκλῄετε·

ὅρκοισι συγγνώμῃ τε, καὶ τὰ σώματα
πυρᾷ προδοῦναι παμφάγῳ τιμωρίας,
τριπλῇ τετραπλῇ θ' ἣν ἐθέρμηνεν χόλος.
ὑμεῖς ἀκουέτ' ἀλλὰ καὶ πείθεσθέ μοι,
σώσω γάρ, εἰ δὲ μή γ', ὁμοῦ πεσούμεθα·
τείχη κρατύνατ' ἀνδράσιν, νεώρια
συγκλῄετ', εὐτόλμως τ' ἀπείργετ' εἰσόδου·
νῦν καιρὸς ἔργων, οὐ λόγων· κλεινὸν τέλος
βίου πάρεστιν ἢ τυχεῖν τοὐλευθέρου.
τούτων ἑλέσθαι θἄτερόν γε δοξάτω,
κοινῇ τε καὶ ζῆν καὶ θανεῖν βουλώμεθα.

W. D.

575 *πύργου σταθεὶς τότ' ἐξ ἐπαλξέων νέφος*
κόνεως κατεῖδον, ἐκ μέσου δὲ πολλάκις
εἰς αἰθέρ' ἀστράπτουσαν ὡς κεραυνίαν
ὅπλων φλόγ'· ἐν δ' ἐφαίνετ' εἰς ἡμᾶς στράτος
ἔνοπλος προβαίνων. εἶτα τῶν σκηνῶν ἄπο
στρατηγός—ἐξ ἵππου γὰρ ὅστις ἦν τορῶς
ἔγνων—ἐπήλασ' οὐκ ἄνευ παραστατῶν,
ὡς δὴ πολεμίων ἁρπάσαι κλέος ποθῶν.
κᾆτ' οὐ φίλ' ἦν ἀσπάσματ', οὐδὲ μαλθακοὺς
λόγους ξυνῆψαν ἀλλὰ φάσγαν' εἰς ἔριν
ὁρμῶντες. ἤδη δ' εἰς ἀγῶνα κάρτερον
ἥκουσιν· ὥστ' εἰ προσβολῶν ὁρᾶν τέλος
ὠμοφρόνων βούλεσθε, δεῦρ' ἕπεσθέ μοι,
χὠς ἐν θεάτρῳ τῶν στρατεύματων διπλῆν
ὄψεσθε μοῖραν φοινίαν προκειμένην.

W. S. W.

ἔργων γὰρ ἀκμὴ κοὐ λόγων· κλεινὸν βίου
τέλος πάρεστιν ἢ 'ξ ἐλευθέρου δέρης
βιοῦν τὰ λοιπά. χρὴ δ' ἕκαστα προσδοκᾶν.

J. Y. S.

580 *PORTENTS*

SERAPION

Last night between the hours of twelve and one
in the lone aisle o' the temple while I walked,
a whirlwind rose, that with a violent blast
shook all the dome; the doors around me clapt;
the iron wicket, that defends the vault,
where the long race of Ptolemies is laid,
burst open, and disclosed the mighty dead.
From out each monument, in order placed,
an arméd ghost starts up: the boy-king last
reared his inglorious head. A peal of groans
then followed and a lamentable voice
cried 'Egypt is no more.' My blood ran back,
my shaking knees against each other knocked,
on the cold pavement down I fell entranced,
and so unfinished left the horrid scene.

J. DRYDEN

582*b* *ANTONY OVER THE BODY OF CAESAR*

O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
that I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
thou art the ruins of the noblest man
that ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
to beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
a curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
domestic fury and fierce civil strife
shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

580 ἐγὼ γὰρ οἰόζωνος ὡς κατὰ στόαν
ἀωρόνυκτος τοῦ νεὼ πορεύομαι,
τυφὼς ἀείρει σκηπτόν, ὃς ῥιπῇ θόλον
σείει ταράσσει, πᾶσα δ' ἐν κυκλῷ θύρα
ψοφεῖ τε συμπεσοῦσα χῇ τάφον πέριξ
φράττει σιδηρᾶ τὸν τυραννικὸν πυλίς,
τῶν αἰὲν οἴκημ' ἐν γένει τεθνηκότων,
χανοῦσ', ἅπαντας ὥστε τοὺς ἐκεῖ νεκροὺς
μολεῖν ἐς ὄψιν, αὐτόθεν διερράγη.
κἄπειτ' ἐφεξῆς δεινὰ καὶ λόγῳ λέγειν,
ἐπ' ἄλλος ἄλλῳ νεκρὸν ἄνδρ' ὡπλισμένον
ἵησι τύμβος, ὧν τελευταῖος φανεὶς
ἄτιμον αἴρει δυσπροσήγορον κάρα
ἄναξ νεοσσός, σὺν δ' ἔπος στενάγμασιν
ἔναυλον οὐχ ὅμαυλον ἦν κλύειν τόδε
'οἴμοι πέπρακται τοῖς ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ κακῶς'.
καὶ δὴ κλύοντι κῶλ' ἐλάμβανε τρόμος,
τὸ δ' αἷμ' ἀνέδραμε, καὶ λιποψυχῶν ἐγὼ
χαμᾶζε ψυχρὸν ὑπτίασμα βάλλομαι,
βλαφθεὶς δὲ τοὐνθένδ' οὐκέθ' οἷον ἦν ὁρῶ.

J. Y. S.

582*b* σύγγνωθί μοι, γῆς αἱματόρρυτον βάρος,
τοῖς σοῖς φονεῦσιν εἰ γενήσομαι πέπων.
ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἀνδρὸς εὐγενοῦς ἐρείπια,
ὅσοι ποτ' ἔζων ἐν χρόνου πλημμυρίδι.
ὄλοιθ' ὁ πράξας αἷμα τίμιον τόδε,
καὶ νῦν ἐπ' αὐτοῖς τραύμασιν μαντεύομαι
σφαγαῖς ἐπιστάς, αἳ δοκοῦσι χείλεσιν,
κωφοῖς ὅμοια στόμασι, πορφυροῖς χανεῖν,
γλώσσης ἀΰτὴν τῆς ἐμῆς αἰτούμεναι·
λοιμὸς γὰρ ἄρθροις ἐγκατασκήψει βροτῶν,
οἰκεῖος ἄτη καὶ φίλων ἐμφύλιος
στάσις ταράξει πᾶσαν Ἰτάλην χθόνα·

blood and destruction shall be so in use
and dreadful objects so familiar
that mothers shall but smile when they behold
their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
all pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
and Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
with Ate by his side come hot from hell,
shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
that this foul deed shall smell above the earth
with carrion men, groaning for burial.

W. SHAKESPEARE

583 *CAESAR ON RECEIVING NEWS OF ANTONY'S DEATH*

I have follow'd thee to this; but we do lance
diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
have shown to thee such a declining day,
or look on thine; we could not stall together
in the whole world: but yet let me lament,
with tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
that thou, my brother, my competitor
in top of all design, my mate in empire,
friend and companion in the front of war,
the arm of mine own body, and the heart
where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
unreconcileable, should divide
our equalness to this. Hear me good friends,—
but I will tell you at some meeter season:
the business of this man looks out of him;
we'll hear him what he says.

W. SHAKESPEARE

οὕτω σύνηθες δ' αἷμα καὶ διαφθορὰ
ἔσται, τὰ δεινὰ δ' εἰσβλέπειν φαντάσματα,
ὥστ' ἐγγελώσας μητέρας τέκνων μέλη
βλέπειν διασπαρακτὰ πολεμίων χερί·
ἔργων δὲ τόλμαν οἶκτον ἐξελεῖν τὸ πᾶν.
καὶ Καίσαρος φοιτῶσα τιμωρὸς σκιά,
Ἄτη πάρεδρος, θερμὸς ἐξ Ἅιδου συθείς,
ἐν ταῖσδε χώραις βασιλικῷ φωνήματι
καλεῖ τ' Ἐρινῦς καὶ μάχης λύσει κύνας.
καὶ πᾶς ὑπὲρ γῆς κειμένων ὀσφρήσεται,
ταφήν τε καὶ κτερίσματ' αἰτούντων λαχεῖν.

F. A. P.

583 *ἐς τοῦτό σ' οὖν μετῆλθον. ἀλλὰ σωμάτων*
νόσοις τομῆς δεῖ· κοὔτις ἦν τρόπος τὸ μὴ
ἤ σοί με τοιάνδ' ἡμέρας δεῖξαι δύσιν,
ἢ σὴν φθίνουσαν προσβλέπειν· οὐκ ἤρκεσε
ἡμῖν ξυνοικεῖν χθὼν ἅπασα· νῦν δ' ὅμως
ἐτητύμοις ὡς αἷμα καρδίας δρόσοις
κλάων στενάζω σ', ὡς ἀδελφὸς ἦσθ' ἐμοί,
ἔργου κατ' ἄκρον παντὸς ἐξ ἴσου τρέχων,
κράτους πάρεδρος, ἐν δὲ συμβολῇ δόρος
παραστάτης φίλος τε, τοῦδε σώματος
αὐτοῦ βραχίων, καρδία τ' ἀφ' ἧς ἐμὴ
φρονήμαθ' ἧπτεν· ἀλλὰ δαίμονα στένω
ἐμόν τε καὶ σὸν οὐ διαλλάκτῳ μένει
ἐς τοῦθ' ὁμοιότητα νῷν διϊστάναι.
πρὸς ταῦτ' ἀκούσατ' ὦ φίλοι· καιρῷ γε μὴν
πρέποντι μᾶλλον ἐξερῶ· δηλοῖ γὰρ οὖν
τοῦδ' ὄμμα φωτὸς ὥς τί σημανεῖ νέον·
ἡμῖν δ' ἃ λέξει τοῦδε νῦν ἀκουστέον.

C. B. S.

586 *THE DUKE TO CLAUDIO*

Be absolute for death; either death or life
shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—
if I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
that none but fools would keep; a breath thou art,
servile to all the skyey influences
that do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
for him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
and yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
for all the accommodations that thou bear'st
are nursed by baseness. Thou art by no means valiant;
for thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
and that thou oft provokest; yet grossly fear'st
587 thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
for thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
that issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
for what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get;
and what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain:
for thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
after the moon. If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
for, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
and death unloads thee.—
Friend hast thou none:
for thine own bowels which do call thee sire,
the mere effusion of thy proper loins,
do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
for ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
but, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth

586 ἐγκαρτέρει δὴ θάνατον, ὡς ἐκ τῶνδέ σοι
ἥδιον εἴτ' οὖν θάνατος εἴτ' ἔσται βίος·
ἐπεὶ ξύναψον τούσδε τῷ βίῳ λόγους·
ἢν σοῦ στερηθῶ, τὸ στέρημα τίς ποτ' ἂν
μὴ μῶρος ὢν σώσειε· πνεῦμ' ἄλλως γὰρ εἶ,
δούλευμα πασῶν τῶν κατ' οὐρανὸν πλανῶν,
ὃς αἰὲν οἴκημ' ἔνθ' ἐνῳκίσθης τόδε
θράσσεις· ἁπλῶς ὁ θάνατος ὡς μῖμόν σ' ἔχει,
φυγῇ γὰρ αὐτὸν ἐκφυγεῖν περ ἐκπονῶν,
δρομαῖος ἐσπίτνεις νιν· οὐ γενναῖος εἶ,
καὶ γὰρ πρόπασαν ἣν κατασκευὴν φορεῖς
τρέφει τὸ φαῦλον· οὐδαμῶς εὔτολμος εἶ,
ὅστις τέρειναν μαλθακὴν σμικροῦ τρέμεις
δράκοντος ἄρδιν· σῆς σχολῆς ἀκμή 'σθ' ὕπνος,
ὃν πολλὰ προκαλεῖ κᾆθ' ὁ νωθρὸς ἐκφοβεῖ
587 θάνατον τὸν οὐδὲν πλεῖον· οὐδ' ἄρ' ἦσθ' ὃς εἶ,
ἐκ μυρίων γὰρ ψηγμάτων, ἃ δὴ κόνις
φύει, διαζῇς· οὐδὲ μὴν εὐδαιμονεῖς
ὅστις τὸ πόρσω μὲν λαβεῖν θηρᾷ, τὸ δ' αὖ
παρὸν λαθεῖν σ' εἴασας· οὐ βέβαιος εἶ,
ἐπ' ἀσταθμήτοις γὰρ τὸ σὸν μήνην κάτα
ᾄσσει μεταβολαῖς ὄμμα· κεἰ πλουτεῖς πένει,
χρυσοῦ γὰρ ὥς τις νῶτ' ὄνος καμφθεὶς βάρει,
ὁδὸν βραχεῖαν πλοῦτον ἐμβριθῆ φέρεις
κἀκούφισέν σ' ὁ θάνατος· οὐ φίλους γ' ἔχεις,
τὸ γὰρ σεαυτοῦ σπέρμ' ὑφ' οὗ καλεῖ πατήρ,
βλάστημ' ἀκραιφνὲς γαστρὸς οἰκείας, ὅμως
ἕρπητα ποδάγραν ῥεῦμα δεννάζει πάλαι,
νόσου βραδείας μέμψιν· οὐχ ἥβην ἔχεις,
οὐ γῆρας, ὡς δ' ἐν διαδόχῳ δείπνων ὕπνῳ
ὀνείρατ' ἀμφοῖν· ἡ δὲ σῆς ἥβης χαρὰ

becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
of palsed eld; and when thou art old and rich,
thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
to make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
that bears the name of life? Yet in this life
lie hid moe thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
that makes these odds all even.

W. SHAKESPEARE

588 *PAGANISM EXPOSED*

DOROTHEA TO CALISTA

Are they immortal then, that did partake
of human weakness, and had ample share
in men's most base affections; subject to
unchaste loves, anger, bondage, wounds, as men are?
Here, Jupiter, to serve his lust, turned bull,
the shape, indeed, in which he stole Europa;
Neptune, for gain, builds up the walls of Troy
as a day-labourer; Apollo keeps
Admetus' sheep for bread; the Lemnian smith
sweats at the forge for hire; Prometheus here,
with his still-growing liver, feeds the vulture;
Saturn bound fast in hell with adamant chains;
and thousands more, on whom abused error
bestows a deity. Will you then, dear sisters,
for I would have you such, pay your devotions
to things of less power than yourselves?

MASSINGER AND DECKER

ἰσόπρεσβυς ἐκβέβηκε καὶ πτωχοὺς τροφὰς
ἄναρθρον αἰτεῖ γῆρας. εἰ δ' ἤδη γέρων
πλουτεῖς, τότ' οὐ τὸ θερμόν, οὐκ ἔρωτ' ἔχεις,
οὐ κάλλος, οὐ σθένος τι, θησαυρισμάτων
ἄρτυμα τῶν σῶν· ποῖ' ὅδ' ὁ ψευδώνυμος
βίος πέρα τῶνδ' ἀμπέχει; βίος γὰρ οὖν
θάνατον κέκευθε μύριον, τοῦτόν γε μὴν
φοβούμεθ' ὃς πᾶν τἄνισον τίθησ' ἴσον.

J. E. S.

588 *θεοί νυν εἰσίν, οἱ πεφυκότες βροτῶν*
τῶν ἀσθενούντων οὐδὲν ἧσσον ἀσθενεῖν,
οἳ παντὸς αἰσχροῦ ξυμμετίσχοντες τρόπου
ἔρωσιν ἦσαν ἀνοσίοις ὑπήκοοι,
ὀργὴν παθόντες καὶ πέδας καὶ τραύματα;
ὧν εἰς βόειον Ζεὺς μετηλλάχθη δέμας,
τούτῳ γὰρ ἐξέκλεψεν Εὐρώπην στόλῳ·
μισθοῦ Ποσειδῶν Ἰλίου τείχη δέμει
ὥς τις πονήσας ξυγγραφῇ καθ' ἡμέραν·
κέρδους δ' ἕκατι Φοῖβος Ἀδμήτου βοτοῖς
ξύνεστι ποιμήν, ἐργάτης θ' ὁ λήμνιος
στάζων ἱδρῶτι καὶ κόπῳ μυδροκτυπεῖ·
λόβῳ δ' ἀεὶ σφριγῶντι τὸν πτηνὸν κύνα
τρέφει Προμηθεύς· εἶτ' ἐνέζευκται Κρόνος
ἀδαμαντίνοισι γῆς ὕπαι χαλκεύμασιν·
καὶ τῶν τοιούτων μυρίους ἔχω φράσαι,
οὓς δαίμονας τιμῶσιν οἱ τυφλοὶ βροτῶν.
ἀλλ' ὦ ξύναιμε παρθένων ὁμιλία
(οὕτω γὰρ ὑμᾶς ἡδύ μοι προσηγορεῖν)
μῶν εὐσεβείας τούσδ' ἔτ' ἀξιώσετε
τοὺς ὄντας ὑμῶν γ' ἀσθενεστέρους φύσιν;

BERNARDVS DRAKE, *A.S.* 1847

591 *MERCURY—PROMETHEUS*

Awful sufferer!
to thee unwilling, most unwillingly
I come, by the great Father's will driven down,
to execute a doom of new revenge.
Alas! I pity thee, and hate myself
that I can do no more: aye from thy sight
returning, for a season, heaven seems hell,
so thy worn form pursues me night and day,
smiling reproach. Wise art thou, firm and good,
but vainly would stand forth alone in strife
against the Omnipotent: as yon clear lamps,
that measure and divide the weary years
from which there is no refuge, long have taught,
592 and long must teach. Even now thy Torturer arms
with the strange might of unimagined pains
the powers who scheme low agonies in hell,
and my commission is to lead them here,
and what more subtle, foul or savage fiends
people the abyss, and leave them to their task.

P. B. SHELLEY

591 ἀλλ' ὦ παθὼν ἄτλητα, σοί γ' ἐγὼ πάνυ
ἄκων ὅδ' εἰμὶ κοὐχ ἑκών, βουλαῖς Διὸς
πεμφθείς, νέαν δέ γ' ὦ τάλας πράξων δίκην.
φεῦ φεῦ· πάλαι σ' ἐγὼ δύστηνον οἰκτείρων φρεσὶν
ἀλγῶ μάτην σὰς ὧδ' ἐποικτίζων παθάς.
καὶ πρὸς τὸν ἄκρον οὐρανὸν νοστῶν ἀεὶ
ἐκ τοῦ βλέπειν σ' ἥκιστα τὰς θεῶν ἕδρας
Ἀΐδου προτιμῶ· καί σ' ὁρᾶν δοκῶ τάλαν
ἅμ' ἡμέρας νυκτός τε· καὶ πρᾳῶς γελῶν
τρόπους ἀνοίκτους ἐγκαλεῖς ἐμοί· σὺ δ' αὖ
ἀγαθός, σοφὸς δ' ὢν πάντα, καὶ τλήμων ἀεὶ
μάτην θέλεις ὅδ' αὐτὸς οὐ φίλων μέτα
τῷ πανταχοῦ κρατοῦντι τήνδ' ἄγειν ἔριν.
οἱ παμφαεῖς λαμπτῆρες οὓς ὁρᾶς ἐκεῖ,
οἳ καὶ μετροῦσι καὶ κύκλους σχίζουσ' ἐτῶν,
τοὔπος πάλαι φαίνουσι τοῦτ' ἀληθὲς ὄν,
592 καὶ δᾶρον ἐκφανοῦσιν· ἀλλ' ὁ σὸν δέμας
βασάνοις σπαράξας τοὺς ἔνερθ' ἐν Ταρτάρῳ
λύπας βραδείας συντιθέντας ὥπλισε
νῦν ἀνεπιφραστῶν αἰκιῶν νέῳ κράτει·
οὕσπερ τέτακται πρός σ' ἄγειν τάχιστ' ἐμοί,
ὁμοῦ δὲ τούτοις, εἴτινας τὸ δύσπορον
βάθος πανούργους μᾶλλον ἢ σκληροὺς ἔχει.

T. M.

597 *SATAN'S DESPAIR*

For never can true reconcilement grow
where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep:
which would but lead me to a worse relapse
and heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
from granting he, as I from begging, peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
mankind created, and for him this World!
So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;
evil be thou my good: by thee at least
divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,
by thee, and more than half perhaps will reign:
as Man ere long and this new World shall know.

J. MILTON

601 *SOHRAB TO RUSTUM*

And, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied:—
'Desire not that, my father; thou must live.

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601 Σώραψ δὲ μειλίχοισιν ἀντηύδα λόγοις·
'μὴ τοῦδ' ἐφίεσ', ὦ πάτερ, ζῆν γάρ σε χρή.
οἱ μὲν γὰρ ἔλαχον ὥστ' ἐνευδοξεῖν βίον,
οἱ δ' αὖτ' ἀώρως ἐξαμαυροῦνται σκότῳ.
σὺ δ' οὖν, ὅσ' ἔργα νηλεὴς αἶδου κόπις
ἐμοὶ 'φθόνησεν ἐκτελῶν, πρέσβυς περ ὢν
διπλοῦν ἔτ' ἐν βροτοῖσι κάρπωσαι κλέος,
σαυτῷ τε κἀμοὶ κοινὸν ἐξ ἴσου θέρος.
καὶ νῦν κόμιζέ μ' ἐς Σεϊστάνων πόλιν
καὶ σῶμ' ἐπ' εὐνῆς εὔθετον στρώσας λέχος

597 *οὐ γὰρ βεβαίως γ' οὔτις ἂν διαλλαγὴ*
εἴη ποτ', ἔνθα δήγματ' ἐχθίστου φρενῶν
ἔσωθε μίσους εἰσέδυ· τάδ' οὖν μόνον
ἄγοι μ' ἂν αὖτις χεῖρον' εἰς ἀπόστασιν
καὶ πτώματ' οὐκ ἀνεκτά· καὶ πολλοῦ γε δὴ
ὧδ' ἂν πριαίμην ἐκ κακῶν ἀναψυχὴν
διπλῆς βραχεῖαν ἀντίποιν' ἀλγηδόνος.
ταῦτ' εὖ κολαστὴς οἶδ' ἐμός. κοὐ μᾶλλον ἂν
δοίη ποθ', ἢ λιταῖσιν εἰρήνην ἐγὼ
αἰτεῖν θέλοιμ' ἄν· οὐκέτ' οὖν ἐλπὶς πάρα·
ἡμῶν δὲ φυγάδων καὶ κάτω βεβλημένων
διάδοχον ἤδη κτισθὲν ἀνθρώπων γένος,
ἄγαλμα καινόν, τήνδε γῆν οἰκεῖ νέαν.
πρὸς ταῦτα δ' ἐλπὶς χαιρέτω, φόβος θ' ἅμα,
ἔργου τ' ἀπέστω παντὸς αἰσχύνη κακοῦ·
πᾶν τἀγαθόν τοι φροῦδον· ὦ πονηρία,
σὺ δ' αὖ γένου μοι τἀγαθόν· σοῦ γὰρ διὰ
μέτεστί γ' ἡμῖν μοῖρ' ἴση τυραννίδος
πόλων ἄνακτι· τοῦτο δ' εἴσεται τάχα
νέος τε κόσμος καὶ τόδ' ἀνθρώπων γένος.

601 *φωνῇ τ' ἐκεῖνος ἡσύχως σεμνῇ λέγει·*
'μὴ τοῦτό γ' εὔχου· ζῆν σε δεῖ, πάτερ φίλε.'

ἰαλέμοις κόσμησον ὡς νομίζεται,
κατὰ χθονὸς δὲ κρύπτε τῆς ἐρασμίας,
ὄχθον τε σεμνὸν χῶσον ὀστέων ὕπερ,
στήλην τ' ἐπ' ἀκρῷ στῆσον εὐαγῆ τάφῳ,
ὅπως λέγῃ τις τηλόθεν σκοπούμενος
πεδίων δι' ἀβρότων ἱππότης ὁδοιπορῶν
''Αγήνορος μνημεῖα Σώραβος τάδε,
ὃν ἄλκιμος κατέκταν' ἀγνοίᾳ πατήρ·
κἀγὼ θανών περ λῆστιν ὧδ' ἐκφυγγάνω.'

W. G. H.

For some are born to do great deeds, and live,
as some are born to be obscur'd, and die.
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
and reap a second glory in thine age.
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
and place me on a bed, and mourn for me,
and thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
and heap a stately mound above my bones,
and plant a far-seen pillar over all:
that so the passing horseman on the waste
may see my tomb a great way off, and say—
Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
whom his great father did in ignorance kill—
and I be not forgotten in my grave.'

M. ARNOLD

602 *CLEOPATRA*

Then, my good girls, be more than women wise;
at least be more than I was: and be sure
you credit any thing the light gives life to,

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601 μὴ δὴ τόδ' εὔχου· σοί πάτερ βιωτέον·
τοὺς μὲν γὰρ ἔργα λαμπρὰ καὶ βίος μένει,
τοὺς δ' αὖτ' ἀμαύρωσίς τε καὶ τύμβου σκότος.
σὺ δρᾶσον οἷ' ἄωρος ἔφθασεν μόρος
τὸ μή με δρᾶσαι· δεύτερον κλέος δέχου
γέρων· [σός εἰμι, σὸν δ' ἐμὸν κέρδος λέγω.
ἀλλ', εἰσορᾷς γὰρ τόνδ' ὀπισθόπουν στρατόν,
ὅπως σὺ φείσει μηδ' ἐπισφάξεις ἐμοί,
ἱκέτην με δέξαι, πῶς γάρ εἰσιν αἴτιοι;
κοινὰς ὁδοὺς εἵποντο καὶ κοινὴν τύχην.
πρὸς ταῦτα πάντας ἀσφαλῶς Ὄξου πέραν
κάμπτειν διαύλου θάτερον κῶλον πάρες.
νέκυν δὲ πρὸς Σεισταῦα βαστάσεις ἐμὲ

οἱ μὲν πεφύκασ' ἐς τὸ καλὰ πράττειν βίῳ,
οἱ δ' αὖ πεφύκασ', ὡς θάνωσ' ἀνώνυμοι.
πρᾶσσ' οὖν σὺ τοιάδ', οἷ' ἐμοὶ νεωτέρῳ
θνήσκοντι πράσσειν ἀδύνατον· σὲ γὰρ μένει
γεραιὸν ἤδη δεύτερον δόξης θέρος.
ἐμ' οὖν φέρων κόμιζε πρὸς κλεινὴν πόλιν,
ἔπειτα λέκτροις ἐντίθει, πενθῶν ἐμέ,
δεῖ γάρ με κρύψαι κεῖν' ἐς εὐθαλὲς πέδον,
τάφον τε χῶσαι σεμνὸν ὀστέων ὕπερ,
στήλην τ' ἐπᾶραι, σῆμα τηλαυγὲς βροτοῖς·
ὥσθ' ἱππότην περῶντα τὴν ἐρημίαν,
ἰδόντα τύμβον τηλόθεν, λέξαι τάδε
'ἐκεῖ τέθαπται πατρὸς ἀλκίμου γόνος,
ὃν δὴ πατὴρ ἔκτεινεν, οὐκ εἰδὼς ἄρα·'
ἐγὼ δὲ κλεινὸς ζήσομαι καίπερ θανών.

J. G. L.

602 ἴτ' οὖν γένεσθε κρείσσονες, καλαὶ κόραι,
φύσεως γυναικῶν· εὖ φρονεῖτε· κρείσσονες
ἀλλ' οὖν γένεσθ' ἐμοῦγε· καὶ τόδ', ὡς σαφές,
ἔστω παρ' ὑμῖν, οὐδὲν ὅτι τρέφει σέλας
ἐν κνωδάλοις ἄπιστον ὡς ἀνδρῶν γένος.

περισταλέντα δ' ἀμφὶ πενθήσεις λέχει,
ἐρασμίᾳ δὲ δεῖ με τυμβεῦσαι χθονὶ
στήλην δὲ χῶσαι τηλόθεν κατόψιον,
οὕτω δ' ἐρήμους ἱππότης πλάκας περῶν
λέξει πρόσωθεν εἰσορῶν τάφον ποτέ
'γῇ τῇδε Ῥήσου παῖς μεγασθενοῦς Σόλων
κέκευθεν, ἀγνὼς ὃν κατέκτεινεν πατήρ,'
κάτω περ ὄντος οὐκ ἀμνημονῶν ἐμοῦ.

F. ST. J. T.

before a man. Rather believe the sea
weeps for the ruin'd merchant when he roars;
rather, the wind courts but the pregnant sails,
when the strong cordage cracks; rather, the sun
comes but to kiss the fruit in wealthy autumn,
when all falls blasted. If you needs must love,
(forced by ill fate,) take to your maiden-bosoms
two dead-cold aspicks, and of them make lovers:
they cannot flatter nor forswear.—
Come, let's be sad, my girls;
that down-cast of thine eye, Olympias,
shews a fine sorrow.—Mark, Antiphila;
just such another was the nymph Oenone,
when Paris brought home Helen.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

610

POLYNICES—ETEOCLES

P. O altares of my country soile.
E. Whom thou art come to spoile and to deface.
P. O Gods, give eare unto my honest cause.
E. With foren power his countrie to invade.
P. O holy temples of the heavenly gods.
E. That for thy wicked deeds do hate thy name.
P. Out of my kingdom am I driven by force.
E. Out of the which thou camest me for to drive.
P. Punish, O Gods, this wicked tyrant here.
E. Pray to the Gods in Greece and not in Thebes.

πείσθητε τοῦτο μᾶλλον, ὡς πόντος στένων
ἔκλαιε δῆθεν ἔμπορον, τὰς ἐλπίδας
φθορᾷ κακώσας· λαιφέων τ᾽ ἐγκυμόνων
ἄνεμος τάχ᾽ ἦρα, καρτερῶν σπάρτων τόνου
ἤδη λυθέντος· ἐν δ᾽ ὀπωρίνῳ γάνει
ὡς δὴ φιλήσων καρπὸν ἦλθεν ἥλιος,
φλογμός τ᾽ ἄρ᾽ ἔλαθε πάντ᾽ ἀποφθίσας νόσῳ.
ἀλλ᾽ εἴ τι πάντως ἐξαναγκάζει μόρος
ὑμᾶς ἐρᾷν ἔρωτα, παρθένοις δύο
κόλποισι προσπτύξασθε ναρκώσας ὄφεις,
ψυχρὸν παραγκάλισμα, κἀκ τούτων γάμους
κτήσασθ᾽ ἐραστῶν· οὐ γὰρ ἐπίορκοι φρενὶ
σαίνειν ἴσασιν αἵδε γ᾽. ἀλλ᾽ ἴτ᾽, ὦ κόραι,
πενθῶμεν οὖν· τόδ᾽ ὄμμα σοῦ κατηγορεῖ
κατηφές, ὡς μάλ᾽ εὐγενὴς λύπη σ᾽ ἔχει,
Ὀλυμπία· σύ δ᾽, Ἀντίφλη, βλέψον τάδε·
ἦν γὰρ τοιαύτη τίς ποτ᾽ Οἰνώνη κόρη,
Ἑλένην ὅτ᾽ οἰκάδ᾽ ἤγαγεν βοίτης Πάρις.

J. G. L.

ΠΟΛΥΝΕΙΚΗΣ—'ΕΤΕΟΚΛΗΣ

Π. *βωμοὶ πατρῷοι τῆσδε τῆς ἐμῆς χθονός.*
Ε. *οὕς γ᾽ οὖν πάρει πέρσων τε καὶ διαφθερῶν.*
Π. *φρονῶ δίκαια, τἄμ᾽ ἀκούσατ᾽, ὦ θεοί.*
Ε. *ὥς γ᾽ ἐσβαλῶν δὴ σὺν ξένοις ἐς πατρίδα.*
Π. *ὦ σεμνὰ τεμένη τῶν ἐν οὐρανῷ θεῶν.*
Ε. *οἵπερ γε μισοῦσ᾽ ὄνομα σὸν δρῶντος κακά.*
Π. *γαίας θρόνων τῆσδ᾽ ἐξελήλαμαι φυγάς.*
Ε. *ἐξ ὧν σὺ δὴ παρῆλθες ἐξελῶν ἐμέ.*
Π. *κολάζετ᾽, ὦ θεοί, τὸν ἀνόσιον ἐνθάδε.*
Ε. *Ἑλληνικοὺς κάλει σύγ᾽, οὐ Θήβης θεούς.*

P. No savage beast so cruell nor unjust.
E. Not cruell to my country like to thee.
P. Since from my right I am wyth wrong deprived.
E. Eke from thy life, if long thou tarry here.
P. O father, heare what injuries I take.
E. As though thy divellish deeds were hid from him.

G. GASCOIGNE

615 *CICERO TO CATILINE*

Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience?
Still shall thy fury mock us! to what license
dares thy unbridled boldness run itself?
Dost thou not feel thy counsels all laid open,
and see thy wild conspiracy bound in
with each man's knowledge? which of all this order
can'st thou think ignorant, if they will but utter
their conscience to the right, of what thou didst
last night, what on the former, where thou wert,
whom thou didst call together, what your plots were?
O age and manners! this the consul sees,
the senate understands, yet this man lives!
lives! ay, and comes here into council with us,
partakes the public cares, and with his eye
marks and points out each man of us to slaughter.
And we, good men, do satisfy the state,
if we can shun but this man's sword and madness.

B. JOHNSON

620 *KING JOHN—HUBERT*

John. How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,

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620 ΙΩ. ἦ πόλλ' ἰδών τις ᾧ τρόπῳ δράσει κακῶς,
κακῶς ἔδρασεν. εἰ σὺ μὴ 'τυχες παρών,
πανοῦργος, αὐτῆς χειρόδεικτος ἐκ φύσεως,
ᾧ σῆμ' ἐπῆν τοῦ πᾶν ἂν εἰς αἰσχρουργίαν

Π. ὠμῶν σὺ νικᾷς ἀδικίᾳ θηρῶν γένος.
Ε. σὺ δ' ἐς πάτραν γ' ὢν ὠμὸς αὖ νικᾷς ἐμέ.
Π. ἐπεὶ δικαίων γ' ἐστερημένος κυρῶ.
Ε. ζωῆς μὲν οὖν σύγ', εἰ μενεῖς ἔτ' ἐνθάδε.
Π. ἄκουσον, οἵας ἀδικίας πάσχω, πάτερ.
Ε. ὡς εἴ νιν ἔλαθε σοῦ γ' ἀνόσια πράγματα.

J. G. L.

615 ποῖ δὴ θράσους μόλοις ἄν; ἐς τί δή ποτε
ἀνεξόμεσθα σοῦ μάτην θυμουμένου;
ἦ σοί τι μανίας τῷ 'πιβροντήτῳ μέτρον;
τί δ'; οὐ κάτοισθα πᾶς διαπτυχθεὶς πάλαι;
οὐκ αἰσθάνει τὰ πάνθ' ὅσ' ἠρτύνω λάθρα
πεφραγμέν' ἤδη τῶνδ' ὑπὸ ξυνειδότων;
ἐπεὶ δοκεῖς τιν' ἀγνοεῖν τῶν ἐνθάδε,
εἴ τις κατ' ὀρθὸν πᾶν ὅσον ξυνῆκ' ἐρεῖ,
τί χθές, τί πρώην ἠγορῶ νύκτωρ ὅπου,
τίσιν ξυνελθών, τίνα προθεὶς δυσβουλίαν;
ὦ πότνι' Αἰδώς· ταῦθ' ὁ προστάτης ὁρᾷ,
ἔγνωκε βουλή, χοὖτος ἐν ζώοις ἔτι·
βουλῆς μὲν οὖν μέτεστι, κοινὰ φράζεται,
ὅσσοις προδείξας ἄνδρ' ἕκαστον ἐς φόνον·
ἡμῖν δὲ τοῖς ἐσθλοῖσιν ἥδεται πόλις
μόνον φυγοῦσι φωτὸς ἐμπλήκτου ξίφη.

J. C.

620 Ι. ὡς καιρὸς ἔργων ἡνίκ' ἂν παρῇ κακῶν
πείθει τὰ πλεῖστα ῥᾳδίως κάκ' ἔργα δρᾶν·
ἐμοῦ γὰρ εἰ μὴ πλησίος παρῆσθα σύ,

τολμῶντος, οὐκ ἂν ἦλθεν εἰς ἐμὴν φρένα
τὸν παῖδ' ἀναιρεῖν· εὖ δὲ σὸν βδελύκτροπον
εἶδος νοήσας κἀς μιαίφονον μύσος
εὑρών σ' ἕτοιμον, εὐτρεπῆ, δοκῶν τέ σε

a fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,
this murder had not come into my mind:
but taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
finding thee fit for bloody villany,
apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
and thou, to be endeared to a king,
made it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hub. My lord,—
621 *John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause
when I spake darkly what I purposed;
or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
as bid me tell my tale in express words,
deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
and those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
but thou didst understand me by my signs,
and didst in signs again parley with sin;
yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
and consequently thy rude hand to act
the deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
my nobles leave me; and my state is braved,

μηδένα ποτ᾽ ἂν κίνδυνον ἐκστῆναι θέλειν,
Ἄρθουρον εἰς οὖς ἡσύχως ᾐνισσόμην
εἰ δὴ κτενοῖς νιν· καὶ σὺ βασιλέως χάριν
ἔθου παρ᾽ οὐδὲν βασιλικὸν φθεῖραι γόνον.
ΟΥ. *ὦναξ—*
621 ΙΩ. *κάρᾳ γὰρ εἰ τότ᾽ ἀνένευσας μόνον,*
ἢ καὶ μεταξύ μ᾽ ἐπέλαβες, παῦλαν διδούς,
ἐμοῦ λέγοντος οὐ σαφῶς ὁποῖα δρᾶν
ἔμελλον, ἢ σὸν ὄμμ᾽ ἐπιστρέψας ἐμοὶ
ἀπορεῖν ἔδοξας, καὶ σαφέστερον φράσαι
ἁπλοῖς λόγοις μ᾽ ἤνωγες, αἰσχύνῃ τάχ᾽ ἂν

οὗπερ χαρακτὴρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι,
σαφές τε σῆμ᾽, ὅ σ᾽ ἐξέδειξεν εὐτρεπῆ
τολμᾷν ἃ τοῖς τολμῶσιν αἰσχύνην φέρει,
οὐκ εἰς ἐμὴν φρέν᾽ οὗτος ἦλθεν ἂν φόνος·
τὸ σὸν δ᾽ ἀπεχθὲς ὄμμα τηρήσας ἐγώ,
ἰδών σ᾽ ἄριστον αἵματος ξυνεργάτην
καὶ παμπόνηρον, ἔν τε κινδύνοις θρασύν,
λόγοισι κρυπτοῖς εὐλαβῶς ᾐνιξάμην,
πειρώμενός σου, παιδὸς Ἀρθούρου φόνου·
καὶ προσφιλῆ σὺ τὸν τυραννεύοντ᾽ ἔχειν
θέλων, ἀνεῖλες παῖδ᾽ ἑκὼν τυραννικόν.
Ο. *ὦ δέσποτ᾽—*
621 Ι. *—εἰ γὰρ εἰσάπαξ τὸ σὸν κάρα*
ἔσεισας, ἢ τότ᾽ ἠπόρησας, ἡνίκα
ἃ δρᾷν ἔμελλον εἶπον, ἀλλ᾽ οὐκ ἐμφανῶς,
ἢ πρός μ᾽ ἔτεινας ὄμμαθ᾽, ὡς ἀμηχανῶν,
κἄμ᾽ ἠξίωσας ἅλεγον σαφῶς λέγειν,
ἄφθογγος εὐθὺς ἦν ἂν αἰσχύνης ὕπο,
ἀφεὶς τὰ τῶν πρὶν φροντίδων βουλεύματα,
τὸ σόν τε δεῖμα δεῖμ᾽ ἐμοὶ παρεῖχεν ἄν.
σὺ δ᾽ εὖ ξυνῆκας τἀμὰ, νευμάτων διά,
δι᾽ ὧν σὸν αὖθις ἐξεσήμηνας λόγον·
ἦ μὴν ἀτρέστῳ καρδίᾳ ξυνῄνεσας,
κἄπειτ᾽ ἔπραξας ἀγρίᾳ πρόφρων χερὶ
τοὔργον τόδ᾽, οὗπερ τοὔνομ᾽ ἐξειπεῖν μόνον
ἐμή τε γλῶσσα σή θ᾽ ὁμῶς ᾐσχύνετο.
ἔρρ᾽, αἰσχροποιέ, μηδὲ προσβλέψῃς μ᾽ ἔτι·
πρόμων λέλειμμαι, τῇ πόλει τ᾽ ἐπεγγελᾷ

ἄφωνον ἐξέπληξε, κἄμ᾽ ἐπέσχεθεν
λέγειν τὰ πλείω· καὶ σὸς ἐξαίφνης φόβος
ἴσως τοιοῦτον ἐνέβαλ᾽ ἂν κἀμοὶ φόβον.

F. A. P.

even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers;
nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
this kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
hostility and civil tumult reigns
between my conscience and my cousin's death.

622 *Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
is yet a maiden and an innocent hand
not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
the dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
and you have slander'd nature in my form;
which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
is yet the cover of a fairer mind
than to be butcher of an innocent child.

W. SHAKESPEARE

626 *WALLENSTEIN TO MAX PICCOLOMINI*

At that time did I take thee in my arms,
and with thy mantle did I cover thee:
I was thy nurse: no woman could have been
a kinder to thee: I was not ashamed
to do for thee all little offices,
however strange to me: I tended thee
till life returned; and when thine eyes first opened,
I had thee in my arms. Since then, when have I
altered my feelings towards thee? Many thousands
have I made rich, presented them with lands;
rewarded them with dignities and honours;
thee have I loved: my heart, myself, I gave
to thee! They all were aliens: thou wert
our child and inmate. Max! thou canst not leave me;
it cannot be; I may not, will not think
that Max can leave me.

S. T. COLERIDGE *from Schiller*

πύλαις ἐν αὐταῖς πολέμια στρατεύματα·
καὶ μὴν ἐν αὐτῇ σαρκὶ τοῦδε σώματος,
ἔντοσθε τούτων αἵματός τε καὶ πνοῆς
ὅρων, ταράσσει πάντ' Ἄρης ἐμφύλιος
ἐμοῦ μεταξὺ ξυγγενοῦς τ' ἀλαστόρων.

622 O. ἄλλοισιν ἐχθροῖς ἀνθοπλίζεσθαι χρεών,
ἔστω δὲ πρὸς σὲ σαῖσιν εἰρήνη φρεσίν·
ὁ παῖς ἔτι ζῇ· παρθένος γὰρ ἥδε χεὶρ
ἔτ' ἐστίν, οὐδὲν ὧν λέγεις πράξασά πω,
οὐδ' ᾑμάτωται φοινίοις σταλάγμασιν·
ἥ τ' αἰσχρόμητις θανασίμων βουλευμάτων
ὁρμὴ κέαρ τόδ' οὐδαμῶς ὑπῆλθεν, οὔ.
σὺ δ' ἠδίκηκας τῷδ' ἐν ἀνδρὶ τὴν φύσιν,
ὃς ἀγριωπός εἰμι τὴν ἔξω φυήν,
τρέφω δ' ἔσωθεν ἡμερωτέραν φρέν' ἢ
ὠμαῖσι χερσὶ παῖδα νήπιον κτανεῖν.

J. HODGSON, *A. S.* 1825

626 ἀλλ' ἀγκάλας σέ γ' ἔλαβον εἰς ἐμὰς τότε,
χλαίνῃ τὸ σὸν πυκασθὲν ἀμπίσχων δέμας·
τρόφος παρῆν σοί γ'· οὐδ' ἄρ' εὐμενεστέρα
γυνή τις ἦν ἄν· καὶ τὰ πάνθ' ὑπηρετεῖν
ἔτλην τὰ μικρὰ τήν τ' ἐμὴν φύσιν πάρα,
ἀεί σ' ἀτάλλων, ἔστ' ἀνέπνευσας πάλιν,
βλέφαρά τ' ἀνοίγοντ' αὖθις εἶχον ἀγκάλαις.
πότ' οὖν μετέβαλον ἔς σέ γ' ἐκ κείνου χρόνου
τρόπους; ἀγροῖς μὲν μυρίους ἐπλούτισα,
πολλοῖς δὲ γέρασι τιμίους ἠμειψάμην·
σὲ δὴ 'φίλησα, σοὶ μόνῳ ψυχὴν ὅλην,
αὐτὸν μὲν οὖν ἔδωκα, τοὺς μὲν ὡς ξένους
νέμων, σὲ δ' ὡς παῖδ' ἁμόν, ἔντροφον δόμοις.
οὐκ ἄν συ τλαίης φίλτατ' ἀπολιπεῖν ἐμέ·
ἀλλ' οὐχ οἷόν τε· τοῦτ' ἀπιστῆσαι θέλω,
ἀδύνατον οὖν τοῦτ', ὡς σὺ δὴ λείψεις ἐμέ.

J. G. L.

The world had never taken so full note,
of what thou art, hadst thou not been undone;
and only thy affliction hath begot
more fame, than thy best fortune could have done:
for ever by adversity are wrought
the greatest works of admiration:
and all the fair examples of renown
out of distress and misery are grown.
How could we know that thou couldst have endured,
with a reposed cheer, wrong and disgrace;
and with a heart and countenance assured
have looked stern death and horror in the face!
How should we know thy soul had been secured,

εἰ μή ποτ᾽ ἦσθα δυστυχής, οὐκ ἂν σαφῶς
βροτοῖσιν ἐξέδειξας ὢν οἷός περ εἶ·
πλείω τε τιμὴν τίκτεται πάθη τὰ σά,
ὅσηνπερ οὐκ ἂν ἄλλος εὐποτμώτατος,
τοῖς γὰρ μεγίστοις θαύματός τ᾽ ἐπαξίοις
μήτηρ πέφυκ᾽ ἔργοισιν ἡ δυσπραξία,
τὰ πάντα τ᾽ εὖ δεδραμέν᾽, ὧν πύστις πάρα,
ἐκ πημονῶν ἔβλαστε κἀξ ἀμηχάνων.
τίς γάρ, τίς ἄν ποτ᾽ ᾤετ᾽ εὐσπλάγχνῳ φρενὶ
τολμᾶν σ᾽ ὄνειδος καὶ φέρειν ἀτιμίαν;
κρυερὸν τίς Αἴδην καρδίᾳ τ᾽ εὐτλήμονι
ὀρθοῖς τ᾽ ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἀντίον βλέπειν;
ψυχήν θ᾽ ὁδοῖς ἁγναῖσιν ἐστηριγμένην,
εἰ μὴ κατώφθης οἷος ἦσθ᾽ ἐγκαρτερῶν
τοροῖσιν ἑρμηνεῦσι καρδίας δύαις;
ἥ τοι θύελλα ναυτίλων ἐμπειρίαν
σαφέστατ᾽ ἐξέφηνε· κἂν μάχῃ δορὸς
ἀνδρεῖος ὢν ταγοῦχος ἐξετάζεται·
βροτῶν δ᾽ ἀρίστη βάσανος ἡ δυσπραξία.

οὐκ ἂν βρότοισιν ἐξέδειξας οἷος εἶ
εἰ μὴ πανωλέθροισιν ἐντυχὼν κακοῖς·
ἐκ ξυμφορῶν δὲ μεῖζον ἐκτήσω κλέος,
ὅσονπερ οὐκ ἂν εὐτυχέστατος φανείς.
εἰ δ' ἐστὶν ἆθλος καλλίνικος ἀνδράσιν,
οἳ ξυμφοραῖσι χρώμενοι φιλοῦσι δρᾶν,
ἃ δ' ἔσχε δόξαν ὡς μάλ' εὖ πεπραγμένα,
ἔβλαστε μόχθων κἀκ τύχης δυσδαίμονος.
πῶς δῆλος ἡμῖν ἦσθ' ἂν εὐσπλάγχνῳ φρενὶ
ψόγον τε καὶ δύσκλειαν ἰσχύων φέρειν,
ἢ καὶ προσώπῳ καρδίᾳ τ' εὐτλήμονι
δεινῶπα θ' ᾅδην προσβλέπειν ἐναντίον
φρίκην τε κρυεράν; τίς δ' ἂν ἐξῄδη σ' ὁδῷ

οὐκ ἄν ποτ' ἦν σου παντελῆ θέαν λαβεῖν
ὁποῖος εἴης, μὴ οὐκ ὀλωλότος, βροτοῖς·
μόνον δ' ἔφυσεν ἥδ' ἀναγκαία τύχη
σὴν κληδόν', οἷον οὐ τὰ λῷστα τοῦ βίου·
δυσπραξία γάρ ἐστιν ἡξειργασμένη
τὰ κλεινὰ πᾶσιν, οἷα θαυμάσαι χρεών·
καλὸν δὲ πᾶν τι δεῖγμα τῆς εὐδοξίας
ἔκ τοι κακῶν ἔβλαστε κἀξ ἀμηχάνων·
πῶς δῆτ' ἂν ᾖσμεν, οἷος αἰκίαν σθένοις
φαιδρᾷ προσόψει καρτερεῖν κἀτιμίαν,
κύκλοισί τ' ἀστρόφοισιν ἔμπεδος κέαρ
θάνατόν τε δεινὸν κἀντιδέρκεσθαι φόβον;
φρένας δὲ πῶς ἂν ᾖσμεν ἐρριζωμένας
ὁσίαις ὁδοῖσι κἀγαθοῖς βουλεύμασιν,
εἰ μὴ τοιοῦτος οἷος ἦσθα προὐφάνης
ἐν συμφοραῖσιν αἷς δεδήλωται φύσις;
οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλο πλὴν τρικυμία τέκμαρ
ἐμπειρίας ναύταισιν· οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν
Ἄρης στρατηγοῦ πεῖραν ὦπασ' ἀλκίμου·
οὕτω δ' ἔδειξε λῷστα τοὔσχατον βροτούς.

T. G.

in honest counsels, and in way unbase,
hadst thou not stood to shew us what thou wert
by thy affliction that descry'd thy heart!
It is not but the tempest that doth shew
the seaman's cunning; but the field that tries
the captain's courage; and we come to know
best what men are in their worst jeopardies.

S. DANIEL

634 *DARKNESS*

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
did wander darkling in the eternal space,
rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;
morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
the rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still,
and nothing stirred within their silent depths;
ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
and their masts fell down piece-meal: as they dropp'd
they slept on the abyss without a surge—

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634 Ἐδόκουν ὄνειρον εἰσιδεῖν, ὕπαρ μὲν οὖν.
φῶς ἥλιος κατέσβεσ', ἀστέρες τ' ἀεὶ
πλανώμενοι 'φέροντο διὰ κενοῦ σκότου,
αὐγάς τ' ἀμαυροὶ καὶ στίβων ἐξωτέρω·
καὶ γῆ κρύους παγέντος αἰωρουμένη
τυφλὴ 'μελαίνεθ' ὑπ' ἀσέληνον αἰθέρα.
ἕως τ' ἀεὶ προσῆλθεν, ᾤχετ' οὖν ἀεί,
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἄρ' ἦλθεν ἡμέρα. καὶ μὴν ῥοαὶ
λίμναι τε καὶ δὴ πόντος ἡσύχως ἅπας
ἔκειτο, κοὐδὲν ἐν μυχοῖς ἠγείρετο.
νῆές τ' ἐσήπονθ' ὕδασιν ἐν θαλασσίοις

ἁπλῇ βεβαιωθέντα καὶ χρησταῖς φρεσίν,
εἰ μὴ πάθη σά, βάσανος ὥστε καρδίας,
τορῶς σ' ἔδειξεν ἥντιν' εἴληχας φύσιν;
ἤλεγξε χείμων, εἴ τι, ναυτίλων τέχνην,
εὐψυχίας δ' ἐς πεῖραν ἐν δορὸς μάχῃ
λοχαγὸς ἦλθεν, ἔν τε κινδυνεύμασιν
ὁποῖός ἐσθ' ἕκαστον ἐξετάζομεν.

P. F.

634 ὄνειρον εἶδον ᾧ τι κἀκ θεοῦ προσῆν·
φλὸξ ἡλίου γὰρ ἔφθιτ', ἐπλανᾶτο δὲ
σκότον δεδορκότ' ἄστρα πρωτάρχῳ χάει
ἀμαύρ', ἀβουκόλητα· γῆ δ' ἐπάλλετο
κρυσταλλοπὴξ κατ' αἰθέρ' οὐ μήνης ὕπο
τυφλή, κελαινωθεῖσα· φωσφόρος δ' ἕως
διεξόδοισιν οὐ ξυνείπεθ' ἡμερῶν.
ηὖδον δὲ λίμναι, ῥεῖθρά θ' ηὗδ', ηὗδεν θέτις,
ἦν δ' οὐδὲν ἀψόφοισιν ἔμψυχον βυθοῖς·
νῆες δ' ἐσήπονθ', ὥστ' ἀποιμάντου σκάφους
σαθρὸν καταρρεῖν ἱστόν, ὃς καταρρυεὶς
αὐτοῦ θαλάσσῃ νηνέμῳ κοιμίζεται.

ἀνδρῶν ἔρημοι, μικρὰ δ' αὖ ξύλων μέρη
ἱστοῖς ἔπιπτον, ὡς δ' ἔλαβεν ἐρείπια
πέλαγος ἄβυσσον, πάντ' ἐκεῖ κατέσχ' ὕπνος·
ἔστρωτο δ' αὐτὰ κύμαθ', ὡς τεθνηκότα,
ἔκειντο δ' ὥσπερ ἐν τάφῳ πλημμυρίδες,
ἡ γὰρ σελήνη τῶνδ' ἄνασσ' ἤδη 'θανεν·
καὶ πνεύματ' ἐξῆραν' ἀνήνεμος πόλος,
νέφη τ' ἀπώλετ'· οὐ γὰρ ἦν χρεία σκότῳ
τοιῶνδ' ἀρωγῶν· ἦν τὸ πᾶν ἤδη σκότος.

J. G. L.

the waves were dead: the tides were in their grave,
the moon, their mistress, had expired before;
the winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
and the clouds perish'd! Darkness had no need
of aid from them—She was the Universe.

LORD BYRON

636 *CATILINE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY*

You might have lived in servitude, or exile,
or safe at Rome, depending on the great ones;
but that you thought those things unfit for men:
and, in that thought, you then were valiant;
for no man ever yet changed peace for war,
but he that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
There's more necessity you should be such,
in fighting for yourselves, than they for others.
He's base that trusts his feet, whose hands are arm'd.
Methinks I see Death and the Furies waiting
what we will do, and all the heaven at leisure
for the great spectacle. Draw then your swords;
and if our destiny envy our virtue
the honour of the day, yet let us care
to sell ourselves at such a price as may
undo the world to buy us.

BEN JONSON

οὐκ ἦν κλυδὼν ἔτ', οὐ παλιρροία σάλου,
μήνῃ θανούσῃ ξυνθανοῦσα κυρίᾳ·
ἔβριζε δ' αἰθὴρ πᾶσαν αὐάνας πνοήν,
φροῦδαί τε νεφελαί· συμμάχων γὰρ οὐκ ἔδει
τούτων τυραννεύοντα τοῦ παντὸς σκότον.

R. C. J.

636 παρὸν μὲν ὑμῖν πατρίδος ἐστερημένοις,
πάρον δὲ δουλεύουσι σώζεσθαί γ' ἐκεῖ
τῶν ἐν τέλει κλύουσι, ταῦτα πάνθ' ὅμως
ἀπηξιώσατ' ἀνδρὶ μὴ καλῶς ἔχειν
εὖ κἀνδρικῶς φρονοῦντες· οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν, οὔκ,
ὃς πώποτ' ἀντήλλαξεν εἰρήνης μάχην,
μὴ οὐχ ὥστε δρασείων τι πρὸς τὸ καρτερόν.
καὶ νῦν ἔχεσθε τοῦδε τοῦ βουλεύματος·
ὡς μᾶλλον ὑμᾶς δεῖ τοιούσδ' εἶναι φύσιν
αὐτῶν γ' ὑπερμαχοῦντας, ἢ κείνους πόλεως·
κακὸν γάρ, εἴ τῳ χεῖρας ἐξωπλισμένῳ
ἔπειτα δόξει τοῖς ποσὶν πεποιθέναι·
Ἅδην δοκῶ μοι τόν τ' Ἐρινύων χόρον
ἡμᾶς ὁρᾶν σκοποῦντας ὅ τι ποιήσομεν·
καὶ μὴν ἅπαντας εἰσορῶ κατ' οὐρανὸν
τήνδ' ἐν σχολῇ μένοντας εὔκοσμον θέαν.
πρὸς ταῦτα γυμνὰ φάσγαν' εὐτρεπίζετε,
εἰ δ' οὖν τύχῃ ποθ' ἧμιν ἐν τῆδ' ἡμέρᾳ
ἀρετῇ φθονήσει στέφανον εὐκλείας τυχεῖν,
ἐξημποληρμένοισί γ' εὖ μελησάτω,
ὅπως ἐκεῖνοι μηδὲν ἄλλ' ἕξουσιν ἢ
πάντων πρίασθαι τῶν ὑπαρχόντων κράτος.

641 *THE ANGELS' CAMP BY NIGHT*

Now when ambrosial night, with clouds exhaled
from that high mount of God, whence light and shade
spring both, the face of brightest heaven had changed
to grateful twilight—for night comes not there
in darker veil—and roseate dews disposed
all but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest:
wide over all the plain, and wider far
than all this globous earth in plain outspread—
such are the courts of God—the angelic throng,
dispersed in bands and files, their camp extend
by living streams among the trees of life,
pavilions numberless, and sudden reared,
celestial tabernacles, where they slept
fanned with cool winds; save those who, in their course,
melodious hymns about their sovran throne
alternate all night long.

J. MILTON

644 *CICERO*

Great honours are great burdens, but on whom
they're cast with envy, he doth bear two loads,
his cares must still be double to his joys
in any dignity; where, if he err,
he finds no pardon: and for doing well
a most small praise, and that wrung out by force.
I speak thus, Romans, knowing what the weight
of the high charge, you have trusted to me, is.

641 ἤδη μὲν οὖν νὺξ ἀμβρόσιος ἧκεν, νέφη
ἄγουσ' ἀπ' αὐτῆς τῆς ἀναστροφῆς Θεοῦ,
σκοπέλων τ' ἀπ' ἄκρων, ἔνθεν ἐκπεφύκατον
σκότος τε καὶ φῶς· οὐρανὸς δ' ἄνθος καλὸν
ἤμειψε λαμπρός, ὥστε δὴ δείλην φίλην
αἰθέρα κατίσχειν· οὐ γὰρ εὐφρόνης πόδα
ἐκεῖσε βαίνει ποικιλείμονος σκότος·
ἤδη δὲ πάντων νὺξ κεκοίμηκεν κόρας
ὕπνον φίλον στάζουσα μειλίχῳ δρόσῳ·
Θεὸς δ' ἄρ' αὐτὸς μόνος ἀκοίμητος μένει.
καὶ δὴ πέδον κατ' εὐρὺ καὶ νικῶν πολὺ
εὔκυκλον αὐτῆς κόσμον εὐρείας χθονός,
(οἵαν τιν' αὐλὴν βασιλικὴν ναίει Θεός),
σποραδὴν κατ' ἴλας ἀγγέλων στρατὸς μακρὸν
τείνει στρατόπεδον πρὸς ῥοαῖς ζώσαις ἀεὶ
ζωῆς ἀν' ἄλσος ἔνθεον, σκηνώματα
ἀριθμὸν πεφευγότ' ἐν τάχει 'σκευασμένα.
ῥιπαὶ δ' ὑφεῖρπον πνευμάτων κοιμωμένοις
ψυχρῶν ἅπασι, πλὴν ὅσοι τοὺς κυρίους
θρόνους ἔτερπον, διάδοχοι πόνων φίλων,
ἱέντες ᾠδὰς παννύχους ἀμοιβαδίς.

A. H. W.

644 ἀρχῆς πόλυς τοι φόρτος εἰ πολλὴ ῥέπει,
φθόνος δ' ὅτῳ πρόσεστι, τῷδ' ἄχθος διπλοῦν·
τῷ γὰρ κρατοῦντι φροντίδες χαρᾶς ὕπερ
δισσῶς περισσεύουσιν· ἢν θ' ἁμαρτάνῃ,
σύγγνοιαν οὔτιν' εὗρετ'· εὖ δράσας τ' ἔχει
φαῦλόν τ' ἔπαινον καὶ παρ' ἀκούσης φρενός.
τάδ', ἄνδρες, ὑμῖν εἶπον οὐκ ἄϊδρις ὢν
πρὸς οἷον ἀρχῆς συγκατεζεύγμαι βάρος,

Not that thereby I would with art decline
the good or greatness of your benefit;
for I ascribe it to your singular grace
and vow to owe it to no title else,
except the gods, that Cicero is your consul.
I have no urns, no dusty monuments,
no broken images of ancestors;
but for myself I have prepared this strength.

B. JONSON

650 *ÆPYTUS—MEROPE*

Æp. And to what friends should I for aid apply?
Mer. The royal race of Temenus, in Argos—
Æp. That house, like ours, intestine murder maims.
Mer. Thy Spartan cousins, Procles and his brother—
Æp. Love a won cause, but not a cause to win.
Mer. My father, then, and his Arcadian chiefs—
Æp. Mean still to keep aloof from Dorian broil.
Mer. Wait, then, until sufficient help appears.
Æp. Orestes in Mycenæ had no more.
Mer. He to fulfil an order rais'd his hand.
Æp. What order more precise had he than I?

ΑΙΠ. πρὸς τοῦ δ' ἂν ὠφέλειαν εὑροίμην φίλων;
ΜΕΡ. Ἄργους δυνάστας Τημενίδας λίσσου τόδε.
ΑΙΠ. πηροῖ δὲ καί νιν ἔριδος ἐμφύλου φόνος.
ΜΕΡ. ἀνεψιὼ δὲ ξὺν κάσει Προκλῆς σέθεν—
ΑΙΠ. Σπάρτη φιλεῖ κρατοῦντας οὓς ψέγει πάρος.
ΜΕΡ. πατὴρ δ' ἂν οὑμὸς οἵ τ' ἀπ' Ἀρκάδων λόχοι
ΑΙΠ. σχοῖεν πόδ' ἔξω Δωρικῆς στάσεως ἔτι.
ΜΕΡ. μέν' οὖν σύ γ' ἔστ' ἂν δύναμις αὐτάρκης φανῇ.
ΑΙΠ. οὐκ ἔσχ' Ὀρέστης ἐν Μυκήναισιν πλέον.

οὐχ ὡς ἀπώσων αἱμύλων λόγων μέτα
κάλλιστον ὂν τὸ δῶρον ὕψιστον θ' ἅμα·
ὑμῶν γὰρ εἵνεκ' εὐμενῶν μάλιστ' ἐμοί,
πλὴν τῶν θεῶν ἕκατι, κοὐκ ἄλλων ἐρῶ,
ὄμνυμι Ῥώμης ὕπατος ὡς πάρειμ' ὅδε,
ἐπεὶ οὐχ ὑπάρχει τυμβόχωστ' ὀγκώματα,
θῆκαί τε προγόνων ἧμιν αὐχμηραὶ κόνει,
οὐ συντεθραυσμέν' ἐν δόμοις ἀγάλματα,
αὐτὸς δ' ἐμαυτῷ τοῦτ' ἐπικτῶμαι κράτος.

650 ΑΙΠΥΤΟΣ—ΜΕΡΟΠΗ

Α. *καὶ τῶν φίλων εἰσ' οἱ παρήξοντες τίνες;*
Μ. *τὰ δὴ κατ' Ἄργος κλεινὰ Τημένου τέκνα*
Α. *ἐμφυλίῳ νοσοῦσιν, ὡς χἠμεῖς, Ἄρει.*
Μ. Προκλῆς *μὲν οὖν κάσις τε, σοί γ' ἀνέψιοι*
Α. *πρὸς τῶν κρατούντων εἰσίν, οὐχ ἡσσωμένων.*
Μ. *οὔκουν ἄρειοί τ' Ἀρκάδες, πατήρ τ' ἐμός*
Α. *μέλλουσιν ἐκτὸς Δωρικῶν ἧσθαι θρόων.*
Μ. *μέν' οὖν ἕως ἄρηξις ἀρκούντως φανῇ.*
Α. *ἀλλ' οὐκ Ὀρέστης εἶχ' ἐμοῦ πλέον κράτος.*
Μ. *κεῖνος δ' ἐφετμῇ ἔπαισε πειθαρχῶν τινι.*
Α. *καὶ τίνας ἐφετμὰς εἶχε κυριωτέρας;*

ΜΕΡ. *ὁ μὲν κελευσθεὶς οὐχ ἑκὼν χέρ' ἤχμασεν.*
ΑΙΠ. *ἆρ' οὔ τι κἀμοὶ τοῦτο πρόσκειται σαφῶς;*
ΜΕΡ. *κείνῳ γὰρ αὐτὸς Φοῖβος ἐξ ἄντρων βοᾷ.*
ΑΙΠ. *βροτοῖς γε πεισθεὶς τίς ποτ' ἂν μητροκτονοῖ;*
ΜΕΡ. *ἀλλ' οὖν θεοὺς ὅδ' ἔσχεν ἡγητάς, σὺ δ' οὔ.*
ΑΙΠ. *οὐ γὰρ φιλοῦσιν ἂν σαφῶς φανῇ λέγειν.*
ΜΕΡ. *ἡμᾶς τε σαυτόν τ' ἴσθ' ὁμοῦ διαφθερῶν.*

C. B.

Mer. Apollo peal'd it from his Delphian cave.
Æp. A mother's murder needed hest divine.
Mer. He had a hest, at least, and thou hast none.
Æp. The Gods command not where the heart speaks clear.
Mer. Thou wilt destroy, I see, thyself and us.

M. ARNOLD

660 *WALLENSTEIN—GORDON*

Wal. Who now persists in calling Fortune false?
To me she has proved faithful, with fond love
took me from out the common ranks of men,
and, like a mother goddess, with strong arm
carried me swiftly up the steps of life.
Nothing is common in my destiny,
nor in the furrows of my hand. Who dares
interpret then my life for me as 'twere
one of the undistinguishable many?
True in this present moment I appear
fall'n low indeed; but I shall rise again:
the high flood will soon follow on this ebb.
Gor. And yet remember I the good old proverb,
let the night come before we praise the day.
I would be slow from long continued fortune

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660 A. τίς ἔτι τύχην μέμφοιτ' ἂν ὡς ψευδῆ θεάν;
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔμοιγ' ἄπιστος, ὡς δ' ἐρῶσ' ἄγαν
ἔμ' εἵλετ' ἀνδρῶν ἐκ μέσου λαβοῦσ' ὄχλου,
ὥσπερ δὲ μήτηρ ἀθάνατος, βραχίονι
κρατερᾷ τάχιστ' ἐπῆρεν ἀναβαθμοῖς βίου.
πᾶν τοι περισσὸν καὶ μέγ' ἐν τὠμῷ μόρῳ,
χερός τε τῆσδ' ἐν γράμμασιν. τίς εὔχεται
κρινεῖν ἐμὸν δὴ βίοτον, οὐ γάρ εἰμ' ἐγὼ
ἀριθμὸς ἄλλως, τοῖσι πλείοσιν ξυνών.

Μ. ἔκλαγξ' Ἀπόλλων Δελφικῶν μυχῶν ἄπο.
Α. τοὔργον γὰρ ὄμφης μαντικῆς ἔχρηζέ που.
Μ. οἵ γοῦν θεοὶ χρησμοῖς νιν ἤγειραν, σὲ δ' οὔ.
Α. οὐ γὰρ κελεύουσ', εἰ σάφ' αὐδᾶται κέαρ.
Μ. οἴμοι· σαυτὸν γὰρ ἡμᾶς θ', ὡς ἔοικ', ἀποφθερεῖς.

H. C. O.

660 Α. τίς νῦν ἄπιστον διατελεῖ τυχὴν καλῶν;
ἔμοιγε πιστὴ γέγονεν, ἥτις εὐφιλὴς
ἐκ τῶν τυχόντων ἔκκριτόν μ' ἐξείλετο,
θεᾷ θ' ὁμοία μητρὶ καρτερᾷ χερὶ
τάχιστ' ἀνήγαγ' ἀνὰ βίου προσαμβάσεις.
οὐδὲν ταπεινὸν ἔλαχεν οὔτε μοῖρ' ἐμή,
οὔθ' αἵδε χειρὸς ἄλοκες. εἶτα τίς βίον
τολμᾷ διαιρεῖν τὸν ἐμόν, ὡσπερεί τινος
ὄχλῳ μετόντος ἀκρίτῳ πολλῶν βροτῶν;
εἰ γὰρ τανῦνγε παντελῶς κεῖσθαι δοκῶ,
ἀλλ' ἀτρίακτος στήσομαι, κἀμπώτιδι
ἤδη 'πὶ ταύτῃ ῥαχία γενήσεται.
Β. καὶ μὴν παλαιᾶς λόγον ἔχω παροιμίας
'αἰνεῖν μολούσης νυκτὸς ἡμέραν πρέπει.'
σχολῇ γ' ἂν ἐλπίδ' ἐκ μακραίωνος τύχης

ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ δοκῶ πεσεῖν
ἄγαν ταπεινός, τοὐμὸν ὀρθώσω κάρα,
κἄμπωτις ἥδε δέξεται πλημμυρίδα.
Β. ὅμως τί που θρυλοῦσιν, εἰ μνήμη σ' ἔχει,
νὺξ ἐλθέτω πρὶν δή τιν' ὀλβίσαι φάος.
οὐ ῥᾳδίως ἔγωγε δαρὸν εὐτυχῶν
ἐλπίδα λάβοιμ' ἄν· ἐλπίδ', ὡς ξυνῇ βροτοῖς
τοῖς ἀθλίοις γ', ἔπεμψεν οἰκτείρων θεός.

J. G. L.

to gather hope: for hope is the companion
given to the unfortunate by pitying Heaven.

S. T. COLERIDGE *from Schiller*

663

NATHAN TO DAVID

Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king:
'There were two men both dwellers in one town,
the one was mighty and exceeding rich
in oxen, sheep and cattle of the field;
the other poor, having nor ox nor calf
nor other cattle, save one little lamb
which he had bought and nourish'd by the hand;
and it grew up and fed with him and his,
and eat and drank, as he and his were wont,
and in his bosom slept, and was to live
as was his daughter or his dearest child.
There came a stranger to this wealthy man:
and he refus'd and spar'd to take his own,
or of his store to dress or make him meat,
but took the poor man's sheep, partly, poor man's store,
and dress'd it for this stranger in his house.
What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?'

G. PEELE

664

BALIOL—KING EDWARD I

Bal. If cunning have power to win the king,
let those employ it that can flatter him;
if honour'd deed may reconcile the king,
it lies in me to give and him to take.
Edw. Why, what remains for Baliol now to give?
Bal. Allegiance, as becomes a royal king.
Edw. What league of faith, where league is broken once?
Bal. The greater hope in them that once have fallen.
Edw. But foolish are those monarchs, that do yield
a conquer'd realm upon submissive vows.

βόσκοιμ' ἄν, ἥτις ἐκ Θεοῦ γ' οἰκτίρμονος
τοῖς δυστυχοῦσι ξύννομος παρίσταται.

G. B.

663 ὁ δ' οὖν προφήτης εἶπε δεσπότῃ τάδε
'ἦσαν δύ' ἄνδρε πόλιν ἐνοικοῦντες μίαν,
ὁ μὲν μέγας τ' ἐγένετο πλούσιός τ' ἄγαν
βουσίν τε καὶ μήλοισι κἀγέλαις ἀγρῶν·
ὁ δ' αὖ πένης, οὐ βοῦν τιν' οὐ μόσχον τρέφων
οὐδ' ἄλλα πρόβατα· τυτθὸν ἄρν' εἶχεν μόνον,
ὃν δὴ πριάμενος, εἶτ' ἐπαίδευσεν χερὶ
βλάστημα γλυκερόν, ἐν δόμοισιν ἔντροφον,
πίνοντα κἀσθίονθ' ὁμοῦ τοῖς οἰκέταις,
κόλπου καθεύδοντ' ἐντός, ὡς μέλλοντ' ἄγειν
βίον τινος θυγατρὸς ἢ φίλου τέκνου.
ἦλθεν ξένος τις ἄνδρα πλούσιον πάρα·
ὁ δ' οὖν τοσούτων μὴ λαβεῖν ἐφείσατο,
οὐδ' ἤθελεν πέψαι τι σιτευτὸν κρέας,
λαβὼν πένητος ἄρνα, θησαυρὸν δόμων,
τλὰς δὴ τοιαύτην δαῖτα παραθεῖναι ξένῳ.
τί δῆτα, λέξον, ἄξιος παθεῖν ὅδε;'

J. G. L.

664 B. τοῖς δὴ πανούργοις εἰ φιλεῖ λόγοις ἄναξ
εἴκειν, κρατούντων οἷς τὸ θωπεύειν πάρα,
εἰ δ' ἀξίαν τις ἐσθλὰ δρῶν φέρει χάριν,
ἐν ἡμίν ἐστι ταῦτα καὐτὸς ἂν λάβοι.
E. καὶ πῶς; τί τοῦτο λοίσθιον δοῦναι σὺ φῄς;
B. τὸ πιστὸν οἷον ἄνδρα βασιλικὸν πρέπει.
E. τί πιστόν, ἥνπερ εἰσάπαξ ψευσθῇ τόδε;
B. πεπτῶτα δ' ἐλπίς ἐστιν ὀρθοῦσθαι καλῶς.
E. ὃς μὴν ἔχων τὸ κῦρος ἂν ὅπλοις λάβῃ
ἤλλαξεν ὅρκων τοῦτον οὐδαμοῦ λέγω.

Bal. There, take my crown, and so redeem my life.
Lo. Ay, sir; that was the choicest plea of both;
for whoso quells the pomp of haughty minds,
and breaks their staff whereon they build their trust,
is sure in wanting power they cannot harm.
Baliol shall live; but yet within such bounds
that if his wings grow flig, they may be clipt.

G. PEELE

666

SAMSON

Your coming, friends, revives me; for I learn
now of my own experience, not by talk,
how counterfeit a coin they are who friends
bear in their superscription, (of the most
I would be understood). In prosperous days
they swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head
not to be found though sought. Ye see, O friends,
how many evils have enclosed me round;
yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
blindness: for had I sight, confused with shame,
how could I once look up or heave the head?
who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked
my vessel, trusted to me from above,
gloriously rigged; and for a word, a tear,
fool! have divulged the secret gift of God
to a deceitful woman. Tell me, friends,
am I not sung or proverbed for a fool
in every street? do they not say 'How well
are come upon him his deserts'? yet why?
immeasurable strength they might behold
in me, of wisdom nothing more than mean;
this with the other should, at least, have paired,
these two, proportioned ill, drove me transverse.

J. MILTON

B. *δέχου στέφος δή, τῷδέ μου ῥῦσαι βίον.*
E. *κράτιστα ταῦτά σοί τε καὶ κείνῳ λέγεις.*
ὄγκον γὰρ ὅστις τῶν ὑπερφρόνων δαμᾷ
σκῆπτρόν τ' ἔαξεν ᾧτε πιστεύουσ' ἄγαν,
σθένων πρὸς ἀσθενοῦντας ἀβλαβὴς μένει.
τοίγαρ σὺ ζήσεις· ἴσθι δ' ἢν ὅρων ποτὲ
ἔξω περάσῃς ὡς κολουθήσει πτερά.

C. B.

666 *ὦ χαίρετ' ἄνδρες, τῷδ' ἀναψυχὴ πόνων·*
ἐγὼ γὰρ ἔργῳ κοὐ λόγῳ τεκμαίρομαι
ὡς δὴ τρίβῳ πέλουσι κίβδηλοι φύσιν
φιλίαν ὅσοιπέρ εἰσιν ἐπιγεγραμμένοι,
(τῶν πλειόνων δὲ ταῦτα μηκύνω πέρι).
τῷ μὲν γὰρ εὖ πράσσοντι πληθύει στάσις,
ἐν συμφοραῖς δὲ πᾶς ὑπέστειλεν κάρα
δυσεύρετος ζητοῦσιν. εἰσορᾶτ' ἐμὲ
ἐς πημάτων ἀρκύστατ' ἐμπεσόνθ' ὅπως·
ὃ δ' ἦν μέγιστον οὐδαμοῦ λέγω, τὸ μὴ
βλέπειν ἔτ', εἰ γὰρ ἦν ἰδεῖν, ποίοις κύκλοις
ὁρᾶν ἔμελλον κἀνακουφίσαι κάρα
τὸ λοιπόν, ὃς κακοῦ πρὸς οἰακοστρόφου
ἐξ οὐρανοῦ προπεμφθὲν οὐ σώζω σκάφος
σκεύη τ' ἔχον κάλλιστα; καὶ λόγου, τάλας,
ἢ δακρύων ἕκατι, τἄρρητον Θεοῦ
κοινῷ γυναικὶ δῶρον· ἆρά μοι, φίλοι,
ὑμνοῦσιν ὄνομα πανταχῇ κατὰ πτόλιν;
ἆρ' οὐχὶ πᾶς τις ταῦτ' ὀνειδίζει μ' ἔπη
'τυχόνθ' ὁρᾶτε τόνδ' ἐπαξίων' τί μήν;
ἰδεῖν γὰρ ἦν μὲν τοῦδ' ἀμέτρητον σθένος
νοῦν εὐτελῆ δὲ κοὐχ ὑπερβεβλημένον·
κείνῳ δ' ἔδει τοι τόνδε ταῦτ' ἔχειν μέτρα,
ἄμετρα δ' ὄντ' ἀπήλασέν μ' ἔξω δρομοῦ.

A. W. P.

CLARA—PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE

668 *Cl.* He plucked aside the curtain of the couch,
and there two children's bodies lay composed.
They seemed like twins of some ten years of age,
and they had died so nearly both together
he scarce could say which first: and being dead
he put them, for some fanciful affection,
each with its arm about the other's neck,
so that a fairer sight I had not seen
than those two children with their little faces
so thin and wan, so pale and sad and sweet.
I looked upon them long, and for awhile
I wished myself their sister and to lie
with them in death as they did with each other;
I thought that there was nothing in the world
I could have loved so much; and then I wept:
and when he saw I wept, his own tears fell,
and he was sorely shaken and convulsed
through weakness of his frame and his great grief.
Art. Much pity was it he so long deferred
to come to us for aid. *Cl.* It was indeed:
but, whatsoe'er had been his former pride,
he seemed a humbled and heart-broken man;
he thanked me much for what I said was sent,
but I knew well his thanks were for my tears.

H. TAYLOR

670 *CATILINE TO HIS ARMY*

I never yet knew, soldiers, that in fight
words added virtue unto valiant men;
or that a general's oration made
an army fall or stand; but how much prowess,

668 ΚΛ. *τὸ δ' οὖν κάλυμμά μοι διέπτυξεν λέχους,*
παρῆν δὲ δισσὼ παῖδ' ἰδεῖν ξυγκειμένω,
διδύμω δέχ', ὡς ἔοικεν, ἐκπλήσαντ' ἔτη
ἄμφω δ' ἔλεξε ξυμμέτρῳ καιρῷ θανεῖν,
ἀπορῶν ὁπότερος ἔφθασ'· ἀλλ' ἤδη νεκροὺς
ξυνθείς, κενήν τιν' ἡδονὴν τρέφων, χεροῖν
ξυνῆψεν ἀμπίσχοντας ἀλλήλων δέρην·
ὥστ' οὐ θέαν ποτ' εἶδον εὐπρεπεστέραν
ἢ τῶν θανόντων εὐφυᾶ ξυνωρίδα,
ηὗδον γὰρ ἁβρῶς ἥσυχον λευκοὶ δέμας,
τερπνῶς ἀτερπεῖ ξυμπεπλεγμένοι μόρῳ·
καὶ προσβλέπουσα δαρὸν ἤθελον κάσις
κείνων γενέσθαι καὶ περιπτυχαῖς ὁμοῦ
ἐν ταῖσιν αὐταῖς ξυνθανεῖν, κἄδοξέ μοι
ἥδιον οὐδὲν τῷδ' ἐν ἀνθρώπων βίῳ.
εὐθὺς δ' ἔκλαιον, χὠ πατὴρ ἔμ' εἰσορῶν
ἔλειβεν αὐτὸς δακρύων πλημμυρίδα,
δεινῶς τ' ἐσείσθη ξυντόνῳ σπασμῶν τρόμῳ
δι' ἀσθένειαν πένθιμόν τ' ἄτης βάρος.
ΑΡ. *φεῦ φεῦ. τί δ' ὠφέλειαν οὐ πάλαι γ' ἠπείγετο*
αἰτεῖν παρ' ἡμῶν; ΚΛ. *τοῦτο δὴ στένω πάλαι.*
θυμοῦ δ' ὑπέρφρων καίπερ ὢν τὸ πρίν, τότε
ἔκειτο λύπαις καρδίαν δεδηγμένος·
ὧν εἰσέπεμπον εἶχέ μοι πολλὴν χάριν,
ᾔδη δ' ἀμοιβὰς δακρύων καρπουμένη.

J. E. S.

670 *οὐπώποτ' ἔμαθον, ἄνδρες, ὡς μὲν ἐν μάχῃ*
ἀρετὴν ἔφυσε μῦθος εὐγενεῖ φρενί·
ἢ 'πὶ στρατηγοῖς εὖ τε καὶ χεῖρόν ποτε
λέξασιν ἦν πεσεῖν τε καὶ στῆναι στρατῷ·

habitual or natural, each man's breast
was owner of, so much in act it shewed.
Whom neither glory or danger can excite,
'tis vain to attempt with speech; for the mind's fear
keeps all brave sounds from entering at that ear.
I yet would warn you some few things, my friends,
and give you reason of my present counsels.

B. JONSON

675 *CASSANDRA—HECTOR*

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
and I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hec. Peace, sister, peace!
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,
soft infancy that nothing canst but cry,
add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
a moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Hec. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
of divination in our sister work
some touches of remorse? or is your blood
so madly hot that no discourse of reason,
nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
can qualify the same?

W. SHAKESPEARE

677 *SAMSON*

But what availed this temperance, not complete
against another object more enticing?
What boots it at one gate to make defence,
and at another to let in the foe,
effeminately vanquished? by which means,

ὅσον δέ τις φύσει ποτ' ἢ πείρᾳ 'λαβε,
τοσοῦτό γ' οὖν ἔδειξεν ἐν χρείᾳ δορός.
ᾧ δ' οὐ κλέος ποτ' οὔτε κίνδυνος μέλει,
μῦθός τις οὐκ ἐπῆρ'· ἐπεὶ φόβος καλὰ
ὤτων ἀπαυδᾷ μὴ οὔ τι δέξασθαι φρενί.
ὅμως παραινεῖν ταῦρα βούλομαι, φίλοι,
λόγον τε δοῦναι τῶν ἐμῶν βουλευμάτων.

J. G. L.

ΚΑΣΑΝΔΡΑ—῾ΕΚΤΩΡ

675 ΚΑ. *βοᾶτε,* Τρῶες, *μυρίων δότ' ὀμμάτων*
πηγάς, ὅπως νιν δακρύοις προμάντισιν
πλήσω. ΕΚ. *τί φησεῖς; παῦε δύσφημον στόμα.*
ΚΑ. *ῥυσοὶ γέροντες, παρθένοι, νεανίαι,*
ἄνδρες τε νήπιοί τε γαλαθηνοὶ βοᾶν
σθένοντες, οὐδὲν ἄλλο, συμβοᾶτ' ἐμοί,
ἴτ' οὖν φθάνοντες καιρὸν ἐπολολύξατε,
δυρώμεθ' ἤδη τούς γε μέλλοντας γόους.
μελετᾶτε, Τρῶες, *δακρύων ἐπιρροάς·*
ὄλωλε Τροία *κοὐκέτ'* Ἰλίου *κλέος,*
οἵοισι δαλοῖς πάντ' ἐπιφλέγει Πάρις.
ΕΚ. *ἦ κἄτι θαρσεῖς τῆς κασιγνήτης κλύων*
θεοπέμπτον αὐδήν, Τρωίλου *νέον κάρα,*
ἢ προὐβιβάσθης ἐς τοσοῦτ' αὐθαδίας
μήτε στρέφεσθαι σώφρονος ξυναλλαγῆς,
μήτ' αὖ φοβεῖσθαι σφάλματ' ἐργμάτων κακῶν;

677 *μάτην ἄρ' εἰς ἓν τοῦτ' ἐσωφρόνουν ἐγώ,*
οὐδὲν πρὸς ἄλλο θέλκτρον ἥδιον σθένων·
τί δ' ὄφελος ἦν μίαν τιν' εὖ φράξαι πύλην
κᾆτ' οὖν δι' ἄλλης πολέμιον παριέναι;
τοῦτ' ἂν πάθοι γυνή τις· ὧν χάριν τὰ νῦν

now blind, disheartened, shamed, dishonoured, quelled,
to what can I be useful, wherein serve
my nation, and the work from Heaven imposed?
but to sit idle on the household hearth,
a burdenous drone; to visitants a gaze,
or pitied object, these redundant locks,
robustious to no purpose, clustering down,
vain monument of strength; till length of years
and sedentary numbness craze my limbs
to a contemptible old age obscure.
Here rather let me drudge, and earn my bread;
till vermin or the draff of servile food
consume me, and oft-invocated death
hasten the welcome end of all my pains.

J. MILTON

680 *MORTON TO THE EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND*

The lives of all your loving complices
lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er
to stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
and summ'd the account of chance, before you said
'Let us make head.' It was your presurmise,
that, in the dole of blows, your son might drop:
you knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
more likely to fall in than to get o'er;
you were advised his flesh was capable
of wounds and scars and that his forward spirit
would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:
yet did you say 'Go forth;' and none of this,
though strongly apprehended, could restrain
the stiff-borne action: what hath then befallen,

ἐδάμην ἄτιμος, τυφλός, ἐλπίδων σφαλεὶς
αἰκῶς ἔγωγε, φαῦλος ὥσθ' ὑπηρετεῖν
πόλει, πρὸς ἔργον ἄπορος ὢν θεήλατον.
ἄλλως κάθημαι δωμάτων ἐπ' ἐσχάρᾳ
ἄχθος, δίκην κηφῆνος, οἰκτρὸς εἰσιδεῖν
θεωμένοις που τήνδ' ἐμῆς χαίτης χλιδὴν
τῆς βοτρυώδους, ἥπερ εἰς οὐδὲν σθένει
κενὸν βίας μνημεῖον· ἔστε δὴ χρόνῳ
καὶ τῷ καθῆσθαι σῶμα ναρκήσῃ τόδε
ἀνώνυμον πρὸς γῆρας ἠτιμασμένον.
ἐνθάδε πονήσω, βίοτον ἐξευρὼν μόλις,
ἔσθ' ἕρπετ' ἢ κεράτια δουλίας τροφῆς
ζωὴν ἐμοὶ φθείρωσιν, ὃν δὲ λιπαρῶ
μολεῖν φανῇ μοι θάνατος ἰατρὸς κακῶν.

J. G. L.

680 *πιστῶν ἑταιρῶν μὴ προδῷς σωτηρίαν*
αὐτὸς νοσῶν· νόσῳ δ' ἀποφθίνειν σε δεῖ,
δαμεὶς ὑπ' ὀργῆς εἴπερ ἀγρίας ἔσει.
καίτοι πρὶν εἰπεῖν ‘Εἶα *χωρῶμεν, φίλοι’*
πρόσθεν μάχης ἀγῶνα τὸν προκείμενον
γνώμῃ διῄρεις, δέσποτ', ἐς ψήφους ἰών.
τὰ τῆς τύχης δ' ἄδηλα πεμπάσας τότε
εὖ προὐνοήσω παῖς ὅπως ἐν ξυμβολῇ
δορὸς τάχ' ἂν πέσοι σός, οὐδ' ἀκρῶν ἔπι
ἔλαθέν σε κρημνῶν ἐμβεβώς, μᾶλλον κάτω
πίπτειν ἐοικὼς ἢ 'κπερᾶν· ἔγνως δέ νιν
οὐλῶν ἄρ' ὄντα τραυμάτων τ' ἐπήβολον,
φύσει δὲ δὴ τοιοῦτον, οἷος ἐν μέσῳ
ψυχὴν κλυδῶνι, μάργος ὥς, ἀπεμπολᾶν.
σὺ δ' ἠμέλεις τῶνδ' ἰέναι λέγων δόρυ,
οὐδ' ἦν τόδ' ἔργον καὶ μάλ' ἐνθυμουμένῳ
περίσκελες σχάσαι· τί συμβέβηκεν οὖν,

or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
more than that being which was like to be?

W. SHAKESPEARE

681 *CATO—JULIUS CAESAR—CHORUS*

Cat. Our need made thee our consul and thy virtue.
Caes. Cato, you will undo him with your praise.
Cat. Cæsar will hurt himself with his own envy.
Cho. The voice of Cato is the voice of Rome.
Cat. The voice of Rome is the consent of heaven;
and that hath placed thee, Cicero, at the helm,
where thou must render now thyself a man
and master of thy art. Each petty hand
can steer a ship becalmed; but he that will
govern and carry her to her ends must know
his tides, his currents; how to shift his sails;
what she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
what sands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her;
the forces and the natures of all winds,
gusts, storms and tempests; when her keel ploughs hell
and deck knocks heaven, then to manage her,
becomes the name and office of a pilot.

B. JONSON

684 *OTHELLO UPBRAIDING DESDEMONA*

Had it pleas'd heaven
to try me with affliction; had they rain'd
all kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;
steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some place of my soul
a drop of patience: but, alas, to make me
a fixed figure for the time of scorn

τί δ' ἐκπέφυκε τοῦδε τοῦ τολμήματος,
τῆς ἐλπίδος τε τοῦ τ' ἐοικότος πέρα;

ED.

681 ΚΑΤ. χρείαισιν ἡμῶν ἦρξας ἄξιος θ' ἅμ' ὤν.
ΚΑΙ. τοιοῖσδ' ἐπαίνοις αὐτόν, ὦ Κάτων, ὀλεῖς.
ΚΑΤ. ἀλλ' αὐτὸς αὑτὸν Καῖσαρ ἂν βλάψαι φθόνῳ.
ΔΗΜ. φωνὴ Κάτωνος ταὐτὸ τῷ δήμῳ σθένει.
ΚΑΤ. Ῥώμης μὲν οὖν φωναῖσι συμφωνεῖ θεός,
τῆς σοὶ νεμούσης πόλεος οἰακοστροφεῖν,
οὗ δὴ τελοῦντ' ἐς ἄνδρας ἔμπειρον τέχνης
σὲ χρὴ φανῆναι· καὶ γὰρ εὐτελής τις ὢν
ναῦν ἂν κυβερνήσειεν εὑδούσης ἁλός.
ὅστις δὲ πλεύσας βούλεται νόστου τυχεῖν,
ῥοάς τε τόνδε ῥόθιά τ' εἰδέναι χρεών,
ὅπως τις ἀλλάξειεν ἂν νεὼς πόδα,
τυχὼν γαλήνης εἴτε κυμάτων σάλου,
ὅσαι πλεούσῃ νηῒ χοιράδες, πέτραι,
βραχέα τ' ἀπειλεῖ· πνεῦμαθ' ἣν ἔχει φύσιν,
ἀνέμων θυέλλας, αἰγίδας παλιγκότους,
ἀρόσαι τρόπις μὲν ἡνίκ' ἂν δόξῃ νεὼς
ᾅδην, ἔπειτα λακτίσαι σκάφος πόλον,
ἀκμὴ τότ' ἐστιν, εἴποτ', οἰακοστροφοῦ.

P. F.

684 εἴ μου θεὸς ἠθέλησε πειρᾶσαι κακοῖς
ὁποῖος εἴην, εἰ νόσοις ὕβρει τ' ἐμὸν
ὥσπερ χαλάζῃ γυμνὸν ἤραξεν κάρα,
πενίᾳ τ' ἔβαψεν ὥσπερ εἰς ὕδωρ βαλὼν
ὅσον οὐχὶ ποντισθέντα, κἂν παθὼν τάδε
ψυχῆς ὅμως βυθοῖσιν ἀνδρείας τινὰ
πήγην ἂν εὗρον. ἀλλὰ νῦν αἴσχους σκοπὸς
ἕστηκα παντός, καί μ' ὁ πληθύων χρόνος

to point his slow and moving finger at!—
yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
but there, where I have garnered up my heart,
where either I must live, or bear no life,—
the fountain from the which my current runs,
or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
——Turn thy complexion there,
patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—
ay, there, look grim as hell!

W. SHAKESPEARE

687 *CATILINE TO THE CONSPIRATORS*

Noble confederates, thus far is perfect.
Only your suffrages I will expect
at the assembly for the choosing consuls,
and all the voices you can make by friends
to my election: then, let me work out
your fortunes and mine own. Meanwhile, all rest
sealed up and silent, as when rigid frosts
have bound up brooks and rivers, forced wild beasts
unto their caves, and birds into the woods,
clowns to their houses, and the country sleeps;
that, when the sudden thaw comes, we may break
upon them like a deluge, bearing down

θήσει γελοῖον, ὥσπερ ἐν πόλῳ σκιὰ
ἰοῦσα κἀνιοῦσα, λώβαισιν νέαις·
καὶ δὴ τόδ' ἂν φέροιμι· καὶ παρ' οὐδὲν ἄν·
ᾗ δ' αὖθ' ὅσ' ἐστὶ προσφιλῆ κεῖται πάλαι,
θησαυρὸς οἷον, ᾗπερ εἰ μὴ ζῶ πάνυ
ὄλωλ', ὅθενπερ ὥσπερ ἐκ κρήνης βίος
ἄνεισιν ἡμῖν ἢ ταχὺς μαραίνεται,—
ταύτῃ γ' ἀπωσθέντ' ἆρα δυσφορεῖν χρεών;
πρὸς Ζηνός, εἴ τις ἔστι καρτερὰ θεὰ
νέα τε χὠραία, σε δεῖ στυγνῆς τανῦν
Ἐρινύος τρόποισιν ἄλλαξαι χρόα.

C. B.

687 *ὦ πρέσβος ἀνδρῶν τῶν ξυνωμοτῶν τόδε,*
φάσκειν τὰ πάντα μεχρὶ τοῦδ' εὐημερεῖν·
ὅμως παρ' ὑμῶν ἓν τόδ' ἐξαιτήσομαι,
ὅταν γένηται κυρίων κατὰ πτόλιν
ἀρχηγετῶν ἀστοῖσι πάνδημος κρίσις,
ὅπως πάροντες, ξύν θ' ὁμήγυρις φίλων,
ψήφους τελείας ἀνδρὶ τῷδε δώσετε·
μέλει δ' ἐμοὶ τὰ λοῖπα, κοὐκ ἄλλως ἐρῶ,
ὑμῖν τε κἀμοὶ πᾶν καλῶς πεπράξεται.
πρὸς ταῦτα πᾶς τις εὖ περιστείλας ἴτω
σιγῇ στέγοντες πάντα σωφρόνως φρενί,
ὅπως πάγου τι δυσπαραίτητον μένος
κρυσταλλοπῆγι τὰς ῥοὰς ὅταν κυρῇ
δῆσαν χαλίνῳ, πᾶν δὲ θηρίων γένος
φίλων ὑπ' ἄντρων κἀς νάπων περιπτυχὰς
πτηνῶν ἅπαντας ἐγκαθορμίσῃ χόρους
βροτοὺς δ' ἐς οἴκους γῆς δ' ἐκοίμησεν φύσιν,
ἵν', ὥστε τοῦ τήκοντος ἡλίου σέλας,
ἔργων ἅμ' ἀκμῇ κυμάτων ζάλης δίκην
ἐπεμπεσόντες, τὴν πόλιν μὲν ὑπτίαν

half Rome before us, and invade the rest
with cries and noise able to wake the urns
of those are dead and make their ashes fear.
The horrors that do strike the world, should come
loud and unlook'd for; till they strike, be dumb.

B. JONSON

(692) *PARIS—PAGE*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof:
yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;
so shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,
but thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
as signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.
Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.
Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew,—
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;—
which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by moans:
the obsequies that I for thee will keep
nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep.

692 *ROMEO TO BALTHASAR*

Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
see thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life, I charge thee,

φέρωμεν, ἐκστρέφωμεν, εἶτα τοὺς ἔσω
ἀστοὺς φόβῳ βοῇ τε τὴν Ἄρης φιλεῖ
βάλωμεν, ὀλολύξαντες οἷα τοὺς κάτω
νεκροὺς ἀγείρειν· τὴν δ' ἐν ἀγγείῳ σπόδον
δέει ταράσσειν· δεῖ δὲ τοὺς βροτοφθόρους
ἐθνῶν Ἐρινῦς ἐξ ἀνελπίστου πεσεῖν.

J. Y. S.

(692) ΠΑΡΙΣ—ΠΑΙΣ

ΠΑΡ. παράδος ἐμοί, παῖ, φῶς τόδ'· εἶτ' ἀποστάτει.
μᾶλλον δὲ μή τις γνωρίσῃ μ' ἀπόσβεσον.
χαμαιπετὴς δὲ τῶνδε δενδρέων ὕπο
κοίλῳ προσίσχων οὖς πέδῳ πρόκεισό μοι.
οὕτω γάρ, ἤν τις τόνδ' ἐπιστείβῃ τόπον,
κοῦφος γάρ ἐστιν ἐν τάφων κατασκαφαῖς,
μάλιστ' ἀκούσει· κᾆτ' ἀφεὶς συρίγματα
κάλει μ' ἵν' εἰδῶ προσπελάζοντός τινος
κλύοντά σ'· ἄνθη ταῦθ' ἃ νῦν φέρεις ἐμοὶ
παράδος· πιθοῦ μοι τοῦδ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς τόπου.

ΠΑΙ. φόβος μέν ἐστι τῇδέ που στῆναι μόνον
ἐν τοῖσδε τοῖς τάφοισι· τολμήσω δ' ὅμως.

ΠΑΡ. ἥδιστον ἄνθος, ἄνθεσιν λέχος τὸ σὸν
στέφω τόδ'· οἴμοι, σοι κάλυμμ' ἔπεστι δὴ
κόνις λίθοι τε· τοῦτο δ' ἐκ νυκτῶν ἀεὶ
δεύσω γλυκείᾳ νοτίδι πηγαίας ῥοῆς,
ταύτην δὲ μὴ ἔχων δάκρυσι τοῖς γόων ἄπο,
τοιοῖσδε τιμῶν σὸν τάφον κτερίσμασιν,
στεφάνοις χοαῖς τε νυκτέρων δακρυμάτων.

692 ΡΩΜΕΩΝ

στρεπτὸν σίδηρον τόνδε καὶ μοχλὸν δίδου·
καὶ τάσδ' ἅμ' ὄρθρῳ τὰς ἐπιστολὰς λαβὼν
ὅπως πορεύσεις πατρὶ κυρίῳ δ' ἐμῷ.
παράδος ἐμοὶ φῶς· πρὸς δ' ἐπισκήπτω τάδε·

whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
and do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
is partly to behold my lady's face:
but chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
a precious ring, a ring that I must use
in dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:
but if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
in what I further shall intend to do,
by heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint
and strew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
the time and my intents are savage-wild,
more fierce and more inexorable far
than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

692 *b* *ROMEO LAYING PARIS IN THE TOMB*

How oft when men are at the point of death
have they been merry! which their keepers call
a lightning before death: O, how may I
call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
and death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
to sunder his that was thine enemy?

τὰ πάντ' ἀκούων καὶ σκοπῶν ἀποστάτει,
καὶ μή μ' ἐπισχῇς γ', ἤν τι καὶ μέλλω τελεῖν·
ὅτου χάριν δὲ νερτέρων λέχος τόδε
εἴσειμι, τοῦτο μέν, τὸ δεσποίνης ἐμῆς
ἰδεῖν πρόσωπον βούλομαι, τὸ δ' αὖ, λαβεῖν
τοῦ τῆς θανούσης δακτύλου χρύσωμά τι,
ᾧ δεῖ με χρῆσθαι πρός τι πρᾶγμα προσφιλές.
χώρει νυν εὐθὺς τοῦδ' ἀπαλλαχθεὶς τόπου·
εἰ δ' αὖθις ἥξεις τἄμ' ἐπισκοπῶν τί δρῶ,
ἢ ποῖα μέλλω τῶνδε καὶ δρᾶσαι πέρα,
νὴ τὸν δι' ἄστρα Ζῆνα καὶ δέμας τὸ σὸν
διασπαράξω καὶ πέδον στρώσας χθονὸς
ἄρθροισιν ὠμῆς νηδὺν ἐμπλήσω βορᾶς.
ὡς ἠγρίωται θυμὸς ὅ τε χρόνος ξυνών,
πολλῷ δὲ μᾶλλον δυσπαραιτήτως ἔχει
τοκάδος λεαίνης ἢ σάλου βρυχωμένου.

692 *b* ἦ πόλλ' ὅταν θνήσκωσιν ἄνθρωποι, μάτην
χαρᾷ φέρονται· τῷ θανεῖν κούφισμά τι
καλοῦσι λέκτρων οἱ φυλάσσοντες πέλας.
πῶς ἂν καλοῖς τὰ τοιάδ'; ὦ φίλη δάμαρ·
ὁ πνεύματός σου θάνατος ἐκπιὼν μέλι
οὔπω κρατεῖ σοῦ χρωτὸς εὐειδῆ φύσιν,
οὔπω δαμασθεῖσ' ἐφθάρης, κάλλους δ' ἔτι
φοινικόβαπτον σύμβολον καθίσταται
χείλεων ἐπ' ἄκρων, ἐν δὲ σαῖς παρηΐσι
σημεῖον Ἅιδης ὠχρὸν οὐκ ἐπῆρέ πω.
ἦ καὶ σύ μοι, Τύβαλτε, πλησίον πάρει
ἐν αἱματηρᾷ κείμενος περιπτυχῇ;
τί δή τις ἂν κάλλιον ἐργάσαιτό σε,
ἢ χερσίν, ἥβης ὧν ἐνοσφίσθης ὕπο,
ταύταισι τὸν σὸν ἐχθρὸν ἐκπέρσαι βίου;

Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
that unsubstantial death is amorous,
and that the lean abhorred monster keeps
thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I still will stay with thee:
and never from this palace of dim night
depart again: here, here will I remain
with worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
will I set up my everlasting rest,
and shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
from this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!
arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
the doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
a dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
the dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
here's to my love! O true apothecary!
thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

W. SHAKESPEARE

695 *PYLADES—IPHIGENIA*

P. Wherefore, all at once,
doth anxious thought o'ercloud thy brow serene?
I. Forgive me! as light clouds athwart the sun,
so cares and fears float darkling o'er my soul.

σύγγνωθ' ὅμαιμε· φεῦ τάλαιν' Ἰουλία,
τί σοι τοσοῦτον κάλλος ἐμπρέπει τόδε;
ἢ τοῦτο πιστεύσαιμ' ἄν, ὡς ἀναίματος
ἄσαρκος Ἅιδης ἱμέρῳ δαμάζεται
σέθεν, τό τ' ἰσχνὸν καὶ κατάπτυστον τέρας
ὥς κοινόλεκτρόν σ' ἐν σκότῳ φυλάσσεται;
ταῦτ' οὖν δεδοικὼς σοὶ μενῶ παραστάτης
κοὐκ αὖθις ἔξω νυκτὸς αἰανῆς δόμων
χωροῖμ' ἄν, αὐτοῦ δ' ἐκτελευτήσω βίον
εὐλαῖσι ταῖς σαῖς προσπόλοις ξυνὼν ἀεί,
αὐτοῦ τὸν αἰὲν ὕπνον ὑπνωθήσομαι,
κακῶν τε λήξας κἀναχαιτίσας πικρὸν
ἐκ τῆσδε σαρκὸς τῆς ταλαιπώρου ζυγόν.
νῦν, ὦ τάδ' ὄμμαθ', ὕστατον δέρκεσθ' ἔτι
καὶ μήποτ' αὖθις· ὦ φίλοι βραχίονες,
νῦν ὑστάτῳ προσπτύσσεθ' ἀγκαλίσματι.
ὑμεῖς δέ, χείλη, πνεύματος διέξοδοι,
σφραγίζεθ' ἁγνῷ δυσλύτῳ φιλήματι
θανάτῳ νέον σύνθημα τῷ δελτουμένῳ.
ἴθ' ὦ πρόπομπε στυγνέ, πικρέ θ' ἡγεμών,
εὐθὺς δέ, θερμὸς ὥς τις οἰακοστρόφος,
θαλασσόπληκτον προσβαλοῦ κάμνον σκάφος
ἁλιρρόθοις πέτραισι. σοί, φίλη γύναι,
σοὶ νῦν προπίνω ταῦτα. πιστὲ φαρμακεῦ,
οἷον δέδωκας φάρμακον δραστήριον.
ὧδ' ἐνθανοῦμαι χείλεσιν φιλῶν ἅμα.

F. A. P.

ΠΥΛΑΔΗΣ—ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

695 Π. *τί δ' ἔστι καινόν; ἐμφανῶς γὰρ αὖ πάλιν*
λύπη σκιάζει λαμπρὸν ὀμμάτων σέλας.
Ι. *σύγγνωθ'· ὅπως γὰρ ἥλιον κούφη δρόσος*
τίθησ' ἄφαντον, τοὐμὸν ὡσαύτως κέαρ
βραχὺν μέριμναι συγκαλύπτουσιν χρόνον.

P. O, banish fear! with danger it hath formed
a close alliance,—they are constant friends.
I. It is an honest scruple, which forbids
that I should cunningly deceive the king,
and plunder him who was my second sire.
P. Him thou dost fly, who would have slain thy brother.
I. To me, at least, he hath been ever kind.
P. What Fate commands is not ingratitude.
I. Alas! it still remains ingratitude!
necessity alone can justify it.
P. Thee, before gods and men it justifies.
I. But my own heart is still unsatisfied.
P. Scruples too rigid are a cloak for pride.
I. I cannot argue, I can only feel.
P. Conscious of right, thou should'st respect thyself.

A. SWANWICK *from Goethe*

696 *PROSPERO*

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves
and ye, that on the sands with printless foot
do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
when he comes back; you demi-puppets that

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695 Π. *τί δ' οὖν ἄφνω σύ γ', ἥσυχος δοκοῦσα πρὶν*
ἔλαβες μέριμναν συννεφοῦσαν ὄμματα;
Ι. *ξυγγνῶθι· κοῦφ' ὡς ἥλιον νέφη, φόβος*
παριών τις ἐσκότωσε φροντίσιν κέαρ.
Π. *φόβον σύ γ' ἐξέλαυνε· κινδύνῳ φόβος*
ξύνεστι σύμμαχός τε καὶ πιστὸς φίλος.
Ι. *ὑγιής τις αἰδὼς ἐμὸν ἐκώλυσεν κέαρ*
τὸ μὴ δολῶσαι βασιλέα σοφίσμασιν
συλῶσαν αὐτόν, ἕτερος ὅς γ' ἐμοὶ πατήρ.
Π. *σοί γ', ὅν συ φεύγεις, ἤθελεν κτεῖναι κάσιν.*

Π. *θάρσει· φόβος γὰρ κἀπικίνδυνος τύχη*
κακοὶ πέλονται τοῖς βροτοῖς ξυνωμόται.
Ι. *αἰδὼς δίκης ξύνεδρος, οὐ φόβος μ' ἔχει,*
ἐπεί γ' ἄνακτα πατρὸς οὐδὲν ἧσσονα
κλέψασ' ἃ μὴ δεῖ νῦν ἀφαιρεῖσθαι θέλω.
Π. *φεύγεις δ' ἀδελφόν γ' ὃς διαφθείρειν νοεῖ.*
Ι. *ἐμοί γ' ἐκεῖνος αἰεὶ εὐμενὴς ἔφυ.*
Π. *οὐκ ἔστι μεμπτὸν ἂν ἀναγκασθῇς ποιεῖν.*
Ι. *μεμπτὸν μέν, ἄξιον δὲ συγγνώμης τυχεῖν.*
Π. *ἐν θεοῖς γ' ὁμοίως κἂν βροτοῖσι πανταχοῦ.*
Ι. *τοὐμὸν δὲ τούτοις στέρνον οὐχ ὁμορροθεῖ.*
Π. *αὐθαδία τοι τῶν ἀμηχάνων ἐρᾶν.*
Ι. *οὐκ ἐξετάζειν, ἀλλὰ σωφρονεῖν ἔφυν.*
Π. *τοιγὰρ φρονοῦσα στέρξον ὅν γ' ἔχεις τρόπον.*

T. KOCK, *A.S.* 1861

696 *ὦ χαίρετ' ὀρέων πιδάκων λιμνῶν ναπῶν*
νύμφαι πρόπασαι· ξὺν δ' ὅσαι ψάμμον πάρα
στίβοις ἀσήμοις ποντίου θεοῦ φυγὴν
διώκετ', εἶτ' ἐν ἐπιδρομῇ πλημμυρίδος

Ι. ἀλλ' οὖν ἐμοί γ' ἦν εὐμενὴς ἀεὶ φίλος.
Π. ἀχάριστος οὐκ εἶ, μοῖρ' ἐπεὶ κρατεῖ σέθεν.
Ι. ἀχάριστος, οὐ γὰρ μοῖρά γ' ἀλλάσσει τρόπους·
χωρίς γ' ἀνάγκης πρόφασιν οὐκ ἔχω καλήν.
Π. ἱκανήν γε μέντοι θεοῖς τε κἀνθρώποις πάρα.
Ι. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔμοιγε καρδίας τ' ἐμῆς κρίσει.
Π. ἀρετὴν ἄγαν ἀσκοῦσα σεμνύνει, κόρη.
Ι. ἀξύνετος οὖσα τά γε δίκαι' ὅμως φρονῶ.
Π. ὅσια συνειδυῖ' αἰδόφρων σαυτῆς γενοῦ.

J. G. L.

by moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,
whereof the ewe not bites, and you, whose pastime
is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
to hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
the noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
and 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
with his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up
the pine and cedar: graves at my command
have waked their sleepers, oped and let 'em forth
by my so potent art.

W. SHAKESPEARE

697 *KING RICHARD III—QUEEN ELIZABETH*

R. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
E. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
R. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.
E. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

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697 P. ἴσθ' ὡς πόλει τὸ κῆδος εἰρήνην φέρει.
E. μάχης διατελοῦς ὠνίαν σχολὴν λέγεις.
P. εἴφ' ὡς λιταῖς μετῆλθον ἣν βίᾳ παρῆν.
E. σοῦ δ' αὖτε κρείσσων ἔσθ' ὁ κωλύων τόδε.
P. εἴφ' ὡς τύραννος πλουσία γενήσεται.
E. κλαίουσ' ἐκείνη γ' ὥσπερ ἡ μήτηρ ἐγώ.
P. ἀεὶ τὰ κείνης στέρξομεν λέχη, γύναι.
E. ἀεὶ δὲ τοῦτό γ' ἐς τίν' εἴρηκας χρόνον;
P. φιλίως, ὅσονπερ ἡ καλὴ φάος βλέπει.

παλίσσυτον προφεύγετ'· ὦ τυπώματα
μορφῶν ἀμόρφων πάνθ', ἃ λειμώνων κύκλους
μήνης φλεγούσης περιχορεύετ' εὐθαλεῖς
ποιμνῶν δ' ἀθίκτους, κἀκπονοῦντα παίζετε
μεσονυκτίους μύκητας, ἑσπέρου βοῇ
κώδωνος ἡσθένθ'· ὧν ὑπηρέτημ' ἔχων,
αὐτῶν κρατούντων μηδέν, ἀλλ' ἐπάργεμον
ἔθηκα Φοῖβον τοῦ μεσημβρινοῦ φάους,
στάσιν τ' ἐγείρας πνευμάτων, βαρύβρομον
πόλου μεταξὺ κυανέου γλαυκῆς θ' ἁλὸς
ἔστησα δῆριν· ταῖς δ' ὑπερτόνοις φλόγα
βρονταῖς ἔδωκα καὶ βαθυρρίζους δρύας
Ζηνὸς διέσχισ' αὐτογεννήτῳ βέλει·
κἄσεισα πρώνων βάθρα πρεμνόθεν δ' ὁμοῦ
πίτυν κέδρον τ' ἀπέσπασ'· ἐντολαῖς δ' ἐμαῖς
χὠ τύμβος ἐξήγειρε τοὺς κεκμηκότας
κἀμαῖς ἐπῳδαῖς ἐξανῆκ' ἀνεῳγμένος.

J. E. S.

697 P. κῆδος τόδ' εἴφ' ὡς οἶσον εἰρήνην πόλει.
E. οὔ γ' ἀντιδώσει πόλεμον ἐμμενοῦντ' ἔτι.
P. ἀλλ' ὡς παρῄτησ', ἐξὸν ἐντέλλειν, ἄναξ.
E. ποιεῖν ὅ γ' οὔ σφ' εἴασ' ὁ κἄνακτος κρατῶν.

E. καλῶς δὲ φιλίας μέχρι τοῦ βίος μενεῖ;
P. ἕως φύσις τε χοἰ θεοὶ τείνουσί νιν.
E. ἕως μὲν οὖν θέλεις σὺ χοἰ νέρθεν χθονός.
P. ἄλλων κρατοῦντα τῇδε δουλεύειν φάθι.
E. στέργει δὲ χείρων οὖσα τό τε κρατεῖν στυγεῖ.
P. εἰ γοῦν ὑπέρ μου ποικίλως ξυνηγορεῖς—
E. ἁπλοῖς λόγοισι χρὴ λέγειν τὰ σώφρονα.
P. ἁπλῶς σὺ τἄρα τοὐμὸν ἂν λέγοις ποθοῦν.
E. τὸ μηδὲ σῶφρον μηδὲ ποικιλθὲν βαρύ.

C. B.

R. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.
E. To wail the title, as her mother doth.
R. Say, I will love her everlastingly.
E. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?
R. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.
E. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
R. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.
E. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.
R. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.
E. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.
R. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
E. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.
R. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.
E. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

W. SHAKESPEARE

701 *BRUTUS—PORTIA*

Br. You are my true and honourable wife,
as dear to me as are the ruddy drops
that visit my sad heart.
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
a woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
a woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.

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701 ΒΡ. *κεδνὴ γὰρ εἶ σὺ καὶ μάλ' αἰδοία δάμαρ·*
κοὔ φίλτερόν μοι τοὖν διαρροαῖς φλεβῶν
ἐρυθρὸν αἷμα καρδίᾳ προσίσταται.
ΠΟ. *ἀλλ' εἴπερ ἦν, ἔγνων ἂν ἄρρητον τόδε·*
νῦν δ' ἔλαθε τοιαύτην περ οὖσαν ἀλλ' ὅμως·
γυνὴ γὰρ εἴπερ εἰμι, κοὐκ ἄλλως ἐρῶ,
φωτός γ' ἀρίστου σύζυγος, Βροῦτον λέγω,
πατρός τ' ἔφυν Κάτωνος εὐγενεστάτου·

Ρ. *ἀλλ' ὡς ἀνάξει σεμνὸν ὑψηλὴ θρόνον.*
Ε. *κλαύσασά γ' ἂν τὸ σεμνὸν ὡς κἀγὼ κλέος.*
Ρ. *θρέψω δ' ἔρωτα παντὶ σύμμετρον χρόνῳ.*
Ε. *τῷ δ' οὖν ὁ πᾶς ἂν συμμετρηθείη χρόνος;*
Ρ. *τερπνὸς συνὼν πρὸς τέρμα τοῦ καλοῦ βίου.*
Ε. *καλῶς δ' ὁ τερπνὸς μέχρι τοῦ μενεῖ βίος;*
Ρ. *ὡς ἂν θεοῖς φύσει τε μηκύνειν δοκῇ.*
Ε. *ὡς ἂν μὲν οὖν τὤνακτι τοῖς κάτω θ' ἀδῇ.*
Ρ. *κείνῃ λατρεύοντ' εἰπὲ τὸν κρατοῦντ' ἐμέ.*
Ε. *σὴ δ' οὖσα λατρὶς τοῦτ' ἀπέπτυσεν κράτος.*
Ρ. *ἱκνουμένῃ μοι τήνδε κομψεύου λόγους.*
Ε. *πλεῖστ' ἂν τύχοι τις χρηστὰ μὴ κομψῶς λέγων.*
Ρ. *οὔκουν ἀκόμψως τοὐμόν, ὡς ἐρῶ, φράσεις;*
Ε. *λυπηρὰ γὰρ τἄκομψα τοῦ χρηστοῦ γ' ἄτερ.*

A. S.

ΒΡΟΥΤΟΣ—ΠΟΡΤΙΑ

701 ΒΡ. *πιστὴ μὲν οὖν τῷδ' ἀνδρὶ καὶ τιμωμένη*
γυνή συ· σταγόνες αἵματος δ' οὐ φίλτεροι
οἳ πρὸς τάλαιναν καρδίαν φοιτῶσ' ἐμήν.
ΠΟ. *ἄληθες; εἶτα πῶς τὸ κρυπτὸν ἀγνοῶ;*
γυνὴ πεφυκυῖ' ὁμολογῶ, γυναῖκα δὲ
ταύτην ὁ Βροῦτος, οὔτις ἄλλος, ἥρμοσεν·
γυνὴ μὲν οὖν ἔξοιδα, τοιαύτη γε μήν,
ἣν εὖ λέγει τις, τοῦ Κάτωνος ἔκγονον.

καὶ δόξαν ἐσθλὴν ἐν βροτοῖς κομίζομαι·
τῶν τις τυχουσῶν ἆρά σοι δοκῶ γυνὴ
λέχος τοιοῦτον καὶ γένος κεκτημένη;
πιθοῦ, τὰ κρυπτὰ δ' οὐ προδοῦσ' ἁλώσομαι,
ἥτις πρὸς αὑτῆς φασγάνῳ τυπεῖσ' (ὁρᾷς;)
πίστεως ἔδωκα τέκμαρ· ἆρ' ἐκαρτέρουν
τάδε μὲν παθοῦσα, κεῖνα δ' οὐκ ἔτλην στέγειν;

* * * *

ED.

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
giving myself a voluntary wound
here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
and not my husband's secrets?

Br. O ye gods,
render me worthy of this noble wife!
Hark! hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;
and by and by thy bosom shall partake
the secrets of my heart.

W. SHAKESPEARE

706 *THE HORSE—THE HAWK—THE EAGLE*

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage, neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom and stretch her wings towards the South? doth the eagle mount up at thy

ἆρ' οὖν γυναικῶν διαφέρειν ἄλλων δοκῶ
τοῖόν γ' ἔχουσα πατέρα καὶ τοῖον πόσιν;
βούλευμ' ἂν εἴποις, οὐ γὰρ ἐξερῶ, τὸ σόν·
ἰδοὺ γάρ, οἷον δεῖγμα καρτερησέως
ἐμοὶ δέδεικται, τραῦμ' ἑκούσιον τόδε
μηρὸν κατ' αὐτὸν—ἆρα τοῦτο καρτερεῖν,
κρυπτὰς δὲ τἀνδρὸς οὐ σθένω βουλὰς στέγειν;
B. ὦ θεοί, τοιαύτης τῆς γυναικὸς ἄξιον
καθιστάναι με. Πορτία, σὺ δ' εἴσιθι,
ἤδη γὰρ εἰσήκουσα κόπτοντός τινος,
εὐθὺς δ' ὅσωνπερ καρδία κέκευθ' ἐμὴ
τἄληθες εἴσει.

G. B.

706 ἆρ' οὖν σόν ἐστι δῶρον ἵππειον σθένος
κεραύνιόν τ' ἔνδυμα δασκίου λόφου;
ἆρ' οὖν σὺ τοῦτον οἷος εἶ, τέττιγ' ὅπως,
φόβῳ ταράσσειν; οὗ λαβροῖς φυσήμασι
ῥῖνες βρέμουσι, καὶ κατ' αὐλῶνας κτυπεῖ
ποδῶν κροτησμῷ, καὶ βίᾳ γαυρούμενος
στείχει μετ' ἀνδρῶν ἀσπιδηφόρων στίχας,
φόβου γελαστής, δειμάτων ἄπειρος ὤν·
καὶ προσβλέπων σίδηρον οὐκ ἀποστατεῖ,
κἂν χαλκότευκτον ἀμφὶ σῶμ' ἐπιψοφῇ
σάκος, φαρέτρα τ' ἠδὲ τηλαυγὲς δόρυ.
οἰστρηλάτῳ τ' ὄδοντι γῆς δάκνει πέδον
φρυάγμαθ' ἵεις, οὐδὲ σάλπηγγος βοὴν
ξύνοιδ' ἀκούων, κἀπὶ κλαγγαῖσιν γελᾷ,
μάχης ἀϋτὴν τηλόθεν ῥινηλατῶν,
βροντήν τε ταγῶν καὶ κελεύσματ' ὄρθια.
ἆρ' ἐξακρίζει κίρκος αἰθέρα πτεροῖς
ταῖς σαῖσι τέχναις πρὸς νότον ποτώμενος;

command and make her nest on high? She dwelleth and abideth on the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place. From thence she seeketh the prey, and her eyes behold afar off. Her young ones also suck up blood; and where the slain are, there is she.

BOOK OF JOB

709 *ILLO TO WALLENSTEIN*

This is that moment. See, our army chieftains,
our best, our noblest, are assembled around you,
their kinglike leader! on your nod they wait.
The single threads, which here your prosperous fortune
hath woven together in one potent web
instinct with destiny, O let them not
unravel of themselves. If you permit
these chiefs to separate, so unanimous
bring you them not a second time together.
'Tis the high tide that heaves the stranded ship,
and every individual's spirit waxes
in the great stream of multitudes. Behold
they are still here, here still! but soon the war
bursts them once more asunder. He who to-day
forgets himself forced onward with the stream
will become sober, seeing but himself,
feel only his own weakness, and with speed
will face about, and march on in the old
high road of duty.

S. T. COLERIDGE *from Schiller*

η πτηνὸν αἴρει σοῦ κελεύοντος δέμας
αἰπὺν βεβαίως ἀετὸς πυργῶν δόμον
ἐν ὑψικρήμνοις καὶ πεφραγμένοις τόποις,
ἐξ ὧν ἀγρεύει τὴν καθ' ἡμέραν τροφὴν
τηλεσκόποισιν ὄμμασιν δεδεγμένος·
οἱ δ' αὖ νεοσσοὶ φοίνιον ξυνεργάται
λείχουσιν αἷμα, χἠ τροφὸς παραστατεῖ
φονορρύτοισι πτώμασιν παρημένη.

W. D.

709 ὅδ' οὖν ἐκεῖνος καιρός. ἴδε πρόμοι στρατοῦ,
ὅσοι τ' ἄριστοι, κεἴ τις εὐγενέστατος,
σὲ δὴ σέβουσ' ἅπαντες, ὡς ἄρχοντ' ἴσον
βασιλεῖ, καραδοκῶντες εἰ ξύνθημ' ἔχεις.
ὕφανεν ἁπλᾶς μοῖρά σοι καλὴ κρόκας
ἐς κρατερὸν ἱστόν, οὐκ ἄνευ βουλῆς θεοῦ·
τί δῆτ' ἐᾷς νιν ἀναλύειν αὐτὰς μάτην;
εἰ δ' οὖν περιορᾷς τούσδ' ἀγοὺς πανήγυριν
διασπάσαι τοιάνδε, συμφώνους πάλιν
οὐκ ἂν δύναιο συναγαγεῖν γ' ἄνδρας τόσους.
αἴρουσα ναῦν πλημμυρὶς ἐκ χέρσου 'λαβεν·
ἑνὸς θ' ἑκάστου θυμὸς αὔξεται μέγας
πολλῶν ῥοῇ φερόμενος· εἰσὶ σοί γ' ἔτι,
ἔτ' οὖν, ἰδού, πάρεισιν, οὓς γ' ὅμως πάλιν
μέλλει διαιρεῖ πόλεμος· ἄνδρα σήμερον
αὑτοῦ λαθόμενον ἥρπασεν βίᾳ ῥοή,
ὃς σωφρονήσει δῆτ' ἰδὼν αὑτὸν μόνον,
καὶ δὴ συνειδὼς ἀσθενὴς γεγώς, πάλιν
στρέψει πρόσωπον, κἀρετῆς πλατεῖαν αὖ
ὁδοιπορεῖ κέλευθον εὐήθης ἀνήρ.

J. G. L.

711 *SATYRANE*

His loving mother came upon a day
unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
and chaunst unwares to meet him in the way
after his sportes and cruell pastime donne;
when after him a lyonesse did runne,
that roaring all with rage did lowd requere
her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
the lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
and lull in rugged arms withouten childish feare.
The fearfull dame all quaked at the sight,
and turning backe gan fast to fly away;
untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
she hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
and then to him these womanish words gan say;
'Ah, Satyrane, my dearling and my joy,
for love of me leave off this dreadful play;
to dally thus with death is no fit toy:
go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.'

E. SPENSER

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711 Ἦλθ' ἡ τεκοῦσα βαθυκόμους νάπας ποτὲ
τυτθοῦ κατὰ ζήτησιν, εἰ τύχοι, βρέφους,
τῷ δ' ἀντέκυρσ' ἄελπτος ἐξ ἀθυρμάτων
ὁδοιποροῦντι νηλεῶν τε παιγνίων,
ὁρᾷ δ' ὑπ' ὀργῆς φερομένην τέκνον κάτα
λέαιναν, ἥτις κάρτα φρικωδῆ βρόμον
ἀφῆκ' ἀφαρπασθέντος ἱμέρῳ γόνου·
ὁ δ' οὖν ἀταρβής, οὔτι νήπιον κάτα,
σκυμνους φορεῖν γέγηθε κἀν βραχίοσιν
λασίαις ἄταλλειν, ὡς κατευνάσων ὕπνῳ.

711 Μήτηρ πρὸς ὕλην ἦλθεν εὐφιλὴς ποτε,
τέκνου ποθοῦσα γλυκυτάτην ὁμιλίαν,
οὕτω δ' ἰοῦσα συνέτυχεν τῷ παιδίῳ
τότ' ὄντι θήρας ἀγροτέρων θ' ἀφ' ἡδονῶν,
κἀκεῖ κατ' αὐτὸν ἥλλετ' ἐκμανῆ δρόμον
ὀργαῖς λέαινα βαρυβρόμοισιν ἁρπαγὰς
φίλων νεοσσῶν ἐγκαλοῦσα τῷ βρέφει,
αὐτὸν δ' ἰδοῦσαν ἄτρομον οὐ παιδὸς δίκην
σκύμνους ἀτάλλοντ' ἀγρίας βραχίοσι
τρόμος μέγας σφ' ὑπῆλθεν, ὥστε πρὸς φυγὴν
βάσει δρομαίᾳ νωτίσαι δέους ὕπο,
ἕως ἐγείρων ἐκ κενῆς ὀρρωδίας
ἔρως γυναῖκ' ἔπεισε προσμεῖναι μόγις,
ταῦτ' οὖν ἔλεξεν ἐκ γυναικείας φρενός·
'ὦ τῆς τεκούσης ἐλπὶς ἠδὲ χαρμόνη
ταύτης ἀρείας παιδιᾶς σε λίσσομαι
λῆξαι ταλαίνης, εἴτι σοι μητρὸς μέλει.
οὐ πρὸς βρεφέων ἄθυρμα ποιεῖσθαι μόρον,
σὺ δ' οὖν τιν' ἄλλον εὑρὲ συμπαιστήν, τέκνον.'

G. J. K.

μήτηρ δ', ὅραμα δυσθέατον ὡς βλέπει,
πέφρικε καὶ πόδ' ὡς τάχος παλίντροπον
ἀπῴχεθ' ὁρμήσασα κοὐκ ἔτλη μένειν,
ἕως, ματαίων δειμάτων κρείσσων, μόλις
κατασχεθεῖν ἔπεισεν ἡ στοργὴ δρόμον.
καὶ ταῦτ' ἔλεξεν ἐκ γυναικείας φρενός
'ὦ φίλτατον φῶς, φίλτατον παιδὸς πάρα,
πρός νυν σ' ἔρωτος ἄντομαι τοὐμοῦ, τέκνον,
παῦσαι μέριμναν τήνδε προσβάλλων ἐμοί·
οὐκ ἄξιον γ' ἄθυρμα, κινδύνου πλέων·
ἴθ' οὖν, ἴθ' ἄλλων ὡς τύχῃς ὁμηλίκων.'

ED.

720 *JOAN LA PUCELLE BEFORE THE DAUPHIN*

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
my wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
to shine on my contemptible estate:
lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
and to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me
and in a vision full of majesty
will'd me to leave my base vocation
and free my country from calamity:
her aid she promised and assured success:
in complete glory she reveal'd herself;
and, whereas I was black and swart before,
with those clear rays which she infused on me
that beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
and I will answer unpremeditated:
my courage try by combat, if thou darest,
and thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

W. SHAKESPEARE

722 *JOAN OF ARC TO KING CHARLES*

Hard by the village wherein I was born
stands an old shrine, an image of our Lady,
by many a pious pilgrim visited;
and close beside it is a sacred oak
renowned for many miracles: and much
I loved to sit there and to tend my flock
under the shadow of the holy tree.
My heart still drew me there, and oftentimes,
if I had lost a lamb on the bleak mountains,
I saw it in my dreams when I lay down
and slept beneath the shadow of this tree.

720 *ἄναξ, ἔφυν μὲν ποιμένων ἐγὼ κόρη,*
ἔχουσα σύνεσιν οὐ τέχναις ἠσκημένην·
Θεὸς δέ μ' ἠξίωσεν ἥ δέσποινά τε
βλέψαι, ταπεινὴν ὥστε λαμπρῦναι φάει·
ἰδοὺ γὰρ ἁπαλὰς ἄρνας ὥς ποτ' ἔτρεφον
ἐμήν τ' ἔχραινεν ἥλιος παρηΐδα,
ἔτλη φανῆναί μοι τόθ' ἡ μήτηρ Θεοῦ,
ὄψιν τ' ἔδειξεν οὐρανοῦ θ' ἁγνὸν σέβας,
φράζουσ' ἐμοί γ' ἄδοξον ἀπολιπεῖν βίον
καλευθερῶσαι πατρίδ' ἐκ δυσπραξίας·
αὐτή τ' ἀρήξειν κἄμ' ἀνορθώσειν ἔφη·
ὤφθη τ' ἐναργῶς ὡς πρέπουσα παντελής·
καὶ πρὶν μελάγχρωτ' οὖσαν, οὐ λευκὴν ἰδεῖν,
νῦν αὖ δι' αὐγῶν, ἅσπερ ἐνέβαλεν, χάρις
ἔμ' ὤλβισεν καὶ κάλλος οἷον εἰσορᾷς.
νῦν ὅσα νοεῖς που πάντ' ἐρωτῆσον παρών,
ἄνευ τε μελέτης σοὶ τάδ' ἐξηγήσομαι·
πειρῶ μένους μαχόμενος, εἰ τολμᾷς γ', ἐμοῦ,
φανήσομαί τε καρτερὰ φύσιν πάρα.

J. G. L.

722 *κώμῃ πρὸς αὐτῇ πατρίοις τ' οἴκοις ἐμοῖς*
παλαιὸν ἕστηκ' ἄδυτον, ἔνθα ποτνίας
εἰκόνα κόρης τιμῶντες εὐσεβεῖς θαμὰ
φοιτῶσιν· ἐγγὺς δ' ἐστι δρῦς ἱρά, κλυτὴ
πολλῶν ἕκατι θαυμάτων· κἀγὼ 'φίλουν
ἐκεῖ καθῆσθαι, ποιμνίοις τ' ἐπιστατεῖν
σκιᾶς ὑφ' ὁσίας φυλλάδος τ' ἀνηλίου.
ἐκεῖσέ πως ἔρως τις ἦγέ μ' εἰσαεί·
πόλλ' οὖν ἐπ' ὄρεσιν ἀγρίοις ἄρν' ὤλεσα,
κἄπειτ' ἐσεῖδον αὖθις ἐν μορφαῖς ὕπνου
δένδρου κατακλιθεῖσα τοῦδ' ὑπὸ σκιᾶς.

And once, when I had spent a weary night
in lonely thought and strove with drowsiness,
the Virgin suddenly appeared to me
bearing a sword and banner, in all else
a shepherdess like me, and thus she said
'It is I; stand up, Johanna, leave thy flock;
for other work the Lord hath need of thee.'

translated from SCHILLER

723 *PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE—HIS FAREWELL TO GHENT*

Then fare ye well, ye citizens of Ghent!
this is the last time you will see me here,
unless God prosper me past human hope.
I thank you for the dutiful demeanour
which never—no not once—in any of you
have I found wanting, though severely tried
when discipline might seem without reward.
Fortune has not been kind to me, good friends;
but let not that deprive me of your loves,
or of your good report. Be this the word;
my rule was brief, calamitous—but just.
No glory which a prosperous fortune gilds,
if shorn of this addition, could suffice
to lift my heart so high as it is now:
this is that joy in which my soul is strong,
that there is not a man amongst you all,
who can reproach me that I used my power
to do him an injustice.

H. TAYLOR

καί ποτε πόνον νικῶσα νύκτα φροντίσιν
μακρὰν διῆγον, βλέφαρα μὴ κλῆσαι κόπῳ·
ἄφνω 'φάνη μοι Παρθένος σεμνὴ μάχης
φοροῦσα σῆμα καὶ ξίφος, τὰ δ' ἄλλ' ἴση
ἐμοὶ νεμούσῃ πρόβατα, κἄλεξεν τάδε
'πάρειμ' ἔγωγ'· ἀλλ' εἶα· σὴν ποίμνην λίπε·
ἐπ' ἔργον ἄλλο σοῦ, φίλη, δεῖται Θεός.'

J. G. L.

723 νῦν δὴ πολῖται τῆσδε χαίρετε χθονός·
εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἐκτὸς ἐλπίδος γνώμης τ' ἐμῆς
δώσει τιν' ἡμῖν πρᾶξιν εὐφιλῆ Θεός,
πανύστατον δή μ' ἐνθάδ' εἰσορᾶν πάρα·
τῆς οὖν παρ' ὑμῶν εὐμενοῦς ὑπουργίας,
ἧς οὔτιν' ὑμῶν οὐδενὸς φειδωλίαν
οὐπώποθ' εὗρον, καίπερ ἐν τοιοῖσδε δὴ
καιροῖς ὅτ' εὐτακτοῦσι μὴ λύειν τέλη
ἔμελλε, πολλὴν οἶδα τῆσδ' ὑμῖν χάριν.
εἰ δ' οὖν τύχη μοι δυσμενὴς καθίσταται,
μὴ δὴ παρ' ὑμῖν τοὖδ' ἀπέχθωμαι χάριν,
μηδ' ἐν κακοῖσιν ὄνομα φροιμίοις ποτε
ὑμνεῖτε τοὐμόν· ὧδ' ὁ μῦθος ἑστάτω.
κράτη μὲν ἔσχε δυστυχῆ κἀφήμερα
ἀλλ' οὖν δίκαια· τῆσδε προσθήκης ἐπεὶ
λόγων ἀπούσης, οὐδὲ κάλλιστον κλέος
εὐημεροῦντος οὐκ ἂν ἰσχύοι ποτε
αἴρειν τοσόνδ' ἐς ὕψος ἡδονῶν φρένας.
τοιόσδε γάρ μοι κόμπος εὐφραίνων ἐμὴν
ψυχὴν πάρεστιν, οὕνεκ' οὔτις ἔστ' ἀνὴρ
ὃς ἂν δύναιτο τοὐμὸν ἐγκαλεῖν κράτος,
ὡς εἰς ἀφορμὴν τοῦ 'δικεῖν ἐχρησάμην.

E. A.

724 *EVE'S FAREWELL TO PARADISE*

O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,
fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
quiet though sad, the respite of that day
that must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
that never will in other climate grow,
my early visitation, and my last
at even, which I bred up with tender hand
from the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
with what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
how shall I part, and whither wander down
into a lower world, to this obscure

---

724 *ὦ πλῆγμ᾽ ἀπροσδόκητον ἔχθιον μόρου,*
ἦ χρὴ λιπεῖν σε, κῆπε; χρή σ᾽ οὕτω λιπεῖν,
χώρα γενέθλιε; σὺν σκιαῖσιν ἀτραποὺς
χαρᾶς γεμούσαις, δαιμόνων ἀναστροφήν;
οὗ καὶ δίαξειν ἡσύχην καίπερ πλέαν
ἤλπιζον ἄχθους ἡμέραν, ἕως βέλος
ἄμφοιν τύχοι νῷν θανάσιμον μόρου ποτε·
ὦνθη κατ᾽ ἄλλην βλαστάνοντ᾽ ἂν οὔποτε
αἶαν, μέριμνα τῆς ἐμῆς πρῴας χερὸς
καὶ δειλινῆς, ἃ μαλθακῶς ἔθρεψ᾽ ἐγὼ
φύλλων ἀέξουσ᾽ ἐκ νέων· οἷς καὶ γέρας

724 φεῦ τῆσδε θανάτου μείζονος πληγῆς λαβεῖν
ἀπροσδοκήτου· χρῆν σ' ἄρ', ὦ πέδον, λιπεῖν
κῆπον πατρῷον· ὦ τρὶς ὄλβιαι νάπαι
σκιᾷ τε τερπναί, δαιμόνων ἀναστροφή·
ἐν αἷς ἔτ' εἶχον ἐλπίδας τάλαιν' ἐγὼ
λυπουμένη μὲν ἥσυχος δ' ὅμως ὅσον
νῷν λοιπὸν ἐκ τῆσδ' ἡμέρας θνητῆς ἄγειν.
ὑμεῖς τ' ἐμ' ἄνθε', οὐ γὰρ ἐν ξενῷ πέδῳ
βρύειν θέλοιτ' ἄν, οἷς ἐγὼ παρῆν ἀεὶ
ἕωθ' ἅμ' αὐγαῖς ἑσπέρας θ' ἅμ' ἐσχάτῳ
φάει, τρέφουσα νεόγονα βλαστήματα,
χεροῖν ἀτάλλουσ', οὐνόματα τιθεῖσ' ἔχειν·
τίς νῦν ἂν ὑμᾶς ἀνατρέφοι πρὸς ἥλιον;
τίς νῦν νεμεῖ τὰ φῦλα, κἀμβαλεῖ δρόσον
κρήνης ἀφ' ἱρᾶς; ὦ γαμηλία στέγη,
σὲ δὴ φέρουσαν στέμματ' ἐξ ἐμῆς τέχνης,
ὅσονπερ ὀσμὴν ἢ θέαν ἦν που γλυκύ,
πῶς σ' οὖν λιπεῖν οἷόν τε; ποῖ μόλω πλάνοις
ἐς τὴν ἔρημον κἀφανῆ κάτω χθόνα;

ἔδωκ' ὀνομάτων· τίς ποτ' ἂν πρὸς ἥλιον
ὑμᾶς ἀείροι; τίς ποτ' ἂν τάσσοι γένη
ἄρδοι τε θείας εὐδρόσῳ πήγης γάνει;
σὲ δ' ὑστάτῳ νῦν, θάλαμε, προσκαλῶ μέρει,
εἴτ' ὄψιν εἴτ' ὄσφρησιν ἴσχουσιν φίλην
ἄνθεσι πυκασθεὶς ταῖσδε χερσί· πῶς σέθεν
ἀπαλλαγεῖσα ποῖ ποτ' εἰς κατωτέρω
τόπους σκοτεινοὺς κἀγρίους πρὸς τἀνθάδε.
πλανήσομαι; πῶς ἀφθίτοις κεχρημένω
καρποῖσιν ἄλλῃ χεῖρον' ἀέρ' ἕλξομεν;

A. H. W.

and wild? how shall we breathe in other air
less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

J. MILTON

724*a* *THE DEATH OF SUFFOLK*

'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
my soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly abreast,
as in this glorious and well-foughten field
we kept together in our chivalry!'
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
he smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
and, with a feeble gripe, says 'Dear my lord,
commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
he threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
and so espoused to death, with blood he sealed
a testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
those waters from me which I would have stopped;
but I had not so much of man in me,
and all my mother came into mine eyes
and gave me up to tears.

W. SHAKESPEARE

729 *NESTOR WELCOMES HECTOR*

I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft
labouring for destiny make cruel way
through ranks of Greekish youth, and I have seen thee,
as hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
despising many forfeits and subduements,
when thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the air,
not letting it decline on the declined,

ἢ πῶς ἄναγνον αἰθέρος ξένου πνοὴν
πνευσούμεθ', οὓς ἀθάνατά γ' ἔθρεψεν φύτα;

J. G. L.

724a ‘ἀλλ' οὖν μένοις ἄν, ξύγγονον κάρα, μένοις·
τῇ σῇ γὰρ ἡ 'μὴ πρὸς θεοὺς ξυνέψεται
ψύχη· 'πίμεινον τὴν ἐμήν, ψύχη φίλη·
κᾆτ' ἐξ ἴσου πετώμεθ', ὥσπερ ἀρτίως
ἐν δυσπαλεῖ τῇδ' εὐκλεεστάτῃ μάχῃ
κοινῇ ξυνεστάλημεν ἀνδρείᾳ φρενί.'
πρὸς ταῦτ' ἐπελθὼν κάρτα νιν παρηγόρουν,
γελῶν δ' ἐς ὄψιν χειρὶ χεῖρ' ὠρέξατο,
εἶπεν δὲ μάρψας οὐχ ἄπριξ ‘φίλον κάρα,
πρὸς τὸν τύραννον τοὐμὸν εὖ κόσμει λόγοις.'
στραφεὶς δὲ θραυσθέντ' ἀμφὶ τῇ κείνου δέρῃ
βραχίον' ἀμφέβαλλε, κἀφίλει στόμα
θανάτῳ δὲ σύζυξ ξυμβόλαιον αἵματι
φιλίας ἐπεσφράγιζεν εὖ τελουμένης·
τούτων δὲ κομψὸς καὶ παρῆν γλυκὺς τρόπος,
ὥστ' ἐκραγῆναι τάσδ' ἀναγκαστοὺς ῥόας,
ἃς δὴ καθείργειν ἠθέλησ' ἂν ἡδέως.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἐς τοσοῦτον ἦν ἀνὴρ ἐγώ,
καὶ πᾶν τὸ θῆλυ τῆς φύσεως ἐς ὄμματα
ὤρουσε κἀξέδωκε δακρύοις ἐμέ.

R. BR.

729 ἤδη σέ γ' εἶδον πολλάκις, Τρῶ' ἄλκιμε,
μοίρας ὑπὲρ πονοῦντα, φοινίᾳ θ' ὁδῷ
ἥβης στίχας τέμνοντα τῆς Ἑλληνικῆς·
κἀγὼ σέ γ' εἶδον θερμόνουν ὡς Περσέα
κεντοῦντα Φρύγιον ἵππον, εἶθ' ὑπερφρονεῖν
ἐνόχων τε πολλῶν καὶ βίᾳ δεδμημένων·
τὸ γὰρ ξίφος σοῦ γ' ἦν ἰδεῖν μετάρσιον
ἀργὸν κρεμάμενον, οὐδὲ τοῖς πεπτωκόσιν

that I have said to some my standers-by
'*Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!*'
and I have seen thee pause and take thy breath,
when that a ring of Greeks have hemmed thee in,
like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen:
but this thy countenance, still locked in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
and once fought with him; he was a soldier good;
but, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
and, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

W. SHAKESPEARE

735

ROMEO

O my love! my wife!
death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
hath had no power yet upon thy beauty;
thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
and death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
to sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
that unsubstantial death is amorous;
and that the lean abhorred monster keeps
thee here in dark to be his paramour?
for fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
and never from this palace of dim night
depart again; here, here will I remain
with worms that are thy chamber-maids.

W. SHAKESPEARE

εἴασας ἐμπεσεῖν νιν, ὥστ' εἰπεῖν ἐμὲ
ὁρῶντ' ἐς ἄλλον πλησίον 'βλέπ', ὦ φίλε,
ἐκεῖ 'φάνη τοι Ζεὺς θεός, ζωὴν νέμων.'
εἶθ' ἡσύχαζες, ἀμπνοὰς ἕξων πόνου,
Ἑλληνικοῦ σε περικυκλώσαντος στρατοῦ
πάντῃ, παλαιστὴς ὥς τις Ἄλφειον πάρα·
τοσοῦτό γ' εἶδον· τὸ δ' ἄρ' ὑπαὶ χαλκοῦ κράνους
κεκρυμμένον πρόσωπον οὐκ εἶδον πάρος.
πάππον μὲν ἤδη τὸν σόν, ὡς κείνῳ ποτε
μάχην συνάψας· ἐσθλὸς ἦν ἀνὴρ δορί·
ἀλλ' οὐ τὸν Ἄρεα τὸν μέγαν πάντων πρόμον
ἰσόρροπός σοι· μὴ φθόνει προσπτυγμάτων
γέροντα κύρσαι, καί, στρατηγὲ τίμιε,
ἴσθ' εὖ προσελθὼν ἧμιν ἐς σκηνὰς ξένος.

J. G. L.

735 οὐκ ἦν ἄρ' Αἵδης, φιλτάτη ξυνευνετίς,
ὃς πνευμόνων σῶν ἡδὺ θοινᾶται μέλι,
οὔπω γ' οἷός τε κάλλος αἰσχῦναι τὸ σόν,
οὐκ εὐμαρὲς χείρωμα· σημεῖον δ' ἐπῆν
χείλει τε καὶ παρῆδι πορφυροῦν γάνος·
Αἵδης τροπαῖον ὠχρὸν οὐκ ἔστησέ πω.
Τύβαλτε, καὶ σὺ δ' αἱματοσταγὲς φάρος
σταλεὶς πρόκεισαι; πῶς τόδ' οὐ προσίεται
εἰ τῇ κτανούσῃ χειρὶ δυσμενεστάτην
ἥβην ἐμήν, σῆς ἀντίποιν', ἀποκτενῶ;
ὦ φίλτατον κήδευμα, συγγνώμων γενοῦ.
Ἰουλία, τί δ' ὧδ' ἔτ' ἦσθ' ἄρ' εὐπρεπής;
τί χρὴ λέγειν γάρ; μῶν ἐρωτικῶς ἔχει
Αἵδης, δάμαρτα δ' ἰσχνὸν ἔχθιστον στύγος
κλείει λαθραίαν ἐν μελαμφάει στέγῃ;
ἀλλ' ἐμμενῶ γὰρ τοῦδε κωλυτὴς γάμου·
κοὐ μήποτ' αὖθις ἐκ δόμων προβήσομαι
νυκτηρεφῶν τῶνδ'· ἀλλὰ συνναίειν δοκεῖ
εὐλαῖσι σαῖς δμωαῖσιν αἰανῆ χρόνον. H. J.

740 *THE EXECUTION OF ST CATHARINE*

Your pity comes too late.
Betwixt her guards she seem'd by bride-men led,
her cheeks with cheerful blushes were o'erspread,
when smiling to the axe she bowed her head.
Just at the stroke—
ætherial music did her death prepare,
like joyful sounds of spousals in the air:
a radiant light did her crowned temples gild,
and all the place with fragrant scents was filled;
the balmy mist came thickening to the ground,
and sacred silence covered all around.
But when (its work perform'd) the cloud withdrew,
and day restored us to each other's view,
I sought her head, to bring it on my spear:
in vain I sought it, for it was not there:
no part remained, but from afar our sight
discovered in the air long tracks of light;
of charming notes we heard the last rebounds,
and musick dying in remoter sounds.

J. DRYDEN

747 *HAMLET*

O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
is it not monstrous, that this player here,
but in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
could force his soul so to his own conceit
that from her working all his visage wann'd,
tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
a broken voice, and his whole function suiting
with forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
for Hecuba!
what's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
that he should weep for her? What would he do,

740 ὄψ᾽ ἄρα σὺ τήνδ᾽ ᾤκτειρας. ἦγον οὖν κόρην
φύλακες μέν, ἡ δ᾽ ἐφαίνεθ᾽ ὥστε νυμφίων
ξυνοῦσα πομπῇ, καὶ βαφῇ παρηΐδας
ἤμειψε φαιδρῶς αἰδόφρων μειδῶσ᾽ ἅμα,
κἄκλινε κρᾶτα πελέκεως πληγὴν λαβεῖν.
ἡ μὲν κατῄει πέλεκυς· ἐξαίφνης δ᾽ ἄρα
θεῖόν τι κείνῃ θάνατον ἥγνισεν μέλος,
ὑμέναιος ὥς τις ἱλαρὸς οὐρανοῦ μυχῷ·
κροτάφους δέ νιν χρυσαυγὲς ἔστεψεν φάος,
τόπον δὲ πάντ᾽ ἔπλησεν εὐώδης πνοή·
πυκνὴ θυήεσσ᾽ ἀχλὺς ἦλθεν ἐς πέδον,
ἱερά τε σιγὴ πάντοθεν κατεῖχε γῆν.
ἐπεὶ δὲ πάντ᾽ ἔπραξ᾽, ἀπῆλθεν οὖν νέφος
ἡμᾶς τε φῶς ἔδειξεν ἀλλήλοις πάλιν·
ζητῶν δ᾽ ἐκείνης κρᾶθ᾽, ἵν᾽ ἐμπήξω δορὶ
ζήτησιν εἶχον τοὐφανοῦς ἐγὼ κενήν·
οὐ γάρ τι λοιπόν· τηλόθεν δ᾽ ἄρ᾽ εἴδομεν
μακρὰν τιν᾽ αἴγλην τεταμένην ἐν αἰθέρι·
ἠχώ τε θέλκτρων ἐσχάτην ἠκούσαμεν
ὕμνων φθινόντων ἀνέκαθεν δι᾽ οὐρανοῦ.

J. G. L.

747 οἴμ᾽ ὡς κακοῦργός εἰμι κἀγενὴς λάτρις·
ἀλλ᾽ οὐχὶ δεινὸν ὡς ἀγωνιστὴς ὅδε
πάθος τι δηλῶν οὐκ ἀληθὲς ἀλλ᾽ ὄναρ
ψυχὴν καθ᾽ αὑτοῦ φροντίδ᾽ ὧδ᾽ ἠνάγκασεν
ὥστ᾽ ἐξ ἐκείνης πάντ᾽ ἄναιμος ἦν χρόα;
ὄμμασι δακρύων, ὄψιν ἐκμαργούμενος,
ῥηγνὺς ἄδηλα φθέγματ᾽, ἐν δὲ σώματος
ἐφήρμοσεν πᾶν σχῆμα φροντίδων ὁδῷ—
καὶ ταῦτα πρὸς τί; πλὴν ὄνομα μόνον, τί γὰρ
τούτῳ πρὸς Ἑκάβην; τί δ᾽ Ἑκάβῃ πρὸς τοῦτον αὖ;
ὥσθ᾽ οὕνεκ᾽ αὐτῆς δάκρυ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὀμμάτων βαλεῖν.

had he the motive and the cue for passion
that I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
and cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
the very faculties of eyes and ears.

W. SHAKESPEARE

755 *ADAM—ORLANDO*

Ad. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
the thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
which I did store, to be my foster-nurse,
when service should in my old limbs lie lame,
and unregarded age in corners thrown;
take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
yea providently caters for the sparrow,
be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
all this I give you. Let me be your servant;
though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
for in my youth I never did apply
hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
the means of weakness and debility;
therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
i'll do the service of a younger man
in all your business and necessities.
Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
the constant service of the antique world,

τί γάρ ποτ' ἂν δράσειεν εἰ λαβὴν ἔχοι
πάθους ἀφορμήν θ' ἣν ἔγωγ'; οὐχ ἔσθ' ὅπως
σκήνην ἅπασαν δάκρυσιν οὐ κλύσειεν ἂν
ῥήξας τὰ πάντων ὦτα φρικώδει βοῇ,
ἐνεὶς δ' ἀνοσίοις λύσσαν, ἁγνοῖσιν φόβους,
ἀμαθεῖς δ' ἀτύζων· αὐτὰ δὴ τότ' ὄργανα
ξυγχεῖν ἔμελλεν ὄψεώς τε κἀκοῆς.

ΑΔΑΜ—ΟΡΛΑΝΔΟΣ

ΑΔ. *μὴ δῆτα δράσῃς ταῦτά γ'—ἀργύρου πάλαι*
σμικρόν τι θησαύρισμα φειδωλῷ βίῳ
ἔσωσα, τοῦ σοῦ πατρὸς οἰκέτης γεγώς,
ὅπως με βοσκήσειεν εὖτε σώματος
ἄρθροισι γῆρας χωλοποιὸν ἐμπέσοι,
τὸ λαξπάτητον κἀκποδὼν βεβλημένον.
δέχου φέρ', ὦ παῖ, τοῦτο, χὠ καθ' ἡμέραν
στρουθοῖσι καὶ κόραξι πορσύνων τροφὴν
κἀμοὶ τροφεὺς γένοιτο τοὐντεῦθεν βίου.
ἰδού, τόδ' ἐστι,—τοῦτό σοι δίδωμι πᾶν,
σοί τ', ἤν γ' ἐάσῃς, πρόσπολος γενήσομαι.
ἰσχυρός εἰμι κεἰ γέρων εἶναι δοκῶ,
ἐπεὶ γὰρ ἥβῃ τοὐμὸν ἤκμαζεν δέμας,
οὐπώποθ' ὑγιὲς αἷμα μαργῶντος φλογὶ
οἴνου 'τάρασσον, οὐδ' ἀναισχύντως χλιδὰς
θηρῶν νοσώδεις ἐξαπώλεσα σθένος·
τοιγὰρ τὸ γῆρας ἧμιν οἷα καρτερὸς
χειμὼν ἐπῆλθε, ψυχρὸν εὐμενὲς δ' ὅμως·
ἴθ', ἔα μ' ἕπεσθαι, μηδὲ νοσφίσῃς σέθεν,
ἴθ', ἄντομαί σε.—πάνθ' ὅσ' ἂν νεανίας
δύναιτο, δράσω σὴν χάριν πονούμενος.
ΟΡ. *ὦ λῆμ' ἄριστον, ὥς συ τοῖς πάλαι πρέπεις*
θνητοῖς βεβαιότητι γενναίᾳ φρενῶν,

when service sweat for duty, not for meed!
thou art not for the fashion of these times,
where none will sweat, but for promotion,
and having that, do choke their service up
even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
that cannot so much as a blossom yield.

W. SHAKESPEARE

760 *ION APPROACHING THE ALTAR AND LIFTING UP THE KNIFE GIVEN HIM BY KTESIPHON VOWS VENGEANCE AGAINST ADRASTUS KING OF ARGOS*

Ye eldest gods,
who mindful of the empire which ye held
over dim Chaos, keep revengeful wrath
on falling nations, and on kingly lines
about to sink for ever; ye, who shed
into the passions of earth's giant brood
and their fierce usages the sense of justice;
who clothe the fated battlements of tyranny
with blackness as a funeral pall, and breathe
through the proud halls of time-embolden'd guilt
portents of ruin, hear me! In your presence,
for now I feel ye nigh, I dedicate
this arm to the destruction of the king
and of his race: O keep me pitiless;
expel all human weakness from my frame,

οἳ δεσπόταισι γνησίῳ προθυμίᾳ
τὰ ξυμφέροντ' ἔσπευδον, οὐ κέρδους χάριν.
νῦν δ' ἐν βροτοῖσι τἄμπαλιν νομίζεται,
κοὐδεὶς πόνοις ἄμισθος ἐγκεῖσθαι θέλει,
μισθὸν δὲ πᾶς τις εὐθέως κεκτημένος
σπουδὴν ἀπεῖπε τὴν πρὶν ὡς τάχος πάλιν.
σοὶ δ' οὐκ ἄραρε τοιάδ', ὦ φίλον κάρα.
καίτοι σεσηπός, πρέσβυ, δένδρον ἀμφέπων
ματαῖα μοχθεῖς, κοὐδὲν ἐργάσει πλέον,
οὐδ' ἄνθος ἐν πόνοισι καρπώσει τάλας.

J. WORDSWORTH, *A.S.* 1827

760 *ὑμᾶς καλῶ τοι, δαίμονες παλαίτεροι,*
οἳ τῆς πρὶν ἀρχῆς τοῦ μελαγχίμου χάους
μνήμην ἔχοντες ἐν φρεσίν, φρουρᾶς δίκην
τιμωρίας εἰς ἡδονήν, τηρεῖτ' ἔθνη
ἤδη πίτνοντα, καὶ δόμους τυραννικοὺς
εἰσαῦθις ὀρθώσοντας οὔποτ' αὖ κάρα·
οἳ δ' αὖ νεοσσῶν γηγενῶν ἐν φροντίσιν
ἔθεσίν τε δεινοῖς τὴν δίκην ἐμβάλλετε·
σκότῳ τε μοιρόκραντα δὴ τυραννίδος
πυργώμαθ', ὥσπερ πενθίμοισι φάρεσιν
ἀμπίσχετ', ἐν δὲ πορφυροστρώτοις δόμοις,
οὓς ἐς χερῶν μίασμ' ἐθάρσυνεν χρόνος,
πτώσεως πρόδηλα καὶ φθορᾶς τεκμήρια
ἐμπνεῖτε, φωνῆς τῆς ἐμῆς ἀκούσατε,
πρὸ τοῦδε βωμοῦ, καὶ γὰρ ἐγγὺς ᾐσθόμην
νῦν ὄντας ὑμᾶς, τόνδε τὸν βραχίονα
σφάξοντ' ἄνακτα τόνδε καθιερῶ ταν ῦν
αὐτόν τε καὶ πᾶν σπέρμα· νῦν ἄρ' εὔχομαι
οἶκτον θ' ἅπαντα καὶ φιλανθρώπους τρόπους
ἀπείργετ' ὦ θεοὶ φροντίδων ἐμῶν ἄπο,
ὡς, εὖτ' ἄνακτος ἂν διαρρήξῃ κέαρ,

that this keen weapon shake not when his heart
should feel its point; and if he has a child
whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
my country asks, harden my soul to shed it!

T. N. TALFOURD

762 *TROILUS*

Ag. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?
Ul. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
not yet mature, yet matchless, firm of word,
speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue;
not soon provoked nor being provoked soon calmed:
his heart and hand both open and both free;
for what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,
nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:
manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
they call him Troilus; and on him erect
a second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

W. SHAKESPEARE

764 *HARPAX*

Look on the Vestals,
the holy pledges that the gods have given you,
your chaste, fair daughters. Were't not to upbraid
a service to a master not unthankful,
I could say these, in spite of your prevention,
seduced by an imagined faith, not reason,
(which is the strength of nature,) quite forsaking
the Gentile gods, had yielded up themselves
to this new-found religion. This I cross'd,

τόδ' ὀξύθηκτον μὴ τρέσῃ ξίφος ποτε·
κεὶ τῷδε παῖς τίς ἐσθ', ὃν ἐν δίκης μέρει
πατρίς τ' ἀπαιτεῖ καὶ θέμις, τούτου φόνον
χὴ φρὴν ὁμοίως χαἰ χέρες τλαῖεν δρέπειν.

J. G. L.

762 ΑΓ. τίς Τρῶς ἐκεῖνος ὄμμασιν ταυρούμενος;
ΟΔ. εὔτολμος ἵππευς, Πριαμίδων νεώτατος·
πρέπει δὲ καίπερ οὐκ ἀκμαῖος ὢν ὅμως,
ἄστων ἄριστος· γλῶσσαν ἀψευδὴς ἀνήρ,
φωνεῖ γὰρ ἔργοις ἀργὸς ὢν κομπασμάτων,
οὐδ' ἐστὶν ὀξύθυμος, ἢν δ' ἔχῃ χόλον,
οὐ ῥᾳδίως λιταῖσι μαλθακίζεται,
φρόνημα δ' ὢν γενναῖος ἀφθόνως ἀεὶ
δίδωσιν οὐδὲ φροντίδας κρύπτειν φιλεῖ·
οὐ μὴν χαρίζεταί γε τῆς βουλῆς ἄτερ,
οὔτ' αὖ νόημα φαῦλον ἀξιοῖ πνοῆς·
τοῦ δ' Ἕκτορος πέφυκε δυσμαχώτερος
ἀρετὴν δ' ὅμοιος· Τρώιλον καλοῦσί νιν
ἀστοί, σέβουσι δ' αὐτὸν ὥς ποθ' Ἕκτορα,
κρηπῖδα τῶν νῦν ἐλπίδων φερέγγυον.

R. W.

764 ἰδοῦ δέ μοι τάσδ' Ἑστίας λατρεύματα,
ἰδοῦ δὲ τήνδ' ἀδμῆτα θυγατέρων σποράν,
ἔρωτος ἁγνοῦ παρὰ θεῶν πιστώματα,
τὴν καλλίπαιδα παρθένων ξυνωρίδα.
ταύτας ἔγωγ' ἂν (δεσπότῃ δ' ὀνειδίσαι
ὀκνῶ λάτρευμα τοὐμὸν οὐκ ἀμνήμονι)
ὅμως λέγοιμ' ἂν σοῦ παραινοῦντος βίᾳ
πίστει δοκούσῃ κοὐ λόγῳ (σθένος γε μὴν
ἐνταῦθα κεῖται τῇ φύσει) παρηγμένας,
ἱερῶν προδούσας νόμιμα τῶν ἐγχωρίων,
τελεταῖς ἐπακτοῦ ταίσιδ' ἐνδοῦναι θεοῦ·

discover'd their intents, taught you to use
with gentle words and mild persuasions
the power and authority of a father,
set off with cruel threats; and so reclaimed them:
and, whereas they with torment should have died,
(hell's furies to me, had they undergone it!)
they are now votaries in great Jupiter's temple,
and, by his priest instructed, grown familiar
with all the mysteries, nay the most abstruse ones,
belonging to his deity.

P. MASSINGER

768 *QUEEN—HAMLET—KING*

Qu. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
and let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
seek for thy noble father in the dust:
thou know'st 'tis common: all that lives must die,
passing through nature to eternity.
Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
Qu. If it be,
why seems it so particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is: I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
nor customary suits of solemn black,
nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
no, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,
that can denote me truly: these indeed seem,

ἀγῷ τορῶς φρονήματ' ἐξιχνοσκοπῶν
ἠναντιώθην, κἀφρένωσ' ὅτῳ τρόπῳ
λόγων ἐπῳδὰς μαλθάκων παρηγόρους
καὶ τὴν πατρῴαν συνδίκως ἐξουσίαν
δειναῖς ἀπειλαῖς εὖ περιστέλλων κυροῖς,
οὕτω δ' ἔπαυσα μὴ παραχθῆναι φρένας·
κᾆθ', ἃς κακίστῳ κατθανεῖν ἐχρῆν μόρῳ
(φεῦ τῶν μ' ἑλώντων, εἰ ῎θυον, μιαστόρων)
νῦν προσπολοῦσι Ζηνὸς ὑψίστου δόμοις,
σκεθρῶς τε παιδεύσαντος ἱερέως θεοῦ
τῶν σεμνοτίμων ἠθάδες μυστηρίων
κλύουσι, τῶν μάλιστ' ἐν ἀρρήτοις λέγειν.

768 ΑΝ. οὐκ εἶα, τέκνον, σχῆμ' ἀπορρίψας τόδε
ὀρφναῖον, εὔνους τῇδε προσβαλεῖς χθονὶ
σὸν ὄμμα; πῶς δέ σε ξυνηρεφεῖ χρεὼν
βλεφάρῳ κράτιστον πατέρα μαστεύειν ἀεὶ
ὧδ' ἐν κόνει γῆς; οἶσθα γάρ, κοινὸν τόδε·
πᾶσιν βροτοῖς τοι κατθανεῖν ὀφείλεται,
οἷς γ' ἐστὶ τἀνθάδ' οἶμος εἰς τἀκεῖ φέρων.
ἉΜ. καὶ δὴ τόδ' ἐστὶ κοινόν.
ΑΝ. εἰ δ' οὕτως ἔχει,
τί σοὶ τοσόνδε δῆθ' ὑπερφυὲς δοκεῖ;
ἉΜ. ἀλλ' ἔστι τοῦτο κοὐ δοκεῖ μόνον, γύναι·
ὡς τοῦτ' ἔγωγε τοὔπος οὐκ ἐπίσταμαι.
ὦ φιλτάτη μοι μῆτερ, οὐ μόνον τόδε
φᾶρος κέλαινον, οὔτε τῶν μελαμπέπλων
νόμιμος ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν εἱμάτων χλιδή,
οὐ δειν' ἐπακτοῦ πνεύματος φυσήματα,
οὔτ' αὖ δι' ὄσσων ἀφθόνως δακρυῤῥοοῦν
νᾶμ', οὐ σκυθρωπὸς ὀμμάτων κατάστασις,
εἴδη θ' ὅσ' ἐστὶ καὶ τρόποι λύπης ὁμοῦ,
οὐκ ἄν μ' ὁποῖός εἰμι δείξειαν σαφῶς.

for they are actions that a man might play:
but I have that within which passeth show;
these but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
to give these mourning duties to your father:
but, you must know, your father lost a father;
that father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound,
in filial obligation for some term
to do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
in obstinate condolement is a course
of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
it shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
a heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
an understanding simple and unschool'd:
for what we know must be and is as common
as any the most vulgar thing to sense,
why should we, in our peevish opposition
take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
a fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
to reason most absurd; whose common theme
is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
from the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.'

W. SHAKESPEARE

771 *KING—BERTRAM*

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
as when thy father and myself in friendship

τὸ μὲν δοκεῖν γε, φήμ' ἐγώ, τούτοις ἔνι,
οἷς καὶ κακῶν ἄπειρος ἀσκοίη τις ἄν·
κρεῖσσον δ' ἔχω τι κἄτι τῶν ὁρωμένων·
ταῦτ' ἐστὶν ἄλγους σχῆμα καὶ κόσμος μόνον.
ΒΑ. *Ἀμβλῆτι', αἰνῶ μέν σε τῆς προθυμίας,*
ὃς πατρὶ τιμὰς τάσδε τῷ τεθνηκότι
ὀρθῶς προσάπτεις· ἀλλὰ δεῖ σκοπεῖν τόδε·
ὁ σὸς πατὴρ γὰρ πατέρ' ἀπώλεσέν ποτε,
πρότερον ὁμοίως αὐτὸν ἐστερημένον·
καὶ τοὺς ἔτ' ὄντας, οἷα δὴ τέκνοις πρέπει,
ἄγοντας ἦμαρ λυπρὸν εὐσεβέστατα
ἔδει κτερίζειν τοὺς ἀεὶ τεθνηκότας.
τὸ δ' ἄνδρα λίαν δυσφορεῖν λυπούμενον
αὐθαδίαν τοι πᾶσι τοῦτ' ὀφλισκάνει·
οὐδ' εὐσεβὲς γάρ, ἀλλ' ἀνανδρίας κακῆς·
ὅθεν θέλημα καὶ μάλ' ἐξελέγχεται
ἀκόλαστον εἰς Θεόν, καρδία τ' ἀμήχανος
ἢ νοῦς ἀναιδής, ἅμα δ' ἀπαίδευτοι φρένες.
ὃν γάρ τις οἶδεν ὄντ' ἀναγκαῖον πότμον
καὶ κοινὸν ὥς τι τῶν μάλιστ' εἰθισμένων
πρὸς ὄμματ' ἐλθεῖν πραγμάτων καθ' ἡμέραν,
πῶς ἀντιτείνειν δυσλόφως τ' ἄγειν πρέπει;
ἐπεὶ τοιοῦτος εἰς Θεόν θ' ἁμαρτάνει
κὰς τοὺς θανόντας καὶ φύσιν βροτῶν ὁμοῦ,
λόγου δ' ἀπέστη πλεῖστ'· ἐπεὶ λόγος φιλεῖ
πατέρων διδάσκειν θάνατον, ἀπὸ δὲ τοῦ βροτῶν
πρῶτον θανόντος ἐς τὸν ἐν τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ
θρήνοισιν ἀεὶ τοὺς νεκροὺς ὀδύρεται
'οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως τάδ' οὐ γενήσεταί ποτε.'

E. H. PEROWNE, *A. S.* 1848

ΑΝΑΞ—ΒΕΡΤΡΑΜΟΣ

771 ΑΝ. *εἰ νῦν ἔχοιμι τὴν πρὶν ἄρρηκτον βίαν,*
οἷός γε τῷ σῷ ξυμπαραστατῶν πατρὶ

first tried our soldiership! He did look far
into the service of the time, and was
discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
but on us both did haggish age steal on,
and wore us out of act. It much repairs me
to talk of your good father. In his youth
he had the wit which I can well observe
to-day in our young lords; but they may jest
till their own scorn return to them unnoted,
ere they can hide their levity in honour:
so like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
his equal had awaked them, and his honour,
clock to itself, knew the true minute when
exception bid him speak, and at this time,
his tongue obeyed his hand: who were below him
he used as creatures of another place
and bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
making them proud of his humility,
in their poor praise he humbled. Such a man
might be a copy to these younger times;
which, followed well, would demonstrate them now
but goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
so in approof lives not his epitaph
as in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would always say—

φίλος φιλίστῳ πρῶτ' ἐπειρώμην μάχης·
κεῖνος γὰρ ἦν παίδευμα τῶν ἀριστέων,
πρόσω δ' ἑώρα τοῦ 'ν δέοντι δρασίμου·
κἀντεῖχε δαρόν· ἀλλὰ νῷν γήρως στύγος
ἀμφοῖν προσεῖρπε καὶ τὸ δρᾶν ὑφείλετο.
ἦ κάρτ' ἀνηβῶ πατέρα σὸν μυθούμενος·
ὁ γὰρ τὰ κομψὰ κἀκ νέου τρίβων τις ἦν,
ἃ τούσδ' ὁρῶμεν τοὺς νεωτέρους πρόμους
καὶ νῦν τρέφοντας· τοῖς δὲ χλευάζειν πάρα
ἔστ' ἂν πρὸς αὐτοὺς ὕβρις ἠτιμωμένη
πέσῃ παλίρροους, πρίν γ' ἀριστείαν χεροῖν
σκῆψιν προτείνειν τῆς ὑπερκόμπου χλιδῆς.
οὕτω δ' ἔδειξεν εὐπροσήγορον φύσιν
ὥστ' ἐν φρονήσει καὶ λόγοις ὀξυστόμοις
φῦναι τὸ γαῦρον μήτ' ἄγαν τὸ δύσκολον·
ἤγειρε γοῦν τάδ' οὐξ ἴσου τιμώμενος,
εἴ που φανείη, χἠ φρενῶν γενναιότης,
στοιχεῖον ὥς, ἔφραζε τὴν ὥραν λόγων
ἀκμῆς παρούσης ἐξελευθεροστομεῖν·
ἡ γλῶσσα δ' ἤδη ξυνέτρεχεν τῷ γνώμονι·
τοὺς ἥσσονας δὲ μοῖραν εἰς ἄλλην τιθεὶς
οὕτως ἐχρᾶτο, τοὔξοχον νεύων κάρα
τάξει ταπεινῇ, τούσδ' ἁβρύνεσθαι πιθὼν
ὁθούνεκ' ἔτλη σεμνὸν ὧδ' ὑφιέναι
φαύλοις ἐπαίνοις θυμόν· ἦ τοιόσδ' ἀνὴρ
δεῖγμ' ἂν παράσχοι τοῖσδε τοῖς νεωτέροις,
ᾧ κάρτα συντρέχοντες εὑρίσκοιεν ἂν
τοὺς νῦν πάλιν βεβῶτας οὐ πρόσω βροτούς.

ΒΕΡ. κεῖται τὸ πατρὸς μνῆμα σῶν εἴσω φρενῶν
κάλλιον, ὦναξ, ἢ 'πὶ τῆς κατασκαφῆς·
οὐ γάρ νιν οὕτως οἱ 'πιτύμβιοι λόγοι
αἰνοῦσ' ὅσονπερ φθέγμα σοῦ τυραννικόν.

ΑΝ. εἰ γὰρ ξυνείην τῷδε κἂν τάφοις ὅμως·

methinks I hear him now; his plausive words
he scattered not in ears, but grafted them,
to grow there and to bear—'Let me not live,'—
thus his good melancholy oft began;
on the catastrophe and heel of pastime
when it was out,—'let me not live,' quoth he,
'after my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
'of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
'all but new things disdain; whose judgments are
'mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies
'expire before their fashions.' This he wish'd:
I after him do after him wish too,
since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
to give some labourers room.

W. SHAKESPEARE

775 *BOLINGBROKE—YORK—KING RICHARD II*

Bol. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
as doth the blushing discontented sun
from out the fiery portal of the east,
when he perceives the envious clouds are bent
to dim his glory and to stain the track
of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king: behold, his eye,
as bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
controlling majesty: alack, alack, for woe,
that any harm should stain so fair a show!
K. R. We are amazed; and thus long have we stood
to watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
because we thought ourselves thy lawful king:
and if we be, how dare thy joints forget

ὁ δ' ἔλεγεν ἀεί (κἄτι δὴ κλύειν δοκῶ,
οὐ γὰρ κατ' ὦτ' ἔσειεν εὐπειθῆ λόγον,
ἔσπειρε δ' ἀκμάσοντα καὶ φύσοντ' ἐκεῖ)
'μὴ δῆτ' ἔτ' εἴην.' τοῦδε πόλλ' οἰκτίσματος
πεπαυμένων πρὸς τέρμα καὶ καταστροφὴν
κώμων ὁ χρηστὸς ἦρχε· 'μὴ ζῴην ἔτι,
ἣν ὡς ἐλαίου λύχνος ἐλλείπων χρόνῳ
μύκης γένωμαι ταῖς νεωτέραις φρεσίν,
ὧν ὀξύφρων αἴσθησις οὐδαμοῦ λέγει
ἅπανθ' ἃ μὴ νεοχμά, καὶ γνώμης ἀκμὴ
οὐδὲν φύει ποτ' ἄλλο πλὴν ἐσθήματα·
φθίνει δ' ἐρώτων πρόσθεν ἢ πέπλων ῥυθμός.'
ταῦτ' ηὔχεθ' ἄναξ· ὕστερος δ' ἐγὼ μένων
οὔτοι τοιούτων ὑστερῶ κατευγμάτων·
εἰ μήτε κηρὸν μήτ' ἐπεισφέρω μέλι,
εἴθ' ὤφελον τὸ σμῆνος ἐκτακεὶς λιπεῖν,
ἄλλοισί τ' ἔρρειν ἐργάταισιν ἐκποδών.

A. HOLMES, *A. S.* 1857

ΒΟ. *καὶ μὴν ἄναξ ὅδ' αὐτὸς Ἐτεοκλῆς πάρα,*
φλέγων ῥέθος δύσοργον, οἷος ἔσσυται
ἠοῦς πυρωπῶν Φοῖβος ἐκ πυλωμάτων,
νεφέλας νοήσας ὡς φθόνῳ ξυνώμοσαν
αὐτοῦ σκοτώσειν ὄμμα καὶ σελάσφορον
χρανεῖν δρόμον κάμπτοντος ἑσπέρους τόπους.
ΕΒ. *καίτοι πέφηνεν, ὡς βλέπειν, τύραννος ὤν·*
ὡς δ' ἄετος φαιδρωπός, αὔταρκὲς κράτος
ἤστραψ' ἀπ' ὄσσων· φεῦ· τὸ καὶ λαθεῖν τόδ' ὂν
κακῶν ὕπουλον κάλλος εὐειδέστατον.
ΡΙ. *ἔκ τοι πέπληγμαι· καὶ πάρειμι γὰρ πάλαι*
ἀθρῶν σ' ἕως ἂν περίφοβον κάμψῃς γόνυ,
δοκῶν γ' ἀνάσσειν καὶ μάλ' ἐννόμως σέθεν.
ὧν ὧδ' ἐχόντων, πῶς ἐτόλμησας φθονεῖν

to pay their awful duty to our presence?
if we be not, show us the hand of God
that hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship;
for well we know, no hand of blood and bone
can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
unless he do profane, steal or usurp.

W. SHAKESPEARE

780 *TYCHE*

I come not here, you gods, to plead the right
by which antiquity assigned my deity,
though no peculiar station 'mongst the stars,
yet general power to rule their influence,
or boast the title of omnipotent
ascribed me then, by which I rival'd Jove,
since you have cancelled all those old records;
but confident in my good cause and merit
claim a succession in the vacant orb;
for since Astræa fled to heaven, I sit
her deputy on earth; I hold her scales,

---

780 οὐχ ὡς ἀπαιτήσουσα τὴν παγκληρίαν,
ἧς ἠξιώθην τῶν παλαιτέρων ὕπο
θεὸς γεγῶσα καίπερ ἐν πανηγύρει
ἕδραν μὲν ἄστρων οὐ λαχοῦσ' ἐξαίρετον,
κοινὰς δ' ἐποπτεύουσα συμπάντων ὁδούς,
οὐδ' ὥς τι κομπάσουσα παγκρατὲς σέβας
οὗ πρὸς Δί' αὐτὸν εἰς ἅμιλλαν ἱκόμην,
θεοί, πάρειμι δεῦρο· πῶς γάρ; οἵτινες
αὐτοὶ παλαιὰ γράμματ' ἐξηλείψατε·
δίκῃ δὲ πίσυνος οὖσα κἀξιώματι
κενοῦ διάδοχος ἀντιποιοῦμαι κύκλου·
ἐξ οὗ γὰρ ἐνθένδ' ᾤχετ' Ἀστραία φυγάς,

ἐμοὶ παρόντι γονυπετὲς κώλων σέβας;
εἰ δ' ἐννόμως μὴ φῇς κρατεῖν, δεῖξον τέκμαρ
ὅτῳ μ' ὕπαρχον ὄντ' ἀπήλλαξεν θεός.
οὐδεὶς γάρ, οἶμαι, θνητὸς ἐκ θνητῶν γεγὼς
σκῆπτρον τόδ' ἱερὸν διὰ χεροῖν μάρψειεν ἄν,
μὴ οὐ πρὸς βίαν γε δυσσεβεῖ κλέψας χερί.

J. L. H.

οὔτοι τὸ πρόσθεν κομπάσουσ' ὦ θεοὶ γέρας
πάρειμ' ἐν ὑμῖν, ᾧπερ οὐχ ἑνός τινος
κοινῇ δ' ἁπάντων ἔλαχον ἀστέρων κράτος
δυνάμεις τε νωμᾶν· οὐδὲ παγκρατὴς κλύειν
αὐχῶ τότ', ὄνομα Ζηνὸς οὐ νικωμένη,
νῦν γὰρ παρ' ὑμῖν φροῦδα πάντα τῶν πάρος·
τῷ 'μῷ δικαίῳ δ' ἀξίας τ' ἐμῆς σθένει
ἄστρου διάδοχος τοῦδε δέξεσθαι κενὸν
κύκλον πέποιθ'· ἐξ οὗ γὰρ Ἀστραία φυγὰς
θεῶν ἐς ἕδρας οἴχεται, ταύτης ἐγὼ
ὕπαρχος ἧμαι καὶ ταλαντοῦχος βροτοῖς

κείνης ἔρημον ἐν μέρει θακῶ θρόνον
κείνης τάλαντ' ἔχουσα τοῖς θνητοῖς ἐγὼ
ἐπισταθμῶμαι τὰς τύχας, οἵ μ' ὀμμάτων
τυφλὴν ἔθηκαν, οὐχ ὁρῶντες αἰτίας,
καλοῦσι δ' ἀστάθμητον ὡς τά γ' ἔργα μου
βαθύτερα φαύλας ἢ κατ' ἀνθρώπων φρένας.
ἐνταῦθα δ' ὥσπερ ὀμματοστερὴς Δίκη
κλήρους ἴσους ἴσαισι χερσὶ προσνέμω.
ἢν δ' οὖν ἀνάξιος τις ἀνόσιος γέρα
λάχῃ τὰ τιμιώτατ', αἰτία θεῶν
σπανίας νεμόντων χάριτας ἀνθρώπων γένει.

and weigh men's fates out, who have made me blind
because themselves want eyes to see my causes:
call me inconstant, 'cause my works surpass
the shallow fathom of their human reason:
yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispense
with their impartial hands their constant lots,
and if desertless, impious men engross
my best rewards, the fault is yours, ye gods,
that scant your graces to mortality.

T. CAREW

782 *DIDO*

Ay, ay, Iarbas; after this is done,
none in the world shall have my love but thou.
So, leave me now; let none approach this place.
Now, Dido, with these reliques burn thyself
and make Æneas famous through the world
for perjury and slaughter of a queen.
Here lies the sword that in the darksome cave
he drew and swore by to be true to me:
thou shalt burn first; thy crime is worse than his:
here lies the garment which I cloth'd him in
when first he came on shore; perish thou too:
these letters, lines and perjur'd papers, all
shall burn to cinders in this precious flame.
And now, ye gods, that guide the starry frame,
and order all things at your high dispose,
grant, though the traitors land in Italy,
they may be still tormented with unrest;
and from mine ashes let a conqueror rise,
that may revenge this treason to a queen
by ploughing up his countries with the sword!

C. MARLOWE

βίου τε μοίρας διανέμω· κεῖνοι δ' ἐμὲ
ἀνόμματον ποιοῦσιν, οὕνεκ' αἰτίας
αὐτοῖσιν ὄμματ' οὐ σθένει βλέπειν ἐμάς·
ὡς δ' ἔργα θνητοῦ τἄμ' ὑπερβάλλει βραχὺ
μέτρον λογισμοῦ, κουφότητ' ὀφλισκάνω.
Δίκης δ' ὅμως ἐνταῦθα τῆς τυφλῆς τρόπον
αὐτῶν δικαίαις χερσὶν αὐτοῖσιν λάχη
κληρῶ βεβαίως· εἰ δ' ἀνάξιοί τινες
ἀσεβεῖς τε δῶρα λαγχάνουσ' ἄριστά μοι,
ὑμεῖς ἂν ὀρθῶς τῶνδ' ἔχοιτ' ἂν αἰτίαν
ἀρετῆς φθονοῦντες ἀθλίοις θεοὶ βροτοῖς.

C. B. S.

782 εἶέν γ', Ἴαρβα, τοῦδ' ἑνὸς πεπραγμένου
νέμω μόνον σέγ' ἄξιον τοὐμοῦ πόθου·
χωρεῖτε νῦν ἕκαστος ἔκτοποι δόμων.
σὺν τοῖσδ', Ἐλίσσα, μνήμασιν φλέγου δέμας,
πάντη δὲ κλεινὸς Αἰνέας ἀκούσεται
ἐπίορκος ὢν καὶ τῆσδε βασιλίδος φονεύς.
ἰδοὺ ξίφος τόδ' ἔσθ', ὅπερ σπάσας ποτε
σκοτίων ὑπ' ἄντρων πίστον ὤμοσεν λέχος·
σὲ πρῶθ' ὑπαίθω· σοῦ γ' ἁμαρτία πλέον.
καὶ μὴν ἰδοὺ τὸ φᾶρος, οὐφόρει τότε
ἐς γαῖαν ἐμβάς· καὶ σέ γ' ἀπόλεσθαι λέγω.
ἐπιστολάς τε κἀπίορκα γράμματα
πάντ' αἰθαλώσει πῦρ τόδ' ἔντιμον φλογί.
καὶ νῦν, θεοί, νέμοντες ἀστέρων ἕδη
πάνθ', ᾗ δοκεῖ, κραίνοντες, εἰ καὶ δεῖ γένος
ἄπιστον ἐς γῆν Ἰτάλων πάντως μολεῖν,
οἴκων δότ' ἀλλὰ μήποθ' ἡσύχων τυχεῖν·
κἀκ τῆσδ' ὁ νικῶν ἐξανασταίη σποδοῦ,
δόλων ἀλάστωρ βασιλικῶν θ' ὑβρισμάτων,
ἄρεος ἀρότροις ὃς τεμεῖ κείνου χθόνα.

J. G. L.

786 *ADRIANA VAN MERESTYN TO PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE*

Oh never vex thy heart for that;
nor think of me so all unworthily,
nor fancy for me fears I have not. No,
I'll follow thee through sunshine and through storm;
I will be with thee in thy weal and woe,
in thy afflictions should they fall upon thee,
in thy temptations when bad men beset thee,
in all the perils which must now press round thee,
and, should they crush thee, in the hour of death.
If thy ambition, late aroused, was that
which pushed thee on this perilous adventure,
then *I* will be ambitious too,—if not,
and it was thy ill fortune drove thee to it,
then I will be unfortunate no less.
I will resemble thee in that and all things
wherein a woman may: grave will I be
and thoughtful, for already is it gone—
God's blessing on my earlier years bestowed,
the clear contentment of a heart at ease.

H. TAYLOR

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786 ἔα μὲν οὖν τοιαῦτα· μὴ στρέβλου κέαρ,
μηδ' ὧδ' ἄγαν μ' ἄτιζε, φροντίδων πλαναῖς
δοκῶν φοβεῖσθαί μ' ὄντας οὐδαμοῦ φόβους·
ἐν εὐδίᾳ γάρ, εἴτε χειμάζει θεός,
ὀπισθόπους μέτειμι, καὶ θάλλοντά σε
καὶ δυστυχοῦντα, σαμμετρουμένη δυαῖς
χαρᾷ θ' ὁμοίως· εἴτ' ἐπισκήψει βλάβη,
εἴτ' ἐχθρὸς ἥξει πεῖραν ἁρπάσων σέθεν,

786 * * * * *

εἰ μὴ τὸ πρόσθεν ἀλλὰ νῦν τάδ' ἐξερῶ.
ἦ μὴν παρέσομαι συμπαραστάτης ἐγὼ
ἤν τ' οὖν δυσόμβρως ἤν τ' εὐημερῶς ἔχῃς,
τὰ μέν, κακῶς ὅταν τὰ δαίμονος ῥέπῃ,
τὰ δ' αὖ παρ' ἀνδρῶν ἐκδίκως πειρωμένων·
πάντων δ' ὅσ' ἐστὶν ἐμποδὼν κοινώσομαι,
κεἰ χρὴ θανεῖν ξυνοῦσα τῷ θανουμένῳ.
εἰ μὲν νόσος τις ἀρτίως πειστηρία
μέγα φρονοῦντ' ἐς τόνδε μόχθον ἤγαγεν,
κἀγὼ φρονήσω τηλικοῦτον, εἰ δὲ μή,
ἀλλ' ἡ κακή σε πρὸς τόδ' ἤλασεν τύχη,
κἀγὼ θέλω σοι δυστυχοῦντι δυστυχεῖν·
τὰ πάντα σοὶ γὰρ ἐμφερὴς γενήσομαι,
αἰχμὴν ὅσον γε τὴν γυναικείαν πρέπει,
σεμνήν τε γὰρ δὴ καὶ μετωποσώφρονα
ὄψιν μετοίσω, καὶ γὰρ οἴχεται πάλαι
τὸ τῆς τεκούσης σύμφυτον μητρὸς γέρας,
λέγω δὲ φαιδροὺς καὶ φιληδόνους τρόπους.

J. Y. S.

εἶθ', ἥνπερ εἰκός, ἄρκυν εἰσπεσεῖ τάχα,
εἶθ' αἱρεθείς ποτ' αἰνέσεις ἤδη θανεῖν·
νῦν δ' εἰ νέορτός ἐστιν εὐκλείας ἔρως
ὃ δή σε πείσας τόνδ' ἀναῤῥίψαι κύβον,
ἔρωτ' ἐρῶ τὸν αὐτόν· εἰ δὲ μή, τὸ δὲ
σὸν δυστυχὲς κατεσχέ σ' ὥστε πλημμελεῖν,
οὐχ ἧσσον ἥδε δυστυχῶς βιώσεται·
ὡς ἔν τε τούτοις, κεἰ γυναικὸς ἐν μέρει
ἄλλ' ἐστί, σοῖς τρόποισιν εἰκασθήσομαι.
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H. C. G. M.

790 ARKAS—IPHIGENIA

A. Priestess, with speed conclude the sacrifice!
impatiently the king and people wait.
I. I had perform'd my duty and thy will,
had not an unforeseen impediment
the execution of my purpose thwarted.
A. What is it that obstructs the king's commands?
I. Chance, which from mortals will not brook control.
A. Possess me with the reason, that with speed
I may inform the king, who hath decreed
the death of both.
I. The gods have not decreed it.
The elder of these men doth bear the guilt
of kindred murder; on his steps attend
the dread Eumenides. They seiz'd their prey
within the inner fane, polluting thus
the holy sanctuary. I hasten now,
together with my virgin-train, to bathe
Diana's image in the sea, and there
with solemn rites its purity restore.
Let none presume our silent march to follow!

791 *A.* This hindrance to the monarch I'll announce!
do not commence the rite till he permit.
I. The priestess interferes alone in this.
A. An incident so strange the king should know.
I. Here, nor his counsel nor command avails.
A. Oft are the great consulted out of form.
I. Do not insist on what I must refuse.
A. E'en now 'tis not too late to change thy mind.
I. To do so is alas beyond our power.

790 ΑΡΚΑΣ—ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

Α. πόρσυνε θᾶσσον, ἱερία, τὰ θύματα.
ἄναξ τε γὰρ πάρεστι σύν θ' ὁ πᾶς λεώς.
Ι. ἑκοῦσά σοι τ' ἂν κοιράνῳ τ' ἐπειθόμην,
εἰ μή τι κώλυμ' ἔκ τινος θείας τύχης
ἀπροσδόκητον εἶργε μὴ δρᾶσαι τάδε.
Α. τί τοὐμπόδιζον τάς γ' ἄνακτος ἐντολάς;
Ι. τύχη τις, ἧς οὐδείς γε τῶν θνητῶν κρατεῖ.
Α. δήλωσον ἥτις, ὡς ἀπαγγείλω τάχα·
ἐπεὶ δέδοκται τοῦτο τῷ ξένῳ θανεῖν.
Ι. ἀλλ' οὐ δέδοκται τοῦτο τοῖς θεοῖσί πω.
ὁ πρόσθε γεννηθεὶς γὰρ αἰτίαν ἔχει
βαρεῖαν αἷμ' ὅμαιμον ἐκχέαι πέδῳ·
τοίγαρ λοχῶσί νιν θεῶν Ἐρινύες,
κἀν τοῖσδε ναοῖς ἀγρίᾳ ληφθεὶς νόσῳ
δεινῶς ἐσείεθ', ὥστε τῇ παρουσίᾳ
τἀνδρὸς μίασμ' ἔχρανεν ἄστειπτον μυχόν.
ξὺν παρθένοις οὖν ταῖς ἐμαῖς κάτειμ', ἵνα
θεᾶς βρέτας λούσασα ποντίας δρόσου
ἱροῖς καθαρμοῖς δεινὸν ἁγνίσω μύσος.
ὁδὸν δ' ἐρήμην δεῖ πέλειν κατασκόπων.

791 Α. ἀλλ' οὖν τὸ κώλυμ' ὡς τάχιστ' ἀπαγγελῶν
ἄπειμι βασιλεῖ τοῦτο· μὴ κάταρχε δὲ
σὺ τῶν καθαρμῶν, πρίν γ' ἂν ἐντείλῃ Θόας.
Ι. μόνην τά γ' ἄρρηθ' ἱερίαν πρέπει τελεῖν.
Α. τἀπροσδόκητα δ' εἰδέναι τοὺς κρείσσονας.
Ι. ἀλλ' οὖν ποιητέ' εἴτε φησὶν εἴτε μή.
Α. πρόφασιν ἐρωτᾶν τὸν κρατοῦντ' οὐδὲν βλάβος.
Ι. μή τοί μ' ἃ μὴ δεῖ ξυμπονεῖν ἀναγκάσῃς.
Α. πρὸς καιρόν, οἶμαι, νοῦν μεταλλάξεις ἔτι.
Ι. μὴ προσδοκήσῃς· καὶ γὰρ οὖν ἀνήνυτα.

A. What thou wouldst shun, thou deem'st it impossible.
I. Thy wish doth make thee deem it possible.
A. Wilt thou so calmly venture everything?
I. My fate I have committed to the gods.
A. The gods are wont to save by human means.
I. By their appointment every thing is done.
A. Believe me all doth now depend on thee.
I. Shake not my spirit, which thou canst not bend.

A. SWANWICK *from Goethe*

794 *THE EXAMPLE OF KINGS*

A duty well discharged is never followed
by sad repentance; nor did your highness ever
make payment of the debt you owed her better
than in your late reproofs, not of her, but
those crimes that made her worthy of reproof.
The most remarkable point in which kings differ
from private men, is that they not alone
stand bound to be in themselves innocent,
but that all such as are allied to them
in nearness or dependance by their care
should be free from suspicion of all crime.

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791 A. *ἄνακτι τοῦθ᾽ ὅγ᾽ ἐμποδὼν ἀπαγγελῶ·*
μὴ σύ γε κατάρχου θυμάτων κείνου δίχα.
I. *καὶ μὴν τοσοῦτό γ᾽ ἱερίας μόνης γέρας.*
A. *ὅμως δὲ χρὴ τὰ καίν᾽ ἄνακτά γ᾽ εἰδέναι.*
I. *ἐν τῷδέ γ᾽ οὐ βουλαῖσιν, οὐ κύρει σθένει.*
A. *δεῖ γοῦν ἐρωτᾶν κοιράνους λόγου χάριν.*
I. *μὴ λιπάρει δῆθ᾽, ἅττ᾽ ἀναίνεσθαί με χρή.*
A. *καὶ νῦν μεταγνοῦσ᾽ ὀψέ περ κρείττω, φρόνει.*
I. *οἴμοι τόδ᾽ εἶπες δυνάμεως γ᾽ ἐμῆς πέρα.*

A. οἴει γὰρ οὐκ ἀνύσθ' ἅ σοι πόνον φέρει.
I. σὺ δ' οὖν ἀνυστά γ', ἐλπίσιν πλανώμενος.
A. ὡς πάντα δὴ ῥίψουσα κίνδυνον λέγεις;
I. κεῖσθαι γὰρ οἶδα πάντα θεῶν ἐν γούνασιν.
A. σώζουσιν οὗτοι τοὺς ξυνέρδοντας βροτῶν.
I. τοίγαρ κράτιστον δρᾶν ἃ σημαίνουσί μοι.
A. ἐν σοὶ δὲ κεῖται πάνθ' ἃ βουλεύεις ποιεῖν.
I. μή μοι μάτην γυναικὸς ἐκπλήξῃς φρένα,
ἐπεί σφε τοῖς σοῖς οὐ σθένεις πείθειν λόγοις.

T. KOCK, *A. S.* 1861

794 ἀλλ' οὔτε τοὐφειλόμενον, ἣν τίσῃ τις εὖ,
θέμις τελευτᾶν ἐς μετάγνοιαν πικράν.
σὺ δ' οὐκ ἔτισας εὐσεβέστερον χρέος
πρὸς τὴν τεκοῦσαν ἢ τανῦν ὀνείδισας
αὐτὴν μὲν οὐχί, τὰς δ' ἁμαρτίας καθ' ἃς
ὄνειδος ὦφλε· τῇδε γὰρ τοῦ δημότου
ἄναξ διαφέρει πλεῖστον, οὕνεκ' οὐ μόνον
αὐτὸν καθ' αὑτὸν δεῖ φρέν' ἀβλαβῆ τρέφειν,
ἀλλ' εὐλαβεῖσθαι τοὺς προσήκοντας γένους
ἄγχισθ' ὑπ' ἀρχῆς ἢ σεσωσμένους, ὅπως
μηδεὶς ὀφλήσει μηδ' ὑποψίαν ψόγου·

A. ὃ δή συ φεύγεις, τοῦτό γ' ἀδύνατον νέμεις.
I. σὺ δ' αὖ τοιοῦτο δυνατόν, οὗ βούλει τυχεῖν.
A. ἆρ' οὖν ἕκηλος ὧδε παραβαλεῖ τὸ πᾶν;
I. πέποιθα γὰρ θεῷ· τἀμὰ κρινέτω θεός.
A. βροτούς γ' ἔσωσε χὡ θεὸς βροτῶν διά.
I. καὶ μὴν ὑπ' αὐτῶν πάντα πράττεσθαι φιλεῖ.
A. πίστευσον οὖν σὺ πάντ' ἀπηρτῆσθαι σέθεν.
I. μάτην ταράσσεις οὐδαμῶς γνάμψων γ' ἐμέ.

J. G. L.

And you have reaped a double benefit
from this last great act; first, in the restraint
of her lost pleasures you remove the example
from others of the like licentiousness;
then, when 'tis known that your severity
extended to your mother, who dares hope for
the least indulgence or connivance in
the easiest slips that may prove dangerous
to you or to the kingdom?

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

796 *AN OLD MAN—ROSS*

Old M. Three score and ten I can remember well:
within the volume of which time I have seen
hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,

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796 Γ. ἐγὼ μὲν ἑξήκοντα καὶ δέχ' ἡλίου
τροπὰς κατεῖδον, δεινά τ' ἐν μέσῳ χρόνῳ
θαυμαστά τ' ἔργα· τήνδε δ' εὐφρόνην πάρα
ἅπαντα τἄλλα λῆρος.

Ρ. οὐχ ὁρᾶς, γέρον,
ἃ νῦν ταραχθεὶς φοινίῳ βροτῶν γένει
αἰθὴρ ἀπειλεῖ; νὺξ γὰρ ἐν μεσημβρίᾳ
μέλαιν' ἀπάγχει τὴν ὁδοιπόρον φλόγα.
ἢ νὺξ κρατεῖ τόδ'; ἢ πρόσωπον ἡμέρας
αἰδὼς σκότῳ 'τύμβευσεν, εὖτέ νιν κύσαι
προσῆκεν ἁγνὸν φῶς;

Γ. Ὑπερφυῆ μὲν οὖν,

τὸ δ' ὕστατον τόδ' ἐξαμᾷς διπλῆν χάριν
γενναῖον ἔρξας· πρῶτα μὲν τήνδ' ἡδονῶν
αἰσχρῶν ἀπείρξας ἐμποδὼν ἀπήλασας
παράδειγμα τοῦ μὴ ταῦτα μιμεῖσθαί τινα
ἄκοσμ' ὀνείδη· τοῦτο δ', ἤν τις ἐκμάθῃ
σκοποῦντ' ἀκριβῶς καὶ τὰ τῆς μητρός, τίς ἂν
ἔτ' ἐλπίσαι σύγγνοιαν ἡντινοῦν ἔχειν
καὶ τἀλάχιστα σφάλματ', οἷα σοὶ ταχ' ἂν
κίνδυνον εὑρεῖν τῇ τε σῇ τυραννίδι;

796 Γ. ἐγὼ μὲν ἑξήκοντα καὶ δέχ' ἡλίου
κύκλους ἐσεῖδον, ὥστε τηλικοῦτος ὢν
δεινῶν κάτοιδα θαυμάτων ἐπιστροφάς,
λῃρεῖ δὲ τἄλλα πάντα πρὸς τήνδ' εὐφρόνην.
Ρ. Ἄριστε πρέσβυ· πρὸς τὸν οὐρανὸν βλέπε,
ὃς δυσχεραίνων τἀνθάδ' ἐξειργασμένα
βροτῶν ἐπηπείλησε φοινίῳ γένει·
ἤδη γὰρ οἶσθα κλεψύδραν σκοπουμένῳ

ὁμοῖα τοῖς πραχθεῖσι. καί τιν' ἄρτι δὴ
κίρκον μέσον κατ' αἰθέρ' αἰωρούμενον
γλαῦξ εὐτελὴς μάρψασ' ὄνυξιν ὤλεσεν.
Ρ. πῶλοί τ' ἄνακτος, οὐδ' ἀπιστῆσαί σε χρή,
καλοί, ποδάρκεις, ἄνθος ἔκκριτον γένους,
ἔξω σταθμῶν ἔρρηξαν ἠγριωμένοι,
ὀργῇ τ' ἐχώρουν πρὸς βίαν πειθαρχίας,
ὥσπερ ξὺν ἀνθρώποισιν ἄψοντες μάχην.

C. R. K.

and yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
that darkness does the face of earth entomb,
when living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last
a falcon, towering in her pride of place,
was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and killed.

Ross. And Duncan's horses—a thing most strange and certain—
beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
war with mankind.

W. SHAKESPEARE

797 *TIMON OF ATHENS TO THE BANDITTI*

Yet thanks I must you con,
that you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
in holier shapes: for there is boundless theft
in limited professions. Rascal thieves,
here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
and so 'scape hanging; trust not the physician;
his antidotes are poison, and he slays
more than you rob; take wealth and lives together;
do villany, do, since you protest to do't,
like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:
the sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
and her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
the sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
the moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
that feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

γένοιτ' ἂν ἦμαρ, ἡ μελαμβάθης δ' ὅμως
πορευτὸν ἠμαύρωσε λαμπάδ' εὐφρόνη.
εἴτ' οὖν κρατεῖ νὺξ εἴτ' ἄρ' αἰδεῖται φάος,
σκότους κνεφαῖον εἶμα τυμβεύει χθόνα,
ὃν προσκύσαι προσῆκε φαιδρωπὸν σέλας.
Γ. ὥσπερ τὸ ῥεχθέν, καὶ τόδ' ἐσθ' ὑπερφυές.
ἱέρακα πρῴην ὕψόσ' αἰωρούμενον
μάρψασα γλαῦξ τις ὤλεσεν μυοκτόνος,
Ρ. ἵπποι δ' ἄνακτος, θαῦμα μὲν σαφὲς δ' ὅμως,
καλοὶ ποδωκεῖς, ἄνθος ἔκκριτον γένους,
ἔξω φατνῶν ἔρρηξαν ἠγριωμένοι,
εἰκῇ δ' ἔθυον πρὸς βίαν πειθαρχίας,
βροτοῖς ἅπασιν ὡς ξυνάψοντες μάχην.

797 δεῖ μήν τιν' ἀλλὰ τοῦδέ μ' εἰδέναι χάριν,
εἴ γ' ἐμφανῶς φωρᾶτε μήτ' ἐφ' ἁρπαγῇ
ευσχημονεῖτε· μυριοπληθεῖς γὰρ οὖν
τεχνῶν ἕπονται ταῖσί γ' ἐννόμοις κλοπαί.
ὅδ', ὦ πανοῦργοι, χρυσός· ἔρρετ', ἀμπέλου
αἷμ' ὀξὺ κάρτ' ἐκπίνεθ', ὥστ' ἀκμῇ φλογὸς
ζέοντα πέλανον ἐξαφρίζεσθαι φλεβῶν,
ἄιδου κρεμαστοῦ μῆχος· ἰατρῷ δ' ὅπως
πείσεσθε μηδέν· ὀλοὰ γὰρ τὰ φάρμακα,
κτείνει δὲ πλείους ὧν σὺ χρημάτων στερεῖς.
ἴθ', ὅνπερ ὄλβου καὶ βίου νοσφίζετε,
σοφῶς τ', ἐπειδὴ τοῦτ' ἐπαγγέλλεσθε δρᾶν,
σοφῶς πανουργεῖτ'· ἴδετε, δεῖγμ' ἐρῶ κλοπῆς·
κλοπεὺς ὁ Φοῖβος, ὅς γ' ἅλ' ἄσπετον πολὺς
ἕλκων μαραίνει· ταὐτὸ δ' οὐκ ὀφλισκάνει
Φοίβου σελήνη χλωρὸν ἁρπάζουσα φῶς;
κλέπτει δὲ πόντος ἁλμυρὸν μήνης δάκρυ
τήκων ὑγρῷ κλύδωνι· τῷ δὲ δρῶσ' ἴσον
γῆ παντόφυρτον κλέμμα παγκοίνου σκατὸς

from general excrement; each thing's a thief;
the laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
have uncheck'd theft.

W. SHAKESPEARE

800 *THE LOVER'S PLEA*

Why striv'st thou to be gone?
why should'st thou so desire to be alone?
thy cheek is never fair when none is by:
for what is red and white but to the eye?
and for that cause the heavens are dark at night,
because all creatures close their weary sight:
for there's no mortal can so early rise,
but still the morning waits upon his eyes.
The early rising and soon-singing lark
can never chant her sweet notes in the dark;
for sleep she ne'er so little or so long,
yet still the morning will attend her song.
All creatures that beneath bright Cynthia be,
have appetite unto society:
the overflowing waves would have a bound
within the confines of the spacious ground,
and all their shady currents would be placed
in hollow of the solitary vast,
but that they loathe to let their soft streams sing
where none can hear their gentle murmuring.

F. BEAUMONT

804 *LADY MACBETH—MACBETH*

L. M. Why, worthy thane,
you do unbend your noble strength, to think
so brainsickly of things. Go, get some water,
and wash this filthy witness from your hand.

κυεῖ ῥοφοῦσα· κοὐδὲν ἔσθ' ὁποῖον οὐ
κλέπτει· νόμοι γοῦν, ὧν σὺ μάστιγος κλύεις,
οὗτοι καπηλεύουσιν αὐθαδῆ κλοπήν.

R. C. J.

800 *τί δῆτ' ὑποσπῶσ' ἔφθασας φυγῇ πόδα;*
πέπτωκεν ἔς σε τίς μοναυλίας ἔρως,
ᾖ μηδενὸς πάροντος οὐχ ἡβᾷ γένυς;
τί γὰρ τὸ κάλλος, πλὴν ἐν ὄμμασιν μόνον;
φιλεῖ δ' ὁ λαμπρὸς ἀμφιβάλλεσθαι σκότον
νύκτωρ Ὄλυμπος, πάντα γὰρ νύκτωρ φυτὰ
πόνοις δαμέντα βλέφαρα κοιμίζειν ὕπνῳ·
κοὐκ ἐστ' ἐγερθεὶς ὅστις ὧδ' ἑώθινος
εὐνοῦχον ἔφθασ' οὔποθ' ἡλίου σέλας.
ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἂν ἡ χορηγὶς οἰωνῶν χοροῦ
κορυδαλλὶς ὕμνον ἐκχέοι κατ' εὐφρόνην,
βαιὸν γὰρ εἴτε δαρὸν εὐδούσῃ χρόνον
Φοῖβος ξυνίστωρ ἐξέχει μελῳδίας.
ἦ μὴν σελήνης πᾶσιν οὓς ἄρδει φάος
ὁμιλία τίς ἐστιν ἧς ἱμείρομεν·
τί γάρ; θάλασσαν, ἔξοχον πλημμυρίδων,
κρύψει' ἂν Ἅιδης νέρθεν ἐν κοιλῇ χθονί,
ῥοαί θ' ὅσαι ῥέουσι μήτερ' εἰς ἅλα
μυχοῖς ἐν ὀρφναίοις ἂν εἰργνύοι Χάος·
ἀλλ' οὐ θέλουσιν ὑγρὸν αἱ κρῆναι μέλος
κλύζειν ἀνήκουστ' ἐν βροτῶν ἐρημίᾳ.

F. W. H. M.

804 Α. *χαλᾷς γεραιὲ κοίραν', οὐδ' ἐστὶν πάνυ*
πρὸς εὐγενείας σῆς κακοσπλάγχνως φρονεῖν·
ἀλλ', ἄντομαί σε, νίπτρ' ἰὼν σαυτῷ λαβέ,
κἄκλουε τοῦτο μιαρὸν ἐκ χερῶν τέκμαρ.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
they must lie there: go, carry them; and smear
the sleepy grooms with blood.

M. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
look on 't again I dare not.

L. M. Infirm of purpose!
give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
that fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
for it must seem their guilt.

M. Whence is that knocking!
how is't with me, when every noise appals me?
what hands are here? ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
the multitudinous seas incarnadine,
making the green one red.

W. SHAKESPEARE

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804 A. ὦναξ φέριστε, τῇδ᾽ ἄγαν δυσθυμίᾳ
λύειν ἔοικας εὐγενὲς τὸ σὸν μένος.
νῦν δ᾽ ἐκποδὼν ἄφερπε χερνίβας τέ που
ζήτει, δυσάγνων τῶνδ᾽ ἄκος τεκμηρίων.
τί δῆτα φάσγαν᾽ ἐξεκίνησας τάδε;
ἐκεῖ σφε μίμνειν χρή· σὺ δ᾽ ἄψορρος μολὼν
αἶρ᾽ αὐτά, θᾶσσον αἶρε, προσπόλοις δ᾽ ὅπως
αἷμ᾽ ἐξομόρξεις κώμασιν παρειμένοις.
M. οὐκ εἶμ᾽ ἔτ᾽ αὖθις· τῶν γὰρ ἐξειργασμένων
μνησθεὶς πέφρικα, κοὐδ᾽ ἔτ᾽ ἂν τλαίην ὁρᾶν.
A. ὦ λῆμ᾽ ἄβουλον· ἀλλὰ νῦν πάρες γ᾽ ἐμοί.
ὁμῶς γὰρ οἵ θ᾽ εὕδοντες οἵ θ᾽ ὑπὸ χθονὸς
ἀλίγκιοι γραφαῖσι· νηπίων τόδε

τί τὰς μαχαίρας ἐκ δόμων ξυνήγαγες;
αὐτοῦ μένειν χρή· τὰς δὲ προσλαβὼν ἴθι,
ὀπάονάς θ' αἵμασσε συγκοιμωμένους.
Μ. μὴ δῆτα· τοὔργον θυμὸς ὀρρωδεῖ σκοπῶν,
κἄτολμός εἰμι πάλιν ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς ἰδεῖν.
Α. ὦ κουφόνουν φρόνημα, δεῦρ' ἔγχη δίδου.
ὁ γὰρ καθεύδων χὡ θανὼν γραφαῖς μόνον
εἴξασι· παιδός ἐστι μιλτωθὲν δάκος
φρίσσειν· ἐγὼ δ' εἰ φονολιβής ἐστιν νέκυς
βάψω πρόσωπα τῶν ὀπαόνων φόνῳ,
τούτων γὰρ εἶναι τἄργα φαίνεσθαι χρεών.
Μ. ψόφος τίς οὗτος; καὶ τί πᾶς κτύπος φρένα
σείει, ταράσσει; τίς χερῶν ὁμιλία
πάρεστιν, ὄμματ' ἐξαμᾶν δοκοῦσ' ἐμά;
ἆ, ἆ. ἦ τοῦ μεγίστου πᾶς Ποσειδῶνος πόρος
ἐμῶν μίασμα τοὖθ' ἀφαιρήσει χερῶν;
οὐ δῆτα· μᾶλλον χειρὶ τὴν ἄμετρον ἅλα
καθαιματώσω τῇδε, καὶ γλαυκὸν σάλος
φοινικοβάπτοις ἀνθίσω κλυδωνίοις.

W. B.

ταρβεῖν ματαῖα φασμάτων ποικίλματα.
εἰ δ' αἷματ' ἐκρήξειεν, ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ χερὶ
χραίνειν δέδοκται προσπόλων παρηΐδας.
σαφῶς δ' ἐκείνων τοὔργον ὂν φανήσεται.
M. τίς πρὸς πύλαισι; ποῦ ποτ' εἰμὶ δὴ φρενῶν
οὕτως ἅπασιν ἐκπεπληγμένος κτύποις;
τίνες ποθ' αἵδε χεῖρες ὀφθαλμώρυχοι;
ἆρ' ἂν μέγιστον πᾶν Ποσειδῶνος σθένος
νίψαι καθάρμῳ δεξιᾶς κηλῖδ' ἐμῆς;
οὐκ ἔστι ταῦτ', οὐκ ἔστιν· ἥδε χεὶρ μὲν οὖν
ἀνηρίθμους κλυδῶνας αἱμάξει σάλου
φοινικόβαπτον θεῖσα τὴν γλαυκὴν ἅλα.

F. St. J. T.

811 *THESEUS AND THE SUPPLIANT QUEENS*

‘I wrecche, which that wepe and waylle thus,
was whilom wyf to kyng Capaneus,
that starf at Thebes, cursed be that day;
and alle we that ben in this array,
and maken all this lamentacioun,
we leften alle oure housbondes at the toun,
while that the sege ther aboute lay.
And yet now the olde Creon, welaway!
that lord is now of Thebes the citee,
fulfilde of ire and of iniquité,
he for despyt, and for his tyrannye,
to don the deede bodyes a vilonye,
of alle oure lordes, which that ben i-slawe,
hath alle the bodies on a heep y-drawe,
and wol not suffren hem by noon assent
nother to be y-buried, nor y-brent,
but maketh houndes ete hem in despite.’
And with that word, withoute more respite,
they fillen gruf, and criden pitously
‘Have on us wrecched wimmen som mercy,
and lat our sorwe synken in thyn herte.’

G. CHAUCER

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811 ‘ἐγὼ μὲν ἡ θρηνοῦσα καὶ κεκλαυμένη
ἀνακτὸς ἦν τὸ πρόσθε Καπάνεως γυνή,
τοῦ κατθανόντος ἀμφὶ Θηβαίων πόλιν,
ὁ δ’ αὖ γυναικῶν τῶνδ’ ὁμόπτερος στόλος,
πένθει πρέπουσαι καὶ βαρυστόνοις γόοις,
Κάδμου παρ’ ἄστει τοὺς πόσεις ἐκλείπομεν,
πύργοις τόθ’ ὡς προσῆτο δήιος στρατός.
οὐκοῦν Κρέων ὁ πρέσβυς, ὦ τάλαιν’ ἐγώ,
ὁ νῦν παρ’ αὑτῷ πάντα τἀν Θήβαις κρατῶν,
τροποῖσιν ὠμοῖς ἐκδίκως θυμούμενος,

811 ‘ἐγὼ μὲν ἥτις τοῖσδε σὺν γόοις τύχην
κλάω τάλαινα, Καπανέως τὸ πρὶν γυνὴ
ἔφυν ἄνακτος· ὅς ποτ᾽ ἐν Θήβαις πεσὼν
χηράν μ᾽ ἔθηκε φέγγος ἔχθιστον βλέπειν.
αὗται δὲ πᾶσαι τοῦδε σύννομοι στόλου
αἳ νῦν ὀδυρμοὺς ἐνθάδ᾽ ἐξεγείρομεν
ἀνδρῶν ἐκείνῃ πρὸς πόλει τητώμεθα,
ἕως ἔτ᾽ εἶχε γαῖαν Ἀργείων στρατός.
νῦν δ᾽ αὖ Κρέων γεραιὸς ὃς Θηβῶν κράτη
εἴληχεν ὀργῆς κἀθέου γνώμης πλέως,
οὗτος πρὸς ὕβριν καὶ τυραννικοῖς τρόποις
πόσεων θανόντων ἧμιν αἰκίζει νεκροὺς
σύμπαντας εἰς ἓν ἁλίσας· οὐδ᾽ οὖν ἐᾷ
τούτους κτερίζειν, οὐ πυρᾷ καῦσαί τινα,
ἀτάφους πρὸς ὕβριν ἐκβαλὼν κυσὶν βοράν.’
κἂν τῷδ᾽ ὁ θῆλυς πᾶς ἀνοιμώξας λεὼς
παραυτίκ᾽ οἶκτον ὀξυκώκυτον βοᾷ
‘ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς τὰς τρισαθλίας τύχης
καὶ σοὶ πρὸς ἧπαρ θιγγάνῃ πένθος τόδε.’

C. B. S.

τοῖς μηκέτ᾽ οὖσιν ὕβριν ὑβρίζων κενήν,
ἐχθροῖσί τ᾽ ἐχθρῶς ταῦτα λωβᾶσθαι δοκῶν,
πάντων ὅσοι τότ᾽ ἀθλίως ἐκεῖ ᾽πεσον
ἡμῶν ἀγείρας συζύγων νεκροὺς ἔχει,
καὶ μήτε καῦσιν μήτ᾽ ἀναίρεσιν θέλει
δοῦναί τιν᾽, ἀλλὰ θηρσὶν ἁρπαγὴν ἐᾶν.’
κἄπειτα τούτου καταπεπαυμέναι λόγου
εὐθὺς πᾶσαι τότ᾽ προσπίτνουσ᾽, οἰκτρῶς ἰδεῖν,
βοᾷ δ᾽ ἑκάστη ‘πρός σ᾽ ὁ φίλτατον νέμεις,
οἴκτειρε συμπόνει τε ταῖς δυσαθλίοις.’

J. Y. S.

814 *GIACOMO AWAITING THE NEWS OF HIS FATHER'S MURDER*

Thou unreplenished lamp, whose narrow fire
is shaken by the wind, and on whose edge
devouring darkness hovers! Thou small flame,
which, as a dying pulse rises and falls,
still flickerest up and down, how very soon,
did I not feed thee, would'st thou fail and be
as thou hadst never been! So wastes and sinks
even now, perhaps, the life that kindled mine:
but that no power can fill with vital oil
that broken lamp of flesh. Ha! 'tis the blood
which fed these veins that ebbs till all is cold:
it is the form that moulded mine, that sinks
into the white and yellow spasms of death;
it is the soul by which mine was arrayed
in God's immortal likeness which now stands
naked before Heaven's judgment-seat!—One! Two!
the hours crawl on: and when my hairs are white
my son will then perhaps be waiting thus,
tortured between just hate and vain remorse;
chiding the tardy messenger of news
like those which I expect.

P. B. SHELLEY

821 *THEODOSIUS TO HIS EUNUCHS*

I will put off
that majesty of which you think I have
nor use nor feeling; and in arguing with you,
convince you with strong proofs of common reason,
and not with absolute power, against which, wretches,

814 ὦ λύχν' ἐλαίου ξηρέ, σὴν ἀκμὴν πυρὸς
λεπταὶ πνοαὶ δονοῦσιν, ἀμπίσχει τε σὲ
σκότος πέριξ ἄπληστος αἰωρούμενος·
σμικρά τε ῥιπῇ τ' αἰόλῃ φθίνουσα φλόξ,
ὡς αἷμα δυσθνῆσκόν τι συρίγγων βάδην,
εἰ μὴ τρέφων νιν διετέλουν, οὐκ ἐς μακρὰν
ἔσβηκ' ἄν, ἐς τὸ μηδὲν ἠμαυρωμένη.
οὕτω μὲν ἤδη ξυμμέτροις ἴσως ῥοπαῖς
μαραίνεταί μοι φωσφόρος βίου βίος,
κείνῳ δ' ἅπαξ ῥαγέντι σαρκίνῳ λύχνῳ
τίς ἐστ' ἔλαιον οὐγχέων φυτάλμιον;
ἰού ἰού. τὸ τὰς φλέβας τάσδ' αἷμα θερμῆνάν ποτε
νῦν αὖ δρόμημα πήγνυται παλίσσυτον,
μορφή τε, μορφῆς τῆς ἐμῆς τύπος, πίτνει
ἐς λευκόχλωρα θανάσιμα σπαράγματα·
ψυχή θ', ὑφ' ἧσπερ αὐτὸς ἐνδέδυκ' ἐγὼ
εἴκασμ' ἀθάνατον, θνητὸς ἄνθρωπος, Θεοῦ,
γυμνὴ παροῦσα κρίνεται τὴν ὑστάτην.
ὥραν γε μέντοι καιρίαν ἕλκει χρόνος.
ἦ μὴν ἔθ' οὑμὸς λευκότριχος υἱὸς πατρὸς
κἄμ' ἀμμενεῖ ποθ', ὧδε διαφορούμενος
ἔχθρας δικαίου κὠδύνης ἀνωφελοῦς,
ψέγων ποθεινῶν ἀγγέλους ἐπῶν βραδεῖς,
τούσδ' οἷα κἄγωγ'· ἀλλὰ βουλοίμην γὰρ ἂν
σχεδόν τι θρηνεῖν ζῶντα κοὐ τεθνηκότα
ὅμως, μέγιστα καίπερ ἠδικημένος.

W. O. C.

821 γέρας τόδ' ἐκδύς, οὗ γ' ἔχειν ὑμῖν δοκῶ
ἀπόλαυσιν οὔτ' αἴσθησιν, οὐ σθένει κράτους
δείξαιμ' ἄν, ᾧπερ οὐδὲν ἀντειπεῖν χρέων
ὑμᾶς, μάταια θρέμματ', ἀλλ' ἐν οἷς ἐρῶ
τοροῖσι σημείοισι προσφύσας λόγου.
τοὐμὸν γὰρ ἔργον χειρός, οὓς τὰ πλεῖστ' ἐγὼ

you are not to dispute. Dare you, that are
my creatures, by my prodigal favours fashioned,
presuming on the nearness of your service,
set off with my familiar acceptance,
condemn my obsequiousness to the wise directions
of an incomparable sister, whom all parts
of our world, that are made happy in the knowledge
of her perfections, with wonder gaze on?
And yet you, that were only born to eat
the blessings of our mother earth, that are
distant but one degree from beasts, (since slaves
can claim no larger privilege,) that know
no further than your sensual appetites,
or wanton lusts have taught you, undertake
to give your sovereign laws to follow that
your ignorance marks out to him!

P. MASSINGER

825 *FERDINAND—MIRANDA—PROSPERO*

Fer. This is strange; your father 's in some passion
that works him strongly.
Mir. Never till this day
saw I him touched with anger so distempered.
Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
as if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
as I foretold you, were all spirits, and
are melted into air, into thin air:
and, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
the cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
the solemn temples, the great globe itself,
yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
and, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
leave not a wreck behind. We are such stuff
as dreams are made on; and our little life

εὖ δρῶν τεχνῶμαι, πῶς ψέγειν τολμᾶτέ με,
πίσυνοι λατρεύματ᾽ ὄντες εἰ παρίζετε
τῷδ᾽ ἀνδρὶ κοινῆς τ᾽ ἠξίωσθ᾽ ὁμιλίας,
κλύονθ᾽ ἅ μοι παρῄνεσ᾽ ἡ χείρων τίνος
σοφῶς ἀδελφή, τοῖσί γ᾽ ὀλβίως φρενῶν
κάλλος μαθοῦσι θαῦμ᾽ ἅπασιν εἰσορᾶν;
καίτοι πεφυκότες γὰρ οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν
ἃ γαῖα μήτηρ ἄφθονον φέρει δόσιν
φαγεῖν κεχώρισθ᾽ οὐκ ἄγαν θηρῶν (τί γὰρ
κομπεῖ τὸ δοῦλον τοῦδ᾽ ὑπέρτερον γέρας;)
πλέον τ᾽ ἐπίστασθ᾽ οὐδὲν ὧν χρεία τροφῆς
ὁρμαί τ᾽ ἀσελγεῖς προὐδίδαξαν, ἆρ᾽ ὅμως
τοίοιδ᾽ ἔτλητ᾽ ἄνακτι προστάσσειν ὅσα
ὑμεῖς ὑφηγεῖσθ᾽ ἀμαθίᾳ μωρᾶς φρενός;

Φ. *ἆρ᾽, ὦ φίλη, θαυμαστόν, ὡς πάλαι πατὴρ*
λυπρῶς ἄδηλον δή τι καλχαίνει στύγος;
Μ. *οὔτοι πάρος νιν εἶδον ὧδ᾽ ὀργῇ βαρύν.*
Π. *ἀδημονεῖς μέν, ὡς ἔοικας, ὦ ξένε,*
καί πως θέα σ᾽ ἔθραξεν· ἀλλά μοι, τέκνον,
θάρσει, τόδ᾽ ἡμῖν παιγνίων ἥκει τέλος·
οἱ δ᾽, ὡς προεῖπον, δραμάτων ὑπήρεται
ἐμῶν, ἔχοντες ἄσκοπον θείαν φύσιν,
ἐς πνεῦμα κοῦφον ἠφανίσθησαν πάλιν.
καὶ δῆθ᾽ ὁμοῖα τοῦδε φάσματος χλιδῇ,
δόξαν μάτην τεύχοντος, ἀστρογείτονες
πύργοι τε πάγχρυσοί τε κοιράνων δόμοι
καὶ σεμνὰ θεῶν ἱδρύματ᾽, ἄσπετός τε γῆ
ξὺν πᾶσι τοῖς νέμουσιν ἐκτριβήσεται.
καὶ τοῖσδ᾽ ἀμαυροῖς ἐμφερῆ μορφώμασιν

is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vexed;
bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
be not disturbed with my infirmity:
if you be pleased, retire into my cell,
and there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
to still my beating mind.

W. SHAKESPEARE

832 *WORCESTER—HOTSPUR—NORTHUMBERLAND*

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more!
and now I will unclasp a secret book,
and to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
as full of peril and adventurous spirit
as to o'er-walk a current roaring loud
on the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
Hot. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
send danger from the east unto the west,
so honour cross it from the north to south,
and let them grapple: O, the blood more stirs
to rouse a lion than to start a hare!
North. Imagination of some great exploit
drives him beyond the bounds of patience.
Hot. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap,
to pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
or dive into the bottom of the deep,
where fathom-line could never touch the ground
and pluck up drowned honour by the locks;
so he that doth redeem her thence might wear
without corrival all her dignities:
but out upon this half-faced fellowship!

W. SHAKESPEARE

ἅπαξ μαρανθέντ᾽ οὐδ᾽ ἴχνος τί που φανεῖ.
ἰὼ βρότεια πράγμαθ᾽, ὡς, ὀνειράτων
ἀλίγκιοι μορφαῖσι, τὸν βραχὺν βίον
τελοῦντες, οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν κοίτης ἄπο
σμικρὸν χρόνον βλέψαντες αὖ κοιμώμεθα.

* * * * * *

L. C.

832 Υ. *οὐ σῖγ᾽ ἀνέξει· μηδ᾽ ἐφυμνήσεις τάδε;*
δέλτου δ᾽ ἀνοίξας ὡς ἀπορρήτους πτυχὰς
πικρᾶς ὑπ᾽ ὀργῆς μανθάνειν φθάνοντί σοι
μελαμβαθές τι πρᾶγος ἐξηγήσομαι,
θερμοῦ θ᾽ ὁμοίως κἀπικινδύνου θράσους
ὥσπερ χάρυβδιν εἰ γεφυρώσας ἴοις
ἀκροσφαλῆ πρὸς δόρατι πορθμεύων πόδα.
Θ. *ἴτω γ᾽ ὁ πίπτων· νεῖν γὰρ ἢ θανεῖν ἀκμή·*
σούσθω μὲν οὖν ὕπαστρον εἴ τι δύσχιμον,
διηνεκῆ γ᾽ ἀνταῖον εἰς εὐδοξίαν,
τὼ δ᾽ οὖν ἁμιλλάσθωσαν· ὡς ἀνεπτόμην
λέοντ᾽ ἐγείρων μᾶλλον ἢ φοβῶν πτάκα.
Ν. *ἔοικεν ἁνὴρ ἔνθεος λαμπροῦ τινὸς*
ἔργου φέρεσθαι μηδὲ σωφρονεῖν ἔτι.
Θ. *ὦ θεοί, τόδ᾽ ὡς πήδημ᾽ ἂν εὐχερῶς δοκῶ*
πηδῶν σελήνης ἁρπάσαι τ᾽ εὐδοξίαν
χρυσῶπ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἀργυρῶπος, ἔς τε ποντίους
βυθοὺς κολυμβῶν ἔνθα μὴ κέλσει στάθμη
πλοκάμων κατακλυσθεῖσαν ἀγρεῦσαι λαβών,
ἐφ᾽ ᾧ τὸν ἐκσώσαντα τὴν παμπησίαν
τιμῆς ἔρημον τοῦ μεθέξοντος φορεῖν·
ἡ δ᾽ ἀμφίλεκτος ἐρρέτω κοινωνία.

R. C. J.

833 *PULCHERIA—TIMANTUS—CHRYSAPIUS*

Pul. Still in his sullen mood? no intermission
of his melancholy fit?
Tim. It rather, madam,
increases than grows less.
Pul. Did he take
no rest, as you could guess?
Chr. Not any, madam.
Like a Numidian lion, by the cunning
of the desperate huntsman taken in a toil
and forced into a spacious cage, he walks
about his chamber; we might hear him gnash
his teeth in rage, which open'd, hollow groans
and murmurs issued from his lips, like winds
imprison'd in the caverns of the earth
striving for liberty: and sometimes throwing
his body on his bed, then on the ground,
and with such violence, that we more than fear'd,
and still do, if the tempest of his passions
by your wisdom be not laid, he will commit
some outrage on himself.

P. MASSINGER

837 *BASSANIO—SHYLOCK—ANTONIO*

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
to excuse the current of thy cruelty.
Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.
Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?
Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?
Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.
Shy. What, would'st thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
you may as well go stand upon the beach,
and bid the main flood bate his usual height;

833 Π. ἆρ' ὄμμ' ἔτι σκύθρωπος οὐδὲ παῦλά πω
νόσου ματαίας; Τ. αὔξεται γάρ, ὦ γύναι,
νόσημα μᾶλλον ἢ καταφθίνει φρενός.
Π. οὐδ' ὕπνος αὐτὸν ἔλαβεν, ὡς ἐπεικάσαι;
ΧΡ. οὐ δῆτ', ἐπεί τις ὡς λιβυστικὸς λέων
σοφῶς ἀγρευθεὶς δικτύων ἐν ἄρκυσιν
βίᾳ τ' ἐν ἕρκους περιβόλῳ κεκλῃσμένος
κοίτην διέρπει· κἀγκότως κλύειν παρῆν
ὀδόντας ὡς ἔβρυκε, κἀξ ἀνεῳγμένων
κένους ὑπεστέναζε χείλεων γόους,
στέναγμα δεινόν, οἷα πνεύματ' ἐν χθόνος
μυχοῖσιν ἐγκρυφθέντα, κἆσθ' ὅτ' ἐς λέχος
ῥίπτει βιαίως, ἄλλοτ' ἐς πέδον δέμας.
φόβος δὲ νῦν τε καὶ τότ' ἢ πέρα φόβου,
ἣν μὴ θύελλαν κοιμίσῃς σοφῇ φρένι,
μή πού τι δεινὸν κεῖνος αὐτοχεὶρ πάθῃ.

837 Β. ὦ λῆμ' ἄτεγκτον, τοῦτο δ' οὐδὲν ὂν λέγεις
ὅπως τις ὠμοῖς σοῖς τρόποις ξυγγνώσεται.
Σ. ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἀναγκὴ σοὶ δοκεῖν καλῶς λέγειν.
Β. ἂν γὰρ στυγῇ τις, ταῦτα καὶ κτείνειν φιλεῖ;
Σ. ἦ ταῦτα γὰρ στυγεῖ τις, ἂν κτείνειν ὀκνοῖ;
Β. ἀλλ' οὐκ ἔφυ στύγημα πᾶσ' ἁμαρτία.
Σ. τί δ'; ἦ μενεῖς ἔχιδναν ὡς δίκῃ σε δίς;
Α. πρὸς θεῶν Ἑβραίῳ γ' ἀνδρὶ μὴ σαυτὸν λάθῃς
λόγους ξυνάπτων· εὖ τάδ' ἐννοεῖν σε δεῖ·
οὐκ ἂν ματάζοις μᾶλλον, εἰ στήσας πόδα
ἀκτὴν παρ' αὐτὴν πόντιον κλυδώνιον
ὕψους κελεύσαις μή 's τοσόνδ' ἐλθεῖν ἔτι,

you may as well use question with the wolf,
why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
you may as well forbid the mountain pines
to wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
when they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
you may as well do any thing most hard,
as seek to soften that (than which what 's harder?)
his Jewish heart.

W. SHAKESPEARE

840 *MANOAH*

Come, come; no time for lamentation now
nor much more cause; Samson hath quit himself
like Samson, and heroicly hath finished
a life heroic, on his enemies
fully revenged; hath left them years of mourning,
and lamentation to the sons of Caphtor,
through all Philistian bounds; to Israel
honour hath left and freedom, let but them
find courage to lay hold on this occasion;
to himself and father's house eternal fame;
and, which is best and happiest yet, all this
with God not parted from him, as was feared,
but favouring and assisting to the end.
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail

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840 *ἄγετε δή, καιρὸς γὰρ οὐκέτ' οὐδὲ δεῖ θρηνῳδίας,*
τοῖα γὰρ δέδρακε Σάμψων οἷα καὶ Σάμψων' ἐχρῆν,
ζῶν τε καὶ θνῄσκων ἀγαστός· οὐδὲ τῆς τιμωρίας
ἀποτυχὼν κατ' οὐδέν, ἕν γε τῶν Φιλιστίνων ὅροις
πολυετεῖς ἔθηκεν ἄτας τῷ γένει τοῦ Κάπτορος,
τοῖσι δ' Ἑβραίοισι δόξαν καὶ πόνων ἀπαλλαγήν,
μή νυν ἀποτυχοῦσι καιροῦ δειλίας ἡσσημένοις·

οὐδ' εἰ λόγοισιν ἐξελέγξειας λύκον,
ἀρνῶν τί δῆτ' ἔθηκε μηκάσιν πόθον;
οὐδ' εἴ γ' ὀρεστεραῖσι μὴ σείειν κάρα
πεύκαις ἐπισκήψειας, ἀλλὰ σῖγ' ἔχειν
δυσχειμέροις ῥιπαῖσιν ἠρεθισμέναις.
οὐδ' εἰ πονοῖς τι τῶν μάλιστ' ἀμηχάνων,
ἢ μαλθακίζειν τήνδ' Ἰουδαίου θέλων
φρέν', ἧς τί δὴ πέφυκε πετρωδέστερον;

ἀλλ' οὐ γόων γὰρ καιρὸς οὐδὲ δεῖ τανῦν
θρήνων· τοιαῦτ' ἔδρασε Σάμψωνος βία
ἐπάξι' αὐτοῦ, τοῖς τε πρὶν δεδραμένοις
ἴσωσε τέρμα τοῦ βίου πεσὼν καλῶς.
ἐχθροῖς μὲν οὐδὲν ἐνδεὲς τιμωρίας,
κλαυθμῶν δὲ χρονίων πλῆθος οἴχεται λιπὼν
πένθος θ' ὅσοιπερ Κάπτορος φύντες γένους
Φιλιστίας γῆς ἐσχάτους ναίουσ' ὅρους,
ἡμῖν δὲ δόξαν καὶ πόνων ἀπαλλαγὴν
καιροῦ γε μὴ σφαλεῖσι δειλίας ὕπο,
αὐτῷ δὲ καὶ τοῖς οἷσιν εὔκλειαν τρίτον
κλέος τ' ἀείζων· ὃ δέ γε κρεῖσσόν ἐστ' ἔτι
μάλιστά τ' εὐκτόν, οὐ λελειμμένος Θεοῦ,
λαβὼν δ' ἄελπτον διὰ τέλους παραστάτην.
οὔκουν δακρύειν ἔργον, οὐδ' ἔχει γόους
στερνῶν τ' ἀραγμοὺς ταῦτά γ', οὐδὲ γὰρ κάκης

ἀμφὶ δ' αὐτόν, ἀμφὶ γένναν, εὖ γ' ἀείμνηστον κλέος·
ὃ δὲ κράτιστον, οὐκ ἀπόντος, τοῦτο δ' ἦν δεῖσαι, Θεοῦ.
αὐτὸς ἦν βοηθός, αὐτὸς διετέλει παραστατῶν.
τοισίδ' οὐ κλαυθμὸς προσήκει, στέρνα κοπτόντων γόοι,
οὐ γάρ ἐστ' ἄβληχρον οὐδέν, οὐδ' ἀτιμίας τυχόν·
πάγκαλ' ἧμιν εὖ θανόντος ταῦτ' ἔχει μειλίγματα.

or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
dispraise, or blame; nothing but well and fair,
and what may quiet us in a death so noble.
841 Let us go find the body where it lies
soaked in his enemies' blood, and from the stream
with lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
the clotted gore. I with what speed the while
will send for all my kindred, all my friends,
to fetch him hence, and solemnly attend,
with silent obsequy and funeral train,
home to his father's house. There will I build him
a monument, and plant it round with shade
of laurel ever-green, and branching palm,
with all his trophies hung, and acts inrolled
in copious legend, or sweet lyric song.
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
and from his memory inflame their breasts
to matchless valour and adventures high:
the virgins also shall, on feastful days,
visit his tomb with flowers, only bewailing,
his lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
from whence captivity and loss of eyes.

J. MILTON

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841 δεῖ δὲ κείμενον τὸ σῶμα καὶ μυδῶν ἐχθρῶν φόνῳ
ἐκματεύσαντας, ῥοαῖσι καὶ φυτοῖς καθαρσίοις
αἷμα δὴ τὸ συμπεπηγὸς ἐκβαλεῖν διαρρύδην.
ἐν δὲ τῷδ', ὡς οὐκ ἐχόντων τῶνδε κωλύειν ἔτι,
ὡς τάχιστα τοὺς φίλους τε τούς τε συγγενεῖς ἐγὼ
τοῦτο μώμενος συνάξω· τὸν νέκυν κομιστέον
ἐς τὰ πατρός, εὐσταλές τε καὶ σιωπηλὸν γέρας
προσλαβεῖν κτερίσματ'· αὐτὸς καὶ δάφνης ἀειθαλοῦς
περὶ πυκασθέν, εὐκόμῳ τε πλάτανος ἣν φέρει σκιᾷ,
θήσομαι μνημεῖον, ἔν τε καὶ τρόπαι' ἐνημμένα,

ἔνεστιν οὐδὲν οὐδ' ἐπάξιον ψόγου
φλαῦρόν τε, πῶς γάρ; εὖ μὲν οὖν τε καὶ καλῶς
πεσόντα στέργετ' ἄνδρα, τῆς λύπης ἄκος.
841 *τί δ' οὐκ ἰόντες τὸν νέκυν ματεύομεν*
ἐχθρῶν φόνῳ μυδῶντα καὶ προκείμενον,
νασμοῖσι δ' ἁγνοῖς καὶ καθαρσίῳ ποᾳ
τὸν αἱματηρὸν πέλανον ἐξομόργνυμεν;
ἐν τῷδε δ' αὐτὸς πᾶσι τοῖς πρὸς αἵματος
φίλοις τε πᾶσι σημανῶ κεῖθεν φέρειν
σεμνῇ τε πατρὸς ἐς δόμους εὐφημίᾳ
πομπαῖς τε κηδείοισι σῶμα βαστάσαι.
ἱδρύσομαι δὲ μνῆμα τἀνδρὶ λάϊνον
δάφνῃ τε χλωρᾷ καὶ κλάδοισιν εὐκόμου
κατάσκιον φοίνικος, ἐν δ' ὑπὲρ τάφου
τρόπαια πήξω πάντα, τἄργα δ' εὐλύροις
ᾠδαῖς γεγραμμέν' εἴτε πολυεπεῖ λόγῳ.
ἐκεῖσε πᾶς τις εἶσιν ἄλκιμος νέων,
κεῖνον θ' ὅσ' ἠρίστευσε τὸν θρασὺν νοῶν
ὁμοῖα καὐτὸς ἔργα δρᾶν ὁρμήσεται
ἀρετῆς ἐραστής, ἐν δ' ἑορταῖσίν ποτε
αἱ παρθένοι στέψουσιν ἄνθεσιν τάφον,
τὸν πάντ' ἄριστον τἄλλα δ' εὐτυχηκότα
πλὴν δυσγάμων σφαλέντα κλαίουσαι γάμων,
ἅλωσιν ἐχθροῖς κωμμάτων διαφθοράν.

ED.

ἔργα τ' ἂν τὰ πάντα γράψαιμ' εἴτε πολυεπεῖ λόγῳ,
εἴτ' ἐν εὐλύροισιν ᾠδαῖς· ἐν δὲ τῷ λοιπῷ χρόνῳ
πᾶς νεός τις ἄλκιμός τε, τῇδ' ὃς ἂν φοιτῶν κυρῇ,
τάδε νοῶν, ἐπ' ἔργα φαίδιμ' ἔξοχόν τ' εὐθαρσίαν
μᾶλλον εἶσ' ἀναπτερωθείς· ἐν δ' ἑορταῖσίν ποτε
τὸν τάφον στέψουσιν ἀνθέων παρθένοι δωρήμασι,
κακόποτμον μόνον στένουσαι δυσγάμου γάμου μόρον,
δουλίων ἀρχὰς ὀδυρμῶν, ὀμμάτων τ' ἐφθαρμένων.

GEORGIVS BARO LYTTELTON, *A.S.* 1867

842 THE OFFICE OF LOVE

And when the dead by cruel tyrant's spite
lie out to ravenous birds and beasts exposed,
his yearnful heart pitying that wretched sight
in seemly graves their weary flesh enclosed,
and strewed with dainty flowers the lowly hearse;
then all alone the last words did rehearse,
bidding them softly sleep in his sad sighing verse.

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842 εἶθ' ὡς νεκρός τις ἐκ βίας τυραννικῆς
ὠμοῖς κέοιτο θηρσὶν οἰωνοῖς θ' ἕλωρ,
κατοικτίσας νιν εἰσιδεῖν ᾐκισμένον
ἔθαπτεν ἀνὴρ εὐπρεπῶς καμὸν δέμας,
στείλας ταπεινὰ σήματ' ἀνθηρῷ γάνει
αὐτὸς καθ' αὑτὸν κἀφαγιστεύσας ἃ χρὴ
ἔθελγεν ὕπνους ᾄσμασιν πολυστόνοις.
οὕτω τύραννος ἀγρίαν Θήβην κόρη
λαθοῦσα καὶ Κρέοντος αὐθαδῆ χόλον
οἴκου τάφου τε φυγάδ' ὁμόσπλαγχνον κάσιν
μόνη κατεσκίαζε παγκοίνῳ κόνει·
τέως γὰρ ἡ νὺξ ἐν μελαμφαεῖ σκότῳ
ἑκοῦσ' ἑκοῦσαν ἀσφαλῶς ἔκρυπτέ νιν·
ἡ δ' ὡς ἄπειρος οὖσα μαλθακῇ χερὶ
μόλις δίκελλαν ἦξε καὶ γενῄδα·
ἀλλ' οὐχ ἱδρῶτος ᾔσθετ', οὐδ' ἀχθηδόνων
ἔργου πρὶν ἐξέπλησε τὴν κατασκαφήν·
ἔπειτ' ἐπεψάκαζεν ὄμμα συννεφὲς
οὐλαῖσι κἀξώμορξεν αἱμακτὴν ὕβριν·
πλευρᾷ δὲ προσπίτνουσα φοινίᾳ θαμὰ
ἐπεστέναξεν 'εἰ γὰρ ὤφελον σέθεν
ὑπερθανεῖν ἢ σοὶ θανόντι συνθανεῖν.'

H. J.

842 ἐπεὶ δ' ἐν ὕβρει βασιλέων ὠμῇ νεκροὶ
θηρῶν ἐδεστοὶ καὶ πρὸς οἰωνῶν λαβρῶν

842 *κεἴ που τυράννων ὠμόφρων ὕβρις νέκρους*
ῥίψειεν ὠμοῖς θηρσὶν οἰωνοῖς θ' ἕλωρ,
πολλῇ ξὺν αἰδοῖ πικρὸν ὄμμ' ἐποικτίσας
τῶν πολλὰ τλάντων σώματ' ὤγκωσεν τάφῳ,
ἐξαιρέτοισι τύμβον ἄνθεσιν στέφων,
καθ' ὑστάτους ἀφῆκε κωκυτῶν γόους
αὐτὸς καθ' αὑτὸν δυσθρόῳ θρηνῳδίᾳ
εὐναῖς ἐφυμνῶν ἡσυχῶς κουμωμένων.

πέσοιεν, οἰκτρὰ τάδε φιλοικτίρμων φρένας
ὁρῶν, καμόντα σώματ' εὐπρεπεῖ τάφῳ
ἔκρυπτε καὶ τὸ φαῦλον ἀνθηρεῖ χλιδῇ
τύμβευμ' ἔπασσεν, ὑστάτους ὑμνῶν λόγους,
ᾠδαῖς γοεδναῖς πενθίμοις τε προσκαλῶν
ὕπνον στεγάζειν μαλθακοῖς κοιμήμασιν.
οὕτω ποτ' ἠπάτησε βασιλικὴ κόρη
Θήβας ἀρείας, κεὶ τάδ' αὐθάδης Κρέων
ὑβριστικῶς ἀπεῖργε, τόν θ' αὑτῆς κάσιν
τὸν γῆς πατρῴας καὶ τάφου 'στερημένον,
νυκτὸς φίλῳ φίλ' ἔργα σῳζούσης σκότῳ,
κόνει κτερίζει, πανδόκῳ καλύμματι.
καὶ τὰς ἀήθεις μαλθακὰς γυνὴ χέρας
τρύχει δικέλλῃ δυσπόνῳ γενῇδί τε.
ὅμως δ' ἱδρῶτος οὖσ' ἀναίσθητός τ' ὄτλου
ἐπόνει μὲν ἔστε πάντ' ἐφήγνισεν τάφον,
ὄμβρον δ' ἀμαυρῶν δὴ τότ' ὀφθαλμῶν ἄπο
τρωθέντι δεύει, πορφυρᾶν νίψουσά που
'Ερινύος κηλῖδα, δύσνιπτον βαφήν·
πεσοῦσα δ' ἐς πέσημα μυρίοις βοᾷ
γόοισιν 'ὡς γὰρ ὤφελον τὴν σὴν χάριν
θανεῖν, κασίγνητ', ἢ θανόντι συνθανεῖν.

M. C. CULLINAN, *A. S.* 1867

So once that royal maid fierce Thebes beguiled,
though wilful Creon proudly did forbid her,
her brother, from his home and tomb exiled,
(while willing night in darkness safely hid her)
she lowly laid in Earth's all covering shade:
her dainty hands (not used to such a trade)
she with a mattock toils, and with a weary spade.
Yet feels she neither sweat nor irksome pain,
till now his grave was fully finishéd;
then on his wounds her cloudy eyes 'gin rain,
to wash the guilt painted in bloody red:
and falling down upon his goréd side,
with hundred varied 'plaints she often cry'd,
'Oh, had I died for thee, or with thee might have died!'

P. FLETCHER

845 *FOREST HYMN*

My heart is awed within me, when I think
of the great miracle that still goes on
in silence round me—the perpetual work
of the creation, finished, yet renewed
for ever. Written on thy works I read
the lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again
how on the faltering footsteps of decay
youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth
in all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
wave not less proudly that their ancestors
moulder beneath them. Oh! there is not lost
one of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
after the flight of untold centuries,
the freshness of her far beginning lies
and yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
of his arch-enemy Death—yea, seats himself

οὕτω δὲ Θήβας βασιλικὴ κλέπτει κόρη
ὠμοῦ βίᾳ Κρέοντος ἀντειρηκότος,
ἥτις πατρῴων τὸν κασίγνητον τάφων
καὶ πόλεος ἐκριφθέντα (νὺξ γὰρ ἀσφαλῆ
σκότῳ σφ' ἑκοῦσ' ἔκρυπτεν) εὐσεβῶς χθονὸς
σκίᾳ περιστέλλει νιν ἐν περιπτυχεῖ,
ἁβρᾷ τε χειρὶ τῶνδ' ἄπειρος ἐργμάτων
αὐτὴ δικέλλης καὶ γενῆδος ἅπτεται·
οὐ μὴν ἱδρῶτος, οὐ πόνων ἐγεύσατο,
πρὶν πᾶς ἐπλήσθη μόχθος· εἶτα δυσχίμῳ
βάψασα τραύματ' ὀμμάτων πλημμυρίδι
ἔτεγγεν ὡς λούσουσα φοίνιον μύσος,
κἄπειτα πλευραῖς περιπεσοῦσ' ᾑμαγμέναις
φίλως προσεῖπε μυρίοις οἰμώγμασιν
'ἢ ξυνθανεῖν χρῆν ἢ θανεῖν ὑπὲρ σέθεν.'

845 *φόβῳ πέπαλται καρδία μεμνημένῳ*
σιγῇ τόδ' οἷον θαῦμ' ἀεὶ περαίνεται
πάσης δι' αἴας· οὐ γὰρ ἐξειργασμένων
ἔληξεν ἔργων θεός, ἐκαίνωσεν δ' ἀεί·
ὅτοις χαρακτὴρ φανερὸς ἐμπέφυκ' ἀφ' ἧς
ἔγνωκα κεῖνον ὡς δι' αἰώνων μενεῖ.
ἰδοῦ φθίνει μὲν πάντα κἄθανεν τάχος·
ἰδοῦ δ' ἔτ' αὖθις, χωλὸν ἰχνεύει μόρον
ἥβη γέροντα, κοὔποτ' οὐ καλὴ καλὰ
τίκτουσα χαίρει. μὴ δρυῶν γένη κόμας
ἔσεισεν ἧσσον, εἰ τὰ πρὶν σήπει κάτω;
φροῦδον μὲν οὐδὲν ὧν καλῶν ἔφυσε γῆ·
ἀλλ' ἡνίκ' ἤδη μύριος προὔβη χρόνος,
ἐκ τῆσδε κόλπου τῆς παλαιφάτου χάρις
γεννήσεως ἔπνευσε, πνευσεῖται δ' ἔτι.
στυγοῦντι δ' ἄλλως ἐγγελᾷ ζωὴ μόρῳ,

upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
and of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
from thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

W. C. BRYANT

846 *JAILOR—MARIUS*

Ja. The high estate your lordship once did wield,
the many friends that fawn'd when fortune smil'd,
your great promotions and your mighty wealth,
these (were I Marius) would amate me so,
as loss of them would vex me more than death.
Ma. Is lordship then so great a bliss, my friend?
Ja. No title may compare with princely rule.
Ma. Are friends so faithful pledges of delight?
Ja. What better comforts than are faithful friends?
Ma. Is wealth a mean to lengthen life's content?
Ja. Where great possessions bide, what care can touch?
Ma. These stales of fortune are the common plagues
that still mislead the thoughts of simple men.
The shepherd swain, that 'midst his country cot
deludes his broken slumbers by his toil,
thinks lordship sweet, when care with lordship dwells.
The trustful man that builds on trothless vows,
whose simple thoughts are cross'd with scornful ways,
together weeps the loss of wealth and friend:
so lordship, friends, wealth, spring and perish fast,
where death alone yields happy life at last.

T. LODGE

ἥτις γ' ἐπ' αὐτοῖς τοῦ μάλ' ἐχθίστου θρόνοις
τυραννικοῖσιν ἡμένη, τύμβον λέγω,
ἐξ ὧν ἐνίκησ' οὐχθρός, ἔσχ' αὐτὴ τροφάς;
σοῦ γὰρ γεγῶσα παῖς ἀπήλλακται τέλους.

J. P.

846 ΔΗΜΙΟΣ—ΜΑΡΙΟΣ

Δ. ὃ πρίν ποτ' εἶχες ἀξιώμ' ὑπέρτατον,
οἵ τ' εὐτυχοῦντά σ' ἀμφὶ σαίνοντες φίλοι,
ἀρχαί τε μεγάλαι καὶ βάθος πλούτου τὸ σόν,
ταῦτ', ὦ κράτιστε, Μάριος εἴποτ' ἦν ἐγώ,
οὕτως ἂν ὤκνουν, ὥστ' ἂν ηὐχόμην θανεῖν
ἢ τῶνδ' ἁπάντων ζῆν ἀπεστερημένον.
Μ. ἆρ' οὖν κρατεῖν τοσοῦτος ὄλβος, ὦ φίλε;
Δ. οὐδέν ποτ' ὄνομα προσφερὲς τυραννίδι.
Μ. φίλοι δ' ἄρ' εἰσὶ χαρμονῆς πιστώματα;
Δ. πίστων φίλων τίς βελτέρα παραψυχή;
Μ. τοῦ ζῆν ἄρ' ὄλβος χάρμα μηκύνειν ἔχει;
Δ. πολλῶν μενόντων κτημάτων, δυνήσεται
τίς φροντὶς ἀνδρὸς θιγγάνειν;
Μ. πάγαι μὲν οὖν
τύχης πέφυκε ταῦτα, σύντροφον κακόν,
ἁπλῶν ἀεὶ πλανήματ' ἀνθρώπων φρεσίν·
ποιμὴν ἄγραυλος ὃς κατ' ἄγροικον δόμον
ὕπνους ἀΰπνους τῷ πόνῳ λυμαίνεται,
ἡδεῖαν ἀρχὴν οἴεται, μάλ' ἀγνοῶν
ὁθούνεκ' ἀρχῇ σύμφυτος φροντὶς πέλει.
εὐχαῖσι κιβδήλοισιν ἐρριζωμένος
ἀνὴρ ὁ πιθανὸς τοῖς ὑπερκόποις τρόποις
ἁπλαῖς μεριμναῖς ἀντίοισι χρώμενος,
φροῦδον δακρύει πλοῦτον ἠδ' ὁμοῦ φίλους·
οὕτω μὲν ἀρχὴ καὶ φίλοι καὶ χρήματα
βλαστόντ' ἀπέφθιτ' εὐθέως ἅπανθ', ὅπου
εὐδαιμόνως ζῆν θάνατος ἐσφέρει μόνος.

G. B.

848 *ACHATES—VENUS—ÆNEAS*

Ach. The air is pleasant, and the soil most fit
for cities, and society's supports;
yet much I marvel that I cannot find
no steps of men imprinted in the earth.—
Ven. Ho, young men! saw you, as you came,
any of all my sisters wandering here,
having a quiver girded to her side,
and clothed in a spotted leopard's skin?
Æn. I neither saw nor heard of any such.
But what may I, fair virgin, call your name,
whose looks set forth no mortal form to view,
nor speech bewrays aught human in thy birth?
Thou art a goddess that delud'st our eyes,
and shroud'st thy beauty in this borrowed shape:
but whether thou the Sun's bright sister be,
or one of chaste Diana's fellow-nymphs,
live happy in the height of all content,
and lighten our extremes with this one boon,
as to instruct us under what good heaven
we breathe as now, and what this world is call'd
on which by tempests' fury we are cast.

C. MARLOWE

852 *DEGREE*

Degree being vizarded,
the unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
observe degree, priority and place,
insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
office and custom, in all line of order;
and therefore is the glorious planet Sol

848 'ΑΧΑΤΗΣ—'ΑΦΡΟΔΙΤΗ—ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ

ΑΧ. *ἁβρὸς μὲν αἰθὴρ κἀπιτήδειον πέδον*
πόλεις ἐνοικεῖν δημοτῶν θ' ὁμιλίας·
ἓν δ' ὡς μάλιστ' ἐθαύμασ' ἐξευρὼν χθόνα
ἄστειπτον ἴχνους ἐγχαραχθέντος βροτοῖς.

ΑΦΡ. *οὗτοι, μολόντες εἴδετ', ὦ νεανίαι,*
ἀλωμένην τιν' ἐκ κασιγνήτων ἐμῶν,
χρυσῇ φαρέτρᾳ πλεῦρον ἐξηρτημένην,
ἐξημμένην τε παρδαλῆν στικτὸν χροός;

ΑΙΝ. *ἀλλ' οὐ τοιαύτην γ' εἶδον οὐδ' ἀκήκοα.*
ἀτὰρ τί τοὔνομ' ἄν σε, καλλίστη κόρη,
τύχοιμ' ἂν εἰπών; οὐ γάρ, ὡς μὲν εἰσορᾶν,
πρέπεις σύ γ' εἶδος θνητόν, οὐδ' ἐκ σπέρματος
οὔσης βροτείου φθέγμα σοῦ κατηγορεῖ.
θεὰ γὰρ εἶ λαθοῦσα, καλλιπάρθενον
μορφὴν δολώσασ' ἐν τρόποις πεπλασμένοις·
εἴτ' οὖν ἀδελφὴ παμφαὴς Φοίβου κλύεις,
εἴτ' αὖ τις ἁγνῆς 'Αρτέμιδος ὁμόστολος,
χαίροις ἂν εὐπραγοῦσα κἀς ὑπερβολήν,
χἃ πάσχομεν νῦν ἔσχατ' ἐσχάτων κακὰ
σμικρόν τι κουφίσασα, τοῦτ' ἔπος φράσον·
'τίς οὗτος αἰθὴρ ἧμιν ἀμπνοὰς βίου
πάρεσχε; τίς δὲ γῆ κεκλημένη κυρεῖ,
πρὸς ἣν κατηνέχθημεν ἀγρίῳ σάλῳ;'

J. L. H.

852 *ἀλλ' εὐγενοῦς γάρ, ὡς προσωπεῖον φορεῖ,*
πᾶς τις πανοῦργος οὐδὲν ἐνδεῶς πρέπει.
πόλος γὰρ αὐτὸς ἄστρα θ' ἡ 'ν μέσῳ τε γῆ
φρουρεῖν φιλοῦσιν ἐννόμως εὐταξίαν
ὥραν νόμισμα κόσμον οἰκεῖον χρέος.
πρὸς ταῦτά τοι τὸ λαμπρὸν ἡλίου σέλας
ἵζει φαεινὸν εἷς τις ἐκπρεπὴς θρόνον

in noble eminence enthroned and sphered
amidst the other: whose med'cinable eye
corrects the ill aspects of planets evil
and posts, like the commandment of a king,
sans check, to good and bad; but when the planets
in evil mixture to disorder wander,
what plagues and what portents! what mutiny!
what raging of the sea! shaking of earth!
commotion in the winds! frights, changes, horrors,
divert and crack, rend and deracinate
the unity and married calm of states
quite from their fixture! O, when degree is shaked
which is the ladder of all high designs,
the enterprise is sick.

W. SHAKESPEARE

859 *POLYPHONTES—MEROPE*

Pol. What mad bewilderment of grief is this?
Mer. *Thou* art bewildered: the sane head is mine.

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852 εἰ μὲν προσώπῳ κρύπτεται τιμή ποτε,
πτυχθείς τις αἰσχροποιὸς ᾔκασται καλῷ.
αὐτὸς γὰρ αἰθήρ, ἄστρα τ', ἐν μέσοις δὲ γῆ,
τιμὴν ἔχουσι καὶ σέβας γεραίτερον·
στάσεις δ' ἔχουσι καὶ δρόμους χώρων μέτρα,
νόμους τέλη τε κυρίαν κατὰ σταθμήν·
τοίγαρ τὸ χρυσοφεγγὲς ἡλίου σέλας,
θρόνοισιν οὐρανοῦχος ὑψίστοις θεός,
ἄστρων ἁπάντων ἔξοχος καθίζεται,
κύκλους τ' ἀπεχθεῖς, δυσπρόσοπτα φάσματα,
τρέπει παρ' οὐδὲν ὄμμασιν παιωνίοις.
χὤσπερ τυράννου ῥήματ' ἀγγάρου πυρὸς
αἰγλῇ κακοῖς τρέχουσα κἀγαθοῖς πρέπει.
ἀλλ' εὖτ' ἂν ἄστρα συγκεκραμέν' οὐ φίλως

ἄλλοις ἐν ἄστροις· οὗ κύκλος παιώνιος
ἐχθρῶν πρόσοψιν ἀστέρων ὀρθοῖ κακήν,
φαυλοῖς δὲ κἀγαθοῖσιν ἐντολῶν δίκην
τυραννικῶν ἐφῆκεν ἄγγαρον φλόγα.
ὅταν δὲ δὴ φοιτῶσιν ἐξ ἀκοσμίας
μάτην ἄτακτοι, λοιμός, ἔμφοβον τέρας,
στάσις ξύναιμος, οἰδμάτων λυσσήματα,
σεισμῷ ταραχθὲν οὖδας, ἄγριαι πνοαὶ
νεῖκος δύσοργον δειμάτων μορφώματα,
ὄλλυσιν αὐτόπρεμνον ἐξώλει φθορᾷ
λαῶν ἔκηλον συζύγων κατάστασιν
ἀνάστατον πρόρριζος· ὡσαύτως δὲ δὴ
τιμῆς, μεγίστων κλίμακος βουλευμάτων,
κινουμένης ἔπειτα συννοσεῖ τὸ πᾶν.

H. J.

859 ΠΟΛΥΦΟΝΤΗΣ—ΜΕΡΟΠΗ

Π. ἀλλ' ἦ μέμηνας, ὦ γύναι, λύπης ὕπο;
Μ. αὐτὸς σὺ μέντοι τοῦτο δρᾷς, φρονῶ δ' ἐγώ.

ἀκοσμία πλανῆτις ἐξ ὁδῶν τρέπῃ,
οἵας νόσους δὴ τέρατα τ', ἠδ' ἀναρχίαν
ὁρῶμεν, οἵαν ποντίου βυθοῦ ζάλην,
χθονός τε σεισμούς, κἀνέμων φυσήματα.
φύσεως τ' ἀμοιβαί, δεινὰ δειμάτων ἄχη,
εὔνοιαν ἀστῶν ἥσυχόν θ' ὁμιλίαν
διάστροφον κυκῶσι, καὶ πόλεις ἀεὶ
αὐτοῖς βάθροισι πρέμνοθεν διώλεσαν.
τιμῆς νοσούσης καὶ βίᾳ κινουμένης,
(κλῖμαξ μεγίστων ἧδε γὰρ βουλευμάτων),
νόσῳ τέτηκεν αὐτὰ τἀγχειρήματα.

BERNARDUS DRAKE, *A. S.* 1841

P. I pity thee and wish thee calmer mind.
M. Pity thyself; none needs compassion more.
P. Yet, oh! couldst thou but act as reason bids!
M. And in my turn I wish the same for thee.
P. All I could do to soothe thee has been tried.
M. For that, in this my warning, thou art paid.
P. Knowest thou then aught, that thus thou sound'st the alarm?
M. Thy crime: that were enough to make me fear.
P. My deed is of old date, and long atoned.
M. Atoned this very day, perhaps, it is.
P. My final victory proves the Gods appeased.
M. O victor, victor, trip not at the goal!
P. Hatred and passionate envy blind their eyes.
M. O heaven-abandoned wretch, that envies thee!
P. Thou hold'st so cheap, then, the Messenian crown?
M. I think on what the future hath in store.
P. To-day I reign: the rest I leave to Fate.
M. For Fate thou wait'st not long; since, in this hour—
P. What? for so far she hath not proved my foe—
M. Fate seals my lips and drags to ruin thee.

M. ARNOLD

874 *THE COUNTESS TERTSKY TO HER NIECE THEKLA, PRINCESS OF FRIEDLAND, WHO IS IN LOVE WITH MAX. PICCOLOMINI*

Coun. Thou seest it with a lovelorn maiden's eyes.
Cast thine eye round, bethink thee who thou art:

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874 δυσέρως τις ὥσπερ πάρθενος τάδ' εἰσορᾷς·
κύκλῳ δὲ βλέψον ἥτις εἶ μεμνημένη.
θαλίας γὰρ οὐχὶ δῶμα προσχωρεῖς τόδε,
οὐδ' αὖ γάμοισιν ηὗρες ἠγλαϊσμένα
τείχη προσελθοῦσ', οὐδὲ δαιταλεῖς στέφος
γαμήλιον φοροῦντας, οὐδὲ πλὴν ὅπλων

Π. ᾤκτειρά σʼ οἷ βέβηκας ἀθλία φρενῶν.
Μ. οἰκτρὸς γὰρ εἶ σύ· σαυτὸν οἰκτείρειν σʼ ἔδει.
Π. φεῦ, φεῦ· εἰ γὰρ μόνον σοι νοῦς γένοιτο σωφρονεῖν.
Μ. ἐγὼ δέ γʼ αὖ σοὶ τοῦτο ταὐτὸν εὔχομαι.
Π. κηλῶν φρένας σὰς οὐδὲν ἐς πλέον ποιῶ.
Μ. κείνων φρενοῦσα ταῦτά σʼ ἐκτίνω χάριν.
Π. εἰδώς τι φοβερὸν ὧδέ μʼ ἐκπλήττειν οἴει;
Μ. τὸ σὸν μίασμά γʼ· ἄξιον γὰρ οὖν φόβου.
Π. πάλαιʼ ἔλεξας καὶ πάλαι γʼ ἡγνισμένα.
Μ. αὐτῇ γέ που τῇδʼ ἐκτετισμένʼ ἡμέρᾳ.
Π. κρατῶ τελευτῶν, θεῶν ἔλεγχον εὐμενῶν.
Μ. κρατεῖς, κρατεῖς δῆτʼ, ἀλλὰ μὴ σφαλῇς ὅρα.
Π. μῖσος φθόνος τʼ ἔθηκεν οὐ δεδορκότας.
Μ. τοῖς σοῖς φθονεῖ τις; ὡς θεοστυγῆ λέγεις.
Π. οὕτω παρʼ οὐδὲν σκῆπτρα τῆσδε γῆς νέμεις;
Μ. τὸ μέλλον οἷπερ ἵξεται πάλαι νοῶ.
Π. τανῦν γʼ ἀνάσσω· τἄλλα τῇ μοίρᾳ νέμω.
Μ. ἥν γʼ οὐ μενεῖς σὺ δαρὸν, ἐμὲ γὰρ νῦν λέγει
Π. τί; δεῖρʼ ἀεὶ γοῦν ἵλεων ἔγνωκά νιν.
Μ. σιγᾶν τὰ πλείω καὶ σὲ πρὸς φθορὰν ἄγει.

ED.

874 δυσέρως τις οἷα πάρθενος σκοπεῖς τάδε·
ἀλλʼ εἶʼ ἄθρει σὺ πανταχῇ, μέμνησο δὲ

αἴγλη τίς ἐστιν· ἢ δοκεῖς σὺ μυρίων
πανήγυριν τήνδʼ ὧδʼ ἀθροισθῆναι, χορούς
μακροὺς ὅπως γάμοισιν ἱστῶσιν σέθεν;
πατρὸς μέτωπον φροντίδων πλέον βλέπεις,
λείβει δὲ τῆς σῆς μητρὸς ὄμμα δάκρυα,
ἐπὶ ξυροῦ δὲ τῶνδε δωμάτων μέγας

into no house of joyance hast thou stepped,
for no espousals dost thou find the walls
deck'd out, no guests the nuptial garland wearing.
Here is no splendour but of arms. Or think'st thou

ἕστηκε δαίμων. τοιγαροῦν σπεύδουσά τι
παῦσαι σὺ φαῦλον, καὶ νεάνιδος πρόσω
ῥίψον μερίμνας, λίσσομαι, δείξασά μοι
παῖς οὖσα τοῦ σθένοντος, ὃς κινῶν πόδα
ἔφηνεν ἤδη θαύματος κατάξια.
τὸ θῆλυ γὰρ πέφυκεν οὐχ αὑτῇ γένος,
ἀλλοτρίοις δὲ ξυγκατέζευκται πότμοις·
αὕτη δ' ἀρίστη καὶ σοφωτάτη γυνὴ
ἣ καὶ θυραῖα πράγμαθ' ὡς αὑτῆς φιλεῖ
οἰκεῖα θέσθαι, κεἰ βιάζεταί ποτε
τύχη προσελθοῦσ', οἶδεν ἰσχναίνειν μένος,
ὃν δ' αὖ φέρειν δεῖ πότμον εὖ μάλ' ἀσμένη
τρέφει λαβοῦσα μητρὸς εὐφιλοῦς δίκην.

P. F.

874 σὺ γὰρ βλέπεις τάδ' οἷ' ἐρῶσα πάρθενος·
κύκλῳ στρέφουσ' ὀφθαλμὸν ἥτις εἶ νόει·
οὐ γὰρ πατεῖς μέλαθρον ἡδονῆς γέμον,
οὐ νυμφικοῖς σοι τοῖχος ἔστεπται κλάδοις·
γαμβρὸς φορεῖ τίς στέφανον ὡς γαμουμένης;
πρέπει γὰρ οὐδὲν ἀγλάϊσμα πλὴν ὅπλων.
ἦ που χορεύειν σῶν χάριν νυμφευμάτων
οἱ μυρίοι δοκοῦσιν οἵδ' ἡλισμένοι;
ὅρα μὲν ὄμμα μητρὸς ὡς δακρυρροεῖ,
ὅρα δὲ πατέρα σὸν ξυνωφρυωμένον,
κεῖται γὰρ ὄλβος ἐν ῥοπῇ δόμων μέγας·
ἀνθ' ὧν μέθες μοι ταῦθ' ἃ νῦν μάτην φρονεῖς
πάλιν δικοῦσα παρθένειον ἵμερον.
ἐπεὶ οὐκέθ' αὑτῆς κυρία γυνή, πέδαις
ἣ μηκέτ' οἰκείαισιν ἔζευκται πότμου·

τίς οὖσ' ὅπου βέβηκας, οὐδὲ γὰρ χαρᾶς
σημεῖα τῇδέ γ'; οὐδ' ἐπ' ὑμεναίοις δόμους
κόσμοισιν εἶδες ποικίλοις ἠσκημένους,
οὐδ' ὧδε γαμβρὸς νυμφικὸν φορῶν στέφος

ἡ δ' αὖ κρατίστη, τήνδ' ἐγὼ σοφὴν καλῶ,
τἀλλότριον ὅστις οἶδεν οἰκεῖον κτίσαι,
αὐτή τ' ἀνάγκην ἀντιοστατοῦσ' ὅπλων
γυμνοῦν, τὸ μέλλον τλᾶσ' ἑκουσία μένειν,
στέργειν τε βαστάζουσα μητρώῳ πόθῳ.

874 τέκνον, τυφλῶν ταῦτ' εἰσορᾷς δι' ὀμμάτων
δυσέρωτος ὄψιν παρθένου· σκέψαι πέριξ,
φράσαι δὲ τίς πέφυκας· οὐχ ὑπὸ στέγην
ἥκεις ἑορτάζουσαν, οὐ λέκτρων χάριν
λάμπει κρεμαστὰ τείχεων ἀγάλματα,
οὐ νυμφικοῖς κλάδοισι θοινάτωρ πρέπει,
οὐδ' ἔστιν αἴγλη τῇδε πλὴν ὅπλων μόνον.
ἦ καὶ τοσόνδ' ἄθροισμα μυρίου στρατοῦ
ἡγεῖ χορεύσειν μακρὰ σοῖς νυμφεύμασιν;
ὁρᾷς πατρὸς μὲν ὄμμα φροντίδων πλέον
μητρὸς δ' ἀμαυρὰ βλέφαρα· πᾶς δ' ἐπὶ ξύρου
ἕστηκεν ἀκμῆς δωμάτων δαίμων μέγας.
ἀλλ' εἶα πᾶσαν παρθενεῖον ἐλπίδα
καὶ πᾶν ἀχρεῖον πάθος ἀπόρριψον πάλιν·
σήμηνον οἷα φῦσα τοῦ μεγασθένους
τοῦ δημιουργοῦ τῶν ὑπερφυῶν καλεῖ.
οὔτοι γυνὴ χρῆμ' ἄφετον ἀλλ' ἐζευγμένον
ἀλλοτρίαις μοίραισι, καλλίστην δὲ χρὴ
κείνην νομίζειν σωφρονεστάτην θ' ὅτῳ
θυραῖα θεῖναι ταῦτ' ἐν οἰκείοις πρέπει,
αὐτῇ τ' ἀπαντῆσαί τ' κἀπονοσφίσαι
ὅπλων ἀναγκὴν καὶ φιλοστόργῳ φρενὶ
ἅπαντα τἀπίοντα βαστάζειν ἀεί.

H. T.

that all these thousands are here congregated
to lead up the long dances at thy wedding?
Thou seest thy father's forehead full of thought,
thy mother's eye in tears: upon the balance
lies the great destiny of all our house.
Leave now the puny wish, the girlish feeling,
O thrust it far behind thee! Give thou proof,
thou'rt the daughter of the Mighty—his
who where he moves creates the wonderful.
Not to herself the woman must belong,
annexed and bound to alien destinies.
But she performs the best part, she the wisest,
who can transmute the alien into self;
meet and disarm necessity by choice,
and what must be, take freely to her heart,
and bear and foster it with mother's love.

876 *THEKLA*

I thank thee for the hint. It turns
my sad presentiment to certainty.

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876 δεχομένῃ, γύναι, προφωνεῖς· τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' οὑμοί ποτε
τῶν κακῶν προὐμνᾶτο γνώμη, νῦν κεκύρωται σαφῶς,
οὐδὲ γὰρ φίλος βέβαιος οὐδὲ συμπαραστάτης
ἐμμένει, μόνοι δ' ἀπ' ἄλλων ἐσμέν· ἆρ' ὀρθὸν γυνὴ
τοὔπος ἤνυσεν λέγουσα τοὺς παρόρνιθας γάμους
οὓς ξυνήψαμεν φιλοῦντε, κοὐ ξυνεστίαι δόμους
ἐλπίδες θάλπουσιν, ἀλλὰ δυσθρόου μάχης μόνον
ὄρνυται βαρεῖ' ἀϋτή, πρὸς δ' ἅμιλλαν αἵματος
ἐξίων ἐζώσατ' αὐτός, ὥσπερ ὁπλισθείς, Ἔρως.

ED.

διὰ μὲν μελάθρων στυγνὸς ἀλάστωρ
φοιτᾷ, μέλλει δ' ἡμᾶς ἄρδην
Μοῖρ' αἰφνιδίῳ

πάρεστιν, ἀλλὰ πλὴν στρατηγικῆς στολῆς
πάντων ἀλαμπῆ δώματ' ἀγλαϊσμάτων·
ἦ καὶ δοκεῖς ἄθροισμα τοῦτ' ἀστῶν φανέν,
ὡς μακρὸν ἅπτῃ σῶν χάριν γάμων χόρους·
ἆρ' ἔλαθέ σ' ὀφρῦν ξυννεφῶν στυγνὴν πατήρ,
μήτηρ δὲ τέγγουσ' ὄμματ'; ἴσθι γάρ, πρόπας
ῥοπῆς ὀχεῖται νῦν ἐπὶ σμικρᾶς δόμος·
ἀλλ' ἐλπίδ', ὦ παῖ, κουφόνουν λέγ' ἐκποδών,
ὄργην δὲ παρθένειον ἣν νοσεῖς μέθες,
ἔργοις δ' ἔλεγξον φῦσα τοῦ μεγασθένους,
ὃς εἴ τι κτίζει, θαῦμα γίγνεται βροτοῖς.
αὐτὴ γὰρ αὑτῆς οὔτι κυρία γύνη,
ἐπεὶ θυραίαις ἐγκατέζευκται πέδαις
ἄλλοισι συζυγοῦσα καὶ κοινουμένη·
κρίνω δ' ἐκείνην νοῦ τε κἀρετῆς ἴσα,
ἣ καὶ θυραῖα πράγματ' οἰκειοῦν θέλει,
αὐτὴ δὲ τἀναγκαῖον, εἰ βιάζεται,
πρόφρων ἐδέξατ' οὐδ' ἀναίνεται πότμον
τρέφουσα μήτηρ ὡς φιλόστοργος βρέφος.

ED.

876 *ἐπῄνεσ', ὦ τὰ χρηστὰ καὶ δίκαι' ἔπη*
λέξασα· γνώμης οὐκ ἄρ' ἐψεύσθην μάτην,

πέρσειν ὀλέθρῳ διὰ παντός·
ἤ μ' ἐκ θαλάμων πρῶτα γαληνῶν
ἀγαγοῦσ', εἶτ' αὖ θέλγει γλυκεραῖς
ἐπαοιδαῖσιν, νικᾷ δέ μ' Ἔρως,
μορφῆς θείας ἱμειρομένην,
ἕλκει δὲ βίᾳ δαίμων ἀφανεῖ
πρὸς χάσμ' ἀλαὸν
κοὐκ ἔστιν ὅπως ποδὸς ἄρξω.

GODOFREDVS HERMANNVS, *A. S.* 1815

and it is so!—not one friend have we here,
not one true heart! we've nothing but ourselves!
O she said rightly—no auspicious signs
beam on this covenant of our affections.
This is no theatre, where hope abides:
the dull thick noise of war alone stirs here:
and love himself, as he were armed in steel,
steps forth, and girds him for the strife of death.—
There's a dark spirit walking in our house,
and swiftly will the Destiny close on us.
It drove me hither from my calm asylum,
it mocks my soul with charming witchery,
it lures me forward in a seraph's shape,
I see it near, I see it nearer floating,
it draws, it pulls me with a god-like power—
and lo! the abyss—and thither am I moving—
I have no power within me not to move!

S. T. COLERIDGE *from Schiller*

885 *TYRREL'S SOLILOQUY ON THE MURDER OF THE TWO PRINCES, CHILDREN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH*

The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
the most arch deed of piteous massacre
that ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
to do this piece of ruthless butchery,
albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
wept like two children in their death's sad story.

ἔχει δὲ κῦρος φρὴν ἃ προὐσήμην᾽ ἐμή·
ἄφιλοι γάρ ἐσμεν, οὐ μία ψύχη πάρα
πιστή τε καὶ βέβαιος, ἀλλ᾽ αὐτοὶ μόνοι
καθήμεθ᾽· ὀρθὸν ἆρα τοὔπος ἤνυσεν,
οὐ σημάτων γὰρ αἰσίων φάους ὕπο
ξυνήψαμεν μνηστεύματ᾽, οὐ τάδ᾽ ἐλπίδων
ἔπαυλα πιστῶν, οὐδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν βοὴ
ὅπλων ἄμικτος ἐν δόμοις πρέπει κλύειν,
μέλλει δὲ καὐτὸς ὥσπερ ὁπλισθεὶς Ἔρως
ἐς φοινίαν πρόθυμος ὁρμᾶσθαι μάχην.
ἀλλ᾽ οὐ γὰρ ἔλαθε δωμάτων ὑπόστεγον
ἀλάστορός του λῦμα καὶ μέλλει τάχα
σκήψειν ἐς ἡμᾶς πημάτων τελεσφόρον·
ἔγνων νιν ἦμος τῶν ἑδρῶν μ᾽ ἀπήλασεν
τῶν ἠρεμαίων, κἄτι νῦν θάλπει φρένας
παρηγοροῦσα μαλθακοῖς κηλήμασιν
δέμας τε μορφωθεῖσά του θεῶν δίκην·
εἶδόν νιν ἆσσον ἆσσον αἰωρουμένην·
ἕλκει, παρασπᾷ μ᾽ ἰσοθέου μετὰ σθένους·
ἰδοὺ δ᾽ ἄβυσσον χάσμ᾽, ἐκεῖσε δ᾽ ὄρνυμαι,
οὐδ᾽ ἐνδόθεν τι μὴ οὐκ ἐπείγεσθαι κράτος.

ED.

τέλος τέλος δῆτ᾽ ἔσχε φονολιβὴς ὕβρις,
πάσας ὑπερβαλοῦσα τὰς πάροιθέ πω,
ὧν ἥδε γῆ ξύνοιδεν ἄλγιστον πάθος.
τὼ δημιούργω δ᾽ ὦ σφαγῆς ὑφεὶς ἔχω
τῆσδ᾽ αὐτόχειρε, καίπερ ἀγρίαν φύσιν
ἔχοντε καὶ διψῶνθ᾽ ὅπως κύνες φόνου,
οἴκτῳ τακέντε κἀς τὸ μαλθακὸν φρενῶν
μεταλλαγέντε, τοῖνδ᾽ ὅμως δυσδαίμονα
μόρον λέγοντε νηπίοιν δίκην βρεφοῖν
δάκρυα κατ᾽ ὄσσων ἐξεβαλλέτην ἀεί·

O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes*,—
thus, *thus*, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
within their alabaster innocent arms:
their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other:
a book of prayers on their pillow lay;
which once, quoth Forrest, *almost changed my mind;*
but, *O! the devil*,—there the villain stopp'd;
when Dighton thus told on,—*we smothered*
the most replenished sweet work of nature,
that from the prime creation e'er she framed.

W. SHAKESPEARE

886

CASCA—CASSIUS

Casc. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
but, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
and we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.
Casc. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
and he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
in every place, save here in Italy.
Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
can be retentive to the strength of spirit;

ὁ μὲν γὰρ ‘ὧδε ζεῦγος ηὑδέτην καλόν,’
ὁ δ’ εἶφ’ ὑπολαβών ‘ὧδε δῆτ’ εἶδον χεροῖν
λευκαῖσι περιβολαῖσιν ἐγκυκλουμένω,
ξυνηπτέτην δὲ χείλεσιν χείλη ῥόδοις
ὁμοῖα πορφυροῖσι, συμφυεῖ χάνει·
ἱκτηρίων δὲ γραμμάτων διαπτυχαὶ
προὔκειντ’ ἐπ’ εὐνῇ, ταῦτα δ’ εἰσορῶν ἐγὼ
σχεδὸν μετέγνων αὐτός, εἰ μή τις θεός—’
κἀνταῦθα σχόντος τοῦ παλαμναίου στόμα
λόγῳ διήνυσ’ ἅτερος βραχεῖ ‘φύσιν
ἧς οὐ γλυκίων οὔποτ’ ἦν ἀπήγξαμεν,
πασῶν θ’ ὅσαι γένοιντ’ ἂν ἐντελεστάτην.’

ED.

886 A. ἦ Καίσαρος σύ, Κάσσι’, ᾐνίξω βίαν.
B. εἴη νυν ὅστις ἐσθ’, ὁποῖα γὰρ γονεῖς
ἔχουσι μὲν δὴ νεῦρα καὶ μέλη πόλεως
οἱ νῦν ἔνοικοι· αἱ φρένες δὲ σήμερον
τεθνᾶσι πατέρων, μητέρων ψυχαὶ δὲ νῦν
κρατοῦσιν, ἡμᾶς τοὖθ’, ὃ πάσχομεν, ζύγον
δείκνυσι λῆμα θηλυκὸν κεκτημένους.
A. καὶ μὴν λέγουσιν αὔριον γερουσίαν
ἄνακτα Καίσαρ’ ἐννοεῖν καθιστάναι,
καὐτὸς φορήσει στέφανον ἔνθα βούλεται
γῇ καὶ θαλάσσῃ, πλὴν ἐν Ἰτάλων χθονί.
B. ἀλλ’ οὖν φορήσω τοῦτό γ’ οἶδ’ ὅπου ξίφος·
ἐλευθερώσει Κάσσιος τὸν Κάσσιον.
οὕτω ποιεῖτε καρτερωτάτους, θεοί,
τοὺς ἀσθενοῦντας, τῶν τε κοιράνων κράτος
ἐξουθενεῖτε· καὶ γὰρ οὐ χαλκήλατα
τείχη, πετρωδὴς οὔτε πύργος, οὐ πεδῶν
μένος σιδηρῶν, οὔτε δεσμωτηρίου
ἄπνευστος ὀσμὴ τῶν φρενῶν ἰσχὺν ποτ’ ἂν

but life, being weary of these worldly bars,
never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
that part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

W. SHAKESPEARE

893 *CARDINAL WOLSEY'S LAMENT*

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
this is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
the tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
and bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
the third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
and, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
his greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
and then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
this many summers in a sea of glory:
but far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

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893 *βέβηκε τοὐμὸν εὐτυχές, βέβηκέ μοι.*
θνητοῦ γὰρ ἥδε μοῖρα· πρῶτον ἐλπίδος
φύλλ' ἁβρὰ φύσας, δευτέραν καθ' ἡμέραν
χρυσαῖσιν αὐγαῖς ἀνθέων πυκάζεται·
κρύος δὲ δὴ τριταῖον, ὀλέθριον κρύος,
ἐπῆλθε· κἀκεῖνος μέν, εὐήθης ἀνήρ,
πέποιθεν αὑτῷ πλοῦτον ἀκμάζειν· τὸ δὲ
ῥίζαν διέφθειρ', εἶτα δ' οἷ' ἐγὼ πίτνει.
ἐγὼ γὰρ ἐν τόσωνδε περιτροπαῖς θερῶν,
παῖς ὡς ἐπ' ἀσκῶν κουφόνους φορούμενος,
κλέους ἔπλευσα πέλαγος, οὐδ' ἐφρόντισα
μακρὰν προβαίνων ξυμμέτρου βάθους πέρα.

εἴργειν δύναιτο· καὶ γὰρ ἡ ψυχὴ πεδαῖς
ἥτις καταθνήτοισιν ἄχθεται, βίας
οὐκ ἐνδεὴς ποτ' ἐστι τοὐξαφιέναι
αὑτήν· ἐμοῦ δὲ τοῦθ' ἅπαξ κατειδότος,
ἅπας τις ἴστω, μέρος ὃ νῦν τυραννίδος
φέρω, σθένοιμ' ἂν κἀποσείσασθαι θέλων.

G. B.

893 καὶ πολλὰ χαίρειν τὴν πάροιθ' εὐπραξίαν
πᾶσαν κελεύω· πάντα τἀνθρώπων φύσιν
ἔχει τοιαύτην· σήμερον μὲν ἐλπίδος
ἔφυσεν ἁπαλὴν φυλλάδ', αὔριον βρύει,
πυκάζεταί τε πορφυρῷ χλιδήματι·
κρύος τριταῖον δ' ἦλθεν, ὀλέθριον κρύος.
ὁ δ' εὔκολος δοκῶν ἂν ἀγνοίᾳ φρενῶν
αὑτῷ τὸ σεμνὸν νῦν πεπαίνεσθαι κλέος,
αὐταῖσι ῥίζαις δένδρον εὗρ' ἐφθαρμένον,
κἄπειθ' ὅπως δὴ νῦν ἐγὼ διώλετο.
ἐγὼ δ' ὁμοῖος παισὶ τοῖς ἀσκῶν ἔπι
νήχουσιν ἐν κλυδῶνι πολὺν ἤδη χρόνον
δόξης ἐκινδύνευσα καὶ πόρρω βάθους

διαρραγὲν δ' ὄγκωμ' ὑπέρφρονος τύχης
χρόνῳ γεραιόν μ' ἔλιπε καὶ κεκμηκότα,
ῥείθρου σαλεύειν ἀγρίου πρὸς ἡδονήν,
ὃ χρὴ καλύψαι τοὐμὸν εἰσαεὶ κάρα.
ὡς νῦν κενὸν κόμπασμα καὶ κλέος βροτῶν
στυγῶ, διδαχθεὶς ὀψὲ γοῦν τὸ σωφρονεῖν·
ᾤκτειρα δ' ὅστις βασιλέων θηρᾷ χάριν
μῶρος· φίλων γὰρ ὧν ἐρᾷ γελασμάτων
τέλος μὲν ἄτη, δειμάτων δ' ἔχει πλέον
ἢ πόλεμος ἢ γυναῖκες οὐν μέσῳ χρόνος·
πεσὼν δ' ἄνελπις, Φωσφόρου δίκην, ἔβη.

C. R. KENNEDY, *A. S.* 1853

at length broke under me and now has left me,
weary and old with service, to the mercy
of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
that sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
more pangs and fears than wars or women have:
and when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
never to hope again.

W. SHAKESPEARE

896 *TIME*

When evening lights her folding star on high,
I live and breathe; and in the sacred hours
of quiet and repose my spirit flies,
free as the morning, o'er the realms of space,
and mounts the skies and imps her wing for heaven.
Hence do I love the sober-suited maid;
hence Night's my friend, my mistress and my theme,
and she shall aid me now to magnify
the night of ages—now when the pale ray
of starlight penetrates the studious gloom,
and, at my window seated, while mankind
are locked in sleep, I feel the freshening breeze
of stillness blow, while, in her saddest stole,
thought, like a wakeful vestal at her shrine,
assumes her wonted sway. Behold, the world

ἐλθεῖν ἐτόλμησ', ἔστε μ' ἡ φυσωμένη
λίαν φρόνησις χὠ μέγας κόμπος φρενῶν
ὑπορραγεὶς ἐλάνθαν', οἴχεταί τέ με
λιπὼν γέροντ' ἔρημον, ἐν πόνοις βαρύν,
ἀγρίᾳ σαλευθένθ' ᾗ μ' ἀεὶ κρύψει ῥοῇ·
δόξης κένον κόμπασμα καὶ τιμὴ βροτῶν
ἀπέρρετ', ἐχθαίρεσθε. νῦν καινῷ τρόπῳ
ἐμὴν ἀναπτυχθεῖσαν ᾔσθημαι φρένα.
δύστηνος ὅστις χάριτος ἐκκρεμάννυται
τῆς τῶν τυράννων μηδὲν ὠφελούμενος·
τοῖς γὰρ μάτην ποθοῦσι βασιλικὴν χάριν,
τὴν εὐπρόσωπον, πλησίον βεβηκόσι
καὶ τοῦ σφαλῆναι, πλῆθος ὠδίνων κυρεῖ
ὅσονπερ οὔτε πόλεμος οὔτ' ἔχει γυνή.
ὅταν δὲ πίπτῃ, Φωσφόρου μέλλει δίκην
πεσεῖν ἀτίμως πτώματ' οὐκ ἀνασχετά.

F. A. P.

896 ὑψοῦ φλεγούσης νυκτὸς αὔλιον σέλας
ζῶν ἐμπνέω, χὠραῖσιν εὐδίας φίλης
ἁγναῖσιν, ἡσύχαισιν, αἰθέρος πτύχας
ὑπερποτῶμαι, ποικίλης ἠοῦς δίκην,
κἄνω βέβηκα κἀνακουφίζω πτερὸν
νεαῖσι πείραις ὡς πρὸς οὐρανὸν περῶν.
πρὸς ταῦτ' ἐρῶμαι τῆς μελαμπέπλου κόρης,
πρὸς ταῦτα νὺξ πρόσφθεγμα, δεσπότις, φίλη,
ξὺν ᾗ σκοτεινῶν τοῖσδ' ἐπαυξήσω λόγοις
αἰῶνα νυκτῶν, νῦν γὰρ ἀστέρες φλόγα
ξανθὴν διῆκαν τοῦδε φιλομάθους σκότου,
παρήμενος δὲ πρὸς θύραις ἐπῃσθόμην,
ὄχλου καθυπνωθέντος, εὐαεῖς πνοὰς
σίγης πνεούσης, ἐν δὲ πενθήρει στολῇ,
ἄϋπνος ὥς τις πάρθενος βωμῶν ἔπι,
μέριμνα τοῖς πρὶν νῦν ἐφιζάνει θρόνοις.

rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
from trouble and turmoil. The widow now
has ceased to weep, and her twin orphans lie
locked in each arm, partakers of her rest:
the man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
the outcast that his head is shelterless,
his griefs unshared. The mother tends no more
her daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised
with heaviness and sunk upon her couch
dreams of her bridals. E'en the hectic, lulled
on Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapped,
crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shuddering nurse,
poor victim! smiles. Silence and deep repose
reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice
of Nature utters audibly within
the general moral; tells us, that repose,
deathlike as this, but of far longer span,
is coming on us; that the weary crowds,
who now enjoy a temporary calm,
shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapped around
with graveclothes.

H. K. WHITE

897 *OLIVER TO ROSALIND AND CELIA*

When last the young Orlando parted from you
he left a promise to return again
within an hour, and pacing through the forest,
chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
and mark what object did present itself:
under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,

εὕδει γε γαῖ' ἅπασα, κἄνοικοι χθονός,
μόχθων λυθέντες τοῦ θ' ὑπαιθρίου κλόνου
χαίρουσιν, εὕδει δ' ἡ νέα χηρὰ μόλις
λήξασα δακρύων, κἂν χεροῖν ἔχει τέκνων
δίδυμον παραγκάλισμα κοινωνοῦν ὕπνου·
κακῶν λέλησται ξυμφορῶν οὐπίστροφος,
οὐδ' ᾔσθετ' ὢν ἄοικος ἄμοιρος στέγης.
οὐδ' ὢν ἔρημος τῶν μεθεξόντων πόνου.
μήτηρ θανασίμους παιδὸς εὐδούσης ὕπνους
μέλουσ' ἔληξε κἀμπεσοῦσα δεμνίοις
βαρύνεται δὴ καὶ γάμους ὁρᾶν δοκεῖ.
καὶ ξυντακεὶς νόσῳ τις ἤρεισεν κάρα
λεπταῖσι θανάτου χερσὶ κἀν ἐνυπνίοις
γελᾷ περιβαλὼν ἐλπίδος πειστηρίας
στεφάνοις παρηγόροισι ῥιγῶσαν τροφὸν
γέλασμα δυσγέλαστον. ἀλλὰ πανταχοῦ
βαθεῖα σιγὴ κοιρανεῖ, καί, μάντις ὥς,
φρενῶν ἔσω λέλακε πάγκοινον λόγον,
εὔσημ' ὑπηχοῦσ', ὡς ἐπέρχεταί ποτε
σιγή τε κἀνάπαυλα θανατώδης ἴσως
πολυχρόνιος δέ, καὶ γὰρ ἐκ πολλῶν πόνων
οἱ νῦν βραχεῖαν εὐδίαν καρπούμενοι
αἰώνιον παραυτίχ' εὑδήσουσ' ὕπνον
αὐτοῖς νεκρῶν στολμοῖσιν ἠμφιεσμένοι.

G. C.

897 ὅτ' ἀρτίως ἀπῴχετ' Ὄρλανδος νέος,
πάλιν μολεῖν ὑπέσχετ' οὐ μάλ' ἐς μακράν,
φοιτῶντι δ' ὕλης τῆσδ' ἀνὰ πτυχὰς βάδην,
ἔρωτα τὸν γλυκύπικρον ἀναμασωμένῳ,
ὁποῖα συμβέβηκεν ἄξιον σκοπεῖν.
ἐκεῖσε γὰρ καὶ δεῦρο παρακλίνων κόρας
ἅπερ κατεῖδ' ἀκούσατ'· ἀρχαίας δρύος
σκιᾶς ἔνερθεν, τοὺς κλάδους γήρως ὕπο

and high top bald with dry antiquity,
a wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
lay sleeping on his back : about his neck
a green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
who with her head nimble in threats approach'd
the opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,
seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
and with indented glides did slip away
into a bush : under which bush's shade
a lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
when that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
the royal disposition of that beast
to prey on nothing that doth seem as dead :
this seen, Orlando did approach the man,
and found it was his brother, his elder brother.

W. SHAKESPEARE

903 *THOAS—IPHIGENIA*

Tho. Then go !
Iph. Not so, my king ! I cannot part
without thy blessing or in anger from thee.
Banish us not ! the sacred right of guests
still let us claim : so not eternally
shall we be severed. Honoured and beloved
as mine own father was, art thou by me :
and this impression in my soul remains.
Should e'en the meanest peasant of thy land
bring to my ear the tones I heard from thee,
or should I on the humblest see thy garb,
I will with joy receive him as a god,

κατηρεφοῦς λειχῆνι, καὶ γυμνὸν χρόνος
μακρός νιν ἐψίλωσεν ὕψαυχεν κάρα·
δασὺς δυσαιὼν δυσπινεῖς φορῶν στολὰς
ἔκειτ' ἀνήρ τις ὕπτιος κοιμώμενος·
χλωρός τε χρυσόνωτός οἱ πέριξ ὄφις
δέρην ἐπλέχθη, πρός τ' ἀνεῳγμένον στόμα
λαιψηρὸν ἦγε πόλλ' ἀπειλήσαις στόμα,
μεθεῖτο δ' ὡς Ὄρλανδον ἐξαίφνης ὁρᾷ,
σπείραισί θ' εἱλικταῖσιν εἰσέδυ λόχμην,
κατάσκιος δὲ ξηρὸν ἐξημελγμένη
οὖθαρ λέαιν' ἔκειτο καὶ χαμαιπετὲς
νεύουσα κρᾶτα τὸν δαμένθ' ὕπνῳ δίκην
γαλῆς ἐτήρει προσδοκῶσ' ἀνάστασιν·
ἔνεστι γάρ τοι θηρὶ βασιλικὴ φύσις
καὶ τοῦ θανεῖν δοκοῦντος οὐκέτ' ἂν θίγοι.
τοῦτ' οὖν ἰδὼν Ὄρλανδος ἆσσον ἔρχεται
σκοπῶν τ' ἀδελφὸν εὗρε τὸν γεραίτερον.

903 ΘΟΑΣ—ἸΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ—ὈΡΕΣΤΗΣ

Θ. *χωροῖτ' ἄν.*
Ι. *οὔ, πρὶν ἂν καταλλαχθῇς κότου.*
οὐ γὰρ πλέοιμ' ἂν σοῦ γ' ἐμοὶ χολουμένου.
εὔνους μ' ἀφήσεις, οὐ βίᾳ 'κβαλεῖς χθονός.
ξενίου Διὸς τιμῶντες ἀλλήλους νόμοις
φίλοι τὸ κοινὸν εἰσαεὶ καλοίμεθα.
πάρος τε γάρ σ' οὐχ ἧσσον ἠδούμην πατρὸς
κἄπειτα τοῖς αὐτοῖσιν ἐμμενῶ τρόποις·
ὥστ' εἴ τις ὑμῶν καὶ πένης ἐμὴν χθόνα
ἐλθὼν ἀναμνήσῃ με τῆς αὑτοῦ πάτρας
γλώσσης ἀΰτὴν Ταυρικῆς ἱεὶς ἐμοὶ
ἢ καὶ προφαίνων σχῆμα τῆς Σκυθῶν στολῆς,
χαίρουσά γ' αὐτὸν ὡς θεὸν προσδέξομαι,

prepare his couch myself, beside our hearth
invite him to a seat, and only ask
touching thy fate and thee. O may the gods
to thee the merited reward impart
of all thy kindness and benignity!
Farewell! O, do not turn away, but give
one kindly word of parting in return!
so shall the wind more gently swell our sails,
and from our eyes with soften'd anguish flow
the tears of separation. Fare thee well!
and graciously extend to me thy hand
in pledge of ancient friendship.

Tho. Fare thee well!

A. SWANWICK *from Goethe*

904 *IPHIGENIA IN THE TEMPLE OF DIANA*

Beneath your leafy gloom, ye waving boughs
of this old, shady, consecrated grove,
as in the goddess' silent sanctuary.
with the same shuddering feeling forth I step,
as when I trod it first, nor ever here
doth my unquiet spirit feel at home.
Long as the mighty will, to which I bow,
hath kept me here conceal'd, still, as at first,
I feel myself a stranger. For the sea
doth sever me, alas! from those I love,
and day by day upon the shore I stand,
my soul still seeking for the land of Greece:
but to my sighs, the hollow-sounding waves
bring, save their own hoarse murmurs, no reply.
Alas for him! who friendless and alone,
remote from parents and from brethren dwells:
from him grief snatches every coming joy
ere it doth reach his lips. His restless thoughts
revert for ever to his father's halls,

αὐτή τε δεμνίοισιν ἐμβαλῶ φάρη
καί νιν καθίζουσ' ἐν θρόνῳ πρὸς ἑστίᾳ
σοῦ καὶ τύχης τῆς ἐξερήσομαι πέρι.
ἀλλ' εὐτυχοίης τοῦ τε γενναίου χάριν
καὶ τῆς ἐς ἡμᾶς εὔφρονος προθυμίας.
καὶ νῦν μὲν ἤδη χαῖρε. μή μ' ἀποστραφῇς,
ἀλλ' ἀντίδος μοι φίλιον εὐνοίας ἔπος.
οὕτω γὰρ αὔρα μαλθακωτέρα σβέσει
στένοντα πόντον, δακρύων τε νάματα
λυγρὸν μαλάξει πένθος. ἀλλ' ὄναι', ἄναξ,
ξενίας τ' ὄρεξον πίστιν ἀρχαίας χέρα.
Θ. *χαίροντες εὐφραίνοισθε.* ΟΡ. *καὶ σὺ χαῖρε δή.*

T. KOCK *A. S.* 1861

904

'ΙΦΙΓΕΝΕΙΑ

ἐς τήνδε δένδρων ὑψιγεννήτων σκιὰν
αὔραις γεραιὸν βαιὰ κινούντων κάρα
θεᾶς τ' ἄφωνον ἄλσος, ἄστειπτον βροτοῖς,
πέφρικ' ἀεὶ στείχουσα καὶ ταρβῶ φρενί,
ὡς ἡνίχ' ἱρὸν πρῶτον εἰσέβην τόδε,
στέργειν δ' ὁ θυμὸς τἀνθάδ' οὐ διδάσκεται.
μακρὸν μὲν ἤδη τῇδε κρύπτομαι χρόνον
θεῶν γε βουλαῖς, αἷσι πειθαρχεῖν χρεών,
ξένη δ' ἀεί πως, ὡς προτοῦ, κεκλήσομαι.
εἴργει γὰρ ἡ θάλασσα τῶν φίλων ἐμέ,
ἁλός τ' ἐπ' ὄχθαις πολλάκις καθημένη
'Ελληνίδ' αἶαν εἰσιδεῖν ἱμείρομαι·
βρυχίοις δὲ θρήνους τοὺς ἐμοὺς δυσχείμερος
πόντου κλύδων δούποισιν ἀνταμείβεται.
ἐλεινὸς ὅστις ὢν κασιγνήτων ἄπο
πατρός τε μητρός τ' ἄχαριν ἐκτρίβει βίον.
πασῶν γὰρ αὐτὸν ἡδονῶν ἀποστερεῖ
λύπη, ποτῶνταί θ' αἱ φρένες πλανώμεναι

where first to him the radiant sun unclos'd
the gates of heaven; where closer, day by day,
brothers and sisters, leagued in pastime sweet,
around each other twined the bonds of love.

A. SWANWICK *from Goethe*

905 *IPHIGENIA AND AGAMEMNON*

Iphigeneia, when she heard her doom
at Aulis, and when all beside the king
had gone away, took his right hand and said
'O father! I am young and very happy.
I do not think the pious Calchas heard
distinctly what the Goddess spake. Old age
obscures the senses. If my nurse, who knew
my voice so well, sometimes misunderstood
while I was resting on her knee both arms,
and hitting it to make her mind my words,
and looking in her face, and she in mine,
might not he also hear one word amiss,
spoken from so far off, even from Olympus?'

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905 *ὡς θάνατον ἤκουσ' Ἰφιγένει' ἐν Αὐλίδι*
τὸν μοιρόκραντον, εἶτα βασιλέως μόνου
ἤδη παρόντος ἔλαβε δεξιὰν χέρα
λέξασ' 'ἐγὼ μὲν ὀλβιωτάτη, πάτερ,
νέα τε· Κάλχας δ' εὐσεβὴς ἀνὴρ ὅμως
τάχ' οὐ σαφῶς συνῆκε τῆς θεᾶς ὄπα.
οὐ γάρ τις ᾔσθετ' ὀξέως, γεραιὸς ὤν.
ἐμὴ τροφὸς γοῦν τῆς ἐμῆς φωνῆς ἴδρις,
ὡς ὠλένας ἔκλινα πρὸς κείνης γόνυ,
λόγων ἐμῶν ἥμαρτε, κᾆτ' ἔπαισά που
ἀμελοῦσαν, ὄμματ' εἰσορῶσ' αὐτῆς ἐγώ,
αὐτὴ δὲ τἀμά· πῶς ἄρ' οὐ κεῖνος τάχ' ἂν

πατρὸς πρὸς αὐλήν, ἔνθα λαμπρὸν ὄμμασιν
ἔφηνε πρῶτον αἰθέρ' ἡλίου σέλας,
φιλίας τε συμπαίζοντες ἥλικες χάριν
συνηρμόσαντ' ἐς πάντ' ἐπαρκούσης βίον.

T. KOCK *A.S.* 1861

905 *ἤδ' οὖν ἀκούσασ' Ἰφιγένει' ἐν Αὐλίδι*
μόρον τὸν αὑτῆς, πάντες ὡς ἀπῄεσαν
πλὴν τοῦ βασιλέως, δεξιᾶς θιγοῦσ' ἔφη
'πατέρ, νέα μέν εἰμι καὶ μάλ' ὀλβία·
οὔ μοι τὰ τῆς θεᾶς εὖ μαθὼν ἔπη δοκεῖ
Κάλχας ὁ μάντις· καὶ γὰρ ἀμβλύνειν φιλεῖ
ἀκοὴν τὸ γῆρας· φέρε γάρ, εἰ τροφεὺς ἐμὴν
φωνὴν κατειδυῖ' ἔσθ' ὅτ' οὐκ ἐμάνθανεν,
εὖτ' ἐν φίλοισι γόνασιν ὠλενὰς ἐμὰς
ἤρειδον, ἤδ' ἔπαιον, εἰ τύχοιμί πως
αὐτῆς ὅσ' εἶπον νοῦν ἐπιστρέφειν λόγοις,
κείνης ὁρῶσ' ἐς ὄψιν, ὡς αὐτή γ' ἐμήν,
ἆρ' οὐκ ἐκεῖνος ἕν τι παρακούειν ἔπος
δύναιτ' ἂν ἕκαθεν ἐξ Ὀλυμπίων δόμων;'

ἴσως ἁμάρτοι ῥήματος σφαλεὶς ἑνὸς
λελεγμένου πρόσωθεν Οὐλύμπου γ' ἄπο;'
παρηΐδ' οὖν ἔθηκε κρᾶτα πρὸς κόρης
πατὴρ δάκρυα μὲν ἐκβαλών, ἀνδρῶν δ' ἄναξ
ἠμείψατ' οὐδέν· καὶ πάλιν λέγει κορή
'πατέρ, τί σιγᾷς; ἆρα δὴ κωφὸς γεγώς;
ἀλλ' οὔ τί πω πάρος γ', ἐπεὶ φίλως ἀεὶ
κλύων ἔμ' ἐξήγειρες· εἶτα σύννομος
ᾠδῆς ἑῴας σοὶ μετ' ὀρνίθων ἐγώ·
φωνὴ γὰρ ἦν ἄδηλος, ὡς κείνων, ἐμή,
ἄχνη γὰρ ἴσχναν' ὄπα νεοττιᾶς ἔσω.
ἀπώσατ' ἦκά νιν πατὴρ σιγῶν ἔτι.

J. G. L.

The father placed his cheek upon her head,
and tears dropt down it, but the king of men
replied not. Then the maiden spake once more
'O father! sayest thou nothing? hear'st thou not
me, whom thou ever hast, until this hour,
listen'd to fondly, and awaken'd me
to hear my voice amid the voice of birds,
when it was inarticulate as theirs,
and the down deadened it within the nest?'
He moved her gently from him, silent still.

W. S. LANDOR

908 *TIMON—SENATOR—FLAVIUS*

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,
and tell them that, to ease them of their griefs,
their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
their pangs of love, with other incident throes
that nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
in life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:

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908 T. *χαίρειν κέλευε πολλὰ δημότας ἐμούς,*
λέξον δ᾽ ὅπως νιν ἀλγέων λωφήσομεν
φόβου τ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἐχθρῶν ἐκβολῶν τε κἀχέων
κέντρου τ᾽ ἔρωτος, κἄν τι πλεῖον ἐμπέσῃ
πρόστριμμ᾽ ἀραιᾷ τῇδ᾽ ἐφημέρων φύσει
κατ᾽ ἀστάθμητον τοῦ βίου ναυκληρίαν,
ἐγώ σφιν ἔρδειν βούλομαι χάριν τινά.
B. *ἐπῄνεσ᾽· οἰκάδ᾽ ἐμφανῶς ἄνεισ᾽ ὅδε.*
T. *δένδρον τι μοὔστι τοῖσιδ᾽ ἐν κήποισί που,*
ὃ τοὐμὸν αὑτοῦ κατατεμεῖν πείθει χρέος,
κόψω τε θᾶσσον· εἴπατ᾽ οὖν φίλοις ἐμοῖς
εἴπατε δ᾽ Ἀθήναις πάντ᾽ ἐπελθόντες τινα

πατὴρ δ' ἔκλινεν ἐπὶ κάρᾳ νεανίδος
παρῇίδ', ἐκ δ' ἔσταζε δακρύων λιβάς,
ἀλλ' οὐδὲν ἀντημείψατ' Ἀργείων ἄναξ·
ἡ δ' ἐξερευνῶσ' αὖθις ἐξεῖπεν κόρη
'πατέρ, σιωπᾷς; ἆρ' ἀνηκουστεῖς ἐμοῦ,
ἧς πρόσθεν ἦσθα προσφιλῶς κατήκοος,
κἤγειρες, ὥστε τῆς ἐμῆς φωνῆς κλύειν
πτηνῶν ἑῴοις φθέγμασιν μεμιγμένης,
ὅτ' ἦν ἄσημος, ὥσπερ ὄρνιθός τινος,
νεοττίας ἔσωθεν ἀμβλυνθεῖσα χνῷ;'
ὁ δ' ἧκ' ἀπῶσε τὴν κόρην, σιγῶν ἔτι.

G. B.

908 ΤΙΜΩΝ—ἈΝΗΡ ΒΟΥΛΗΦΟΡΟΣ—ΦΛΑΒΙΟΣ

Τ. χαίρειν κελεύω· κἀνακούφισιν κακῶν
ἄτης ἀπεχθοῦς συμφορᾶς ἀχθηδόνος
πόθων ἐρώτων, κεἴ τις ἐκ θείας τύχης
πέμφιξ καταιγίζουσα προσβάλλει σκάφος
ὁδοιποροῦντος ἐν βίου κλυδωνίοις,
ἄγγελλ' ὁποῖον βούλομαί σφ' εὐεργετεῖν.

ἑξῆς κατ' οἴκους ἐξ ἄκρων ἐς τἄσχατα,
σπεύδειν ἑαυτὸν ὅστις ἂν παύειν θέλῃ
πονοῦντα δεῦρο, πρὶν τόδ' ἀξίνης λαχεῖν,
αὐτόν τ' ἀπάγξαι· μὴ φθονεῖτ' ἐπιστολῆς.
Φ. μὴ πλεῖον ὀχλεῖτ'· οἷος ἔσθ' εὑρήσετε.
Τ. μηδ' ὡς ἔμ' ἔλθητ' αὖθις· ἀλλ' ἀστοῖς φάτε
δέδμηχ' ὁ Τίμων τὸν πανύστατον δόμον
ἐφ' ἁλμυρᾷ ῥηγμῖνι τῆς πλημμυρίδος,
ζάλαις ὃν ἀγρίαισι κρύψουσιν λαβροὶ
ὁσημέραι κλύδωνες· ἐνθάδ' ἕρπετε
τούτου δὲ χρῆσθε σήματος μαντεύμασιν.

Sen. I like this well; he will return again.
Tim. I have a tree which grows here in my close,
that mine own use invites me to cut down,
and shortly must I fell it; tell my friends,
tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
from high to low throughout, that whoso please
to stop affliction, let him take his haste,
come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
and hang himself. I pray you, do my greeting.
Flav. Trouble him no further; thus you still shall find him.
Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
who once a day with his embossed froth
the turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
and let my grave-stone be your oracle.

W. SHAKESPEARE

913 *EXTON WITH THE COFFIN OF RICHARD II—BOLINGBROKE*

Ext. Great king, within this coffin I present
thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies

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913 'E. ὦναξ φέριστε ξυντεθαμμένον δέος
τὸ σὸν στέγει τόδ' ἄγγος· ἄψυχος δ' ὅδε
ὁ πρὶν μέγιστος πολεμίων κεῖται σέθεν,
Εὐκάρδιος, βάσταγμα τῆς ἐμῆς χερός.
B. οὔτοι σ' ἐπῄνεσ'· ὅς γ' ἀνηκέστῳ χερὶ
ὄνειδος αἰσχρὸν ἐγκατέσκηψας τόδε
ἐς κρᾶτα τοὐμὸν ἔς τε πάνδημον πόλιν.
'E. καὶ μὴν ἔτλην τόδ' ἔργον ἐκ γλώσσης σέθεν.
B. ἀλλ' οὐθ' ὅτῳ δεῖ φαρμάκων αὐτὸς φιλεῖ
τὰ φάρμακ' οὔτ' ἐγώ σε· κεἰ θανεῖν σφ' ἔδει,
φιλῶ θανόντα τὸν κτανόντ' ἀποπτύσας.
σοὶ δ' οὖν ἔπαινος οὔτε κείσεται χάρις

Β. προσηκάμην τὸ ῥηθέν, ὡς κατέρχεται.
Τ. ἰδού, τέθηλε δένδρον ἐν κήπῳ τόδε·
χρέος δὲ τοὐμὸν συνταμεῖν παρῄνεσεν·
καὶ συντεμῶ δή. τοιγὰρ ἐξαύδα φίλοις
ἀστοῖς τ' ἐφεξῆς ἐς μέσον κατ' ἀξίαν,
τοῖς θ' ὑστεροῦσι τοῖς τ' ἀριστεύουσιν αἶ,
ὅτῳ θέλοντί γ' ἐστ' ἀπαλλάξαι πόνου,
τάχος μολεῖν πρὶν δένδρον ἀξίνῃ πεσεῖν,
δέρην δ' ἀπαρτᾶν· εἶ' ἀπάγγειλον τάδε.
Φ. ἔα μεθές νιν· ὡς ἀκινήτως ἔχει.
Τ. μή μοι προσέλθῃς αὖθις· ἀλλ' ἀφιγμένος
ἄγγελλ' Ἀθήναις, οὕνεκ' αἰανῆ δόμον
Τίμων παρὰ ῥηγμῖνι ποντίας ζάλης
ἔθηκεν, ὃν κατ' ἦμαρ ἐξηνθισμένος
ἀφρὸς κλύσει' ἂν οἴδματος παλιρρόθου·
κἀνταῦθα μαντεύεσθε πρὸς στήλην ἐμήν.

H. J.

913 Ἐ. ὦναξ, κύτει τῷδ' εὖ περιστείλας φέρω
ἔνδον τὸ σὸν δεῖμ'· ὧδε γὰρ κεκευθότα

ἄνθ' ὧν ἔδρασας, ἀλλὰ τὸ ξυνειδέναι
μύσος τὸ σαυτοῦ χάμα τῷ πρωτοκτόνῳ
μέλλοντ' ἀλᾶσθαι νυκτὸς ὀρφναίας σκότῳ
καὶ μηκέτ' αὐγαῖς ἡμέρας αἴρειν κάρα.
ἀλγεῖ γὰρ ἀλγεῖ φρήν, θεοὶ ξυνίστορες,
εἴ μοι χυθεὶς βλαστημὸν ἀλδαίνει φόνος.
ἴτ' οὖν ἄνακτες μέλανας ἐν τάχει πέπλους
πενθοῦντι συμπενθοῦντες ἀμφιβάλλετε,
κἀγὼ πρὸς ἱεράν, ὡς μιαιφόνου χερὸς
τόδ' αἷμα νίψων, ναυστολήσομαι χθόνα·
ὑμεῖς βάδην ἕπεσθε, κηδείαν χάριν,
δακρυρροοῦντι τῇδ' ἐπ' ἐξώρῳ ταφῇ.

the mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.
Bol. Exton, I thank thee not: for thou hast wrought
a deed of slander with thy fatal hand
upon my head and all this famous land.
Ext. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.
Bol. They love not poison that do poison need,
nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
but neither my good word nor princely favour:
with Cain go wander thorough the shades of night,
and never shew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
that blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
and put on sullen black incontinent;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
to wash this blood off from my guilty hand:
march sadly after: grace my mournings here;
in weeping after this untimely bier.

W. SHAKESPEARE

919 *ULYSSES PLEADING HIS CLAIM TO THE ARMS OF ACHILLES*

But give me leave to offer to your memory
another service, and reduce your thoughts
to Aulis, when our army shipp'd, and big
with our desires for Troy, for want of wind
were lock'd in the Euboean bay at anchor;
when the oracle consulted gave no hope
of the least breath of heaven or gentle gale
to be expected, till Diana's anger
were first appeas'd by Iphigenia's blood;—

ἐχθρῶν κράτιστον τῶν σέθεν προσήγαγον,
Ῥιχαρδίου γ' ἄψυχον Ἀκταίου δέμας.

Β. οὐκ οἶδα τούτων σοι χάριν· σῇ γὰρ χερὶ
δεινοῦ τέτληκας θιγγάνειν μιάσματος,
ἐμοί τ' ὀνείδους τῇ τε πανδήμῳ χθονί.

Ἐ. αὐτοῦ γ' ἐφετμὰς ἐκ σέθεν λαβών, ἄναξ.

Β. οὐ φαρμάκων ἐρῶσι φαρμάκων ὅσοις
χρεία 'στι πλεῖστον, ὥσπερ οὐδ' ἐγὼ σέθεν·
τὸν μὲν γάρ, ἀσμένῳ περ ἀποθανόντα μοι,
στέργω τεθνεῶτα, τὸν φονέα δ' ἀπέπτυσα.
πρὸς ταῦτα μισθὸν τοὺς ἀλάστορας δέχου,
ἀλλ' οὔτ' ἐπαίνων ἐξ ἐμοῦ τεύξει ποτέ,
οὔτ' αὖ σὺ τιμῶν· τοιγὰρ ἐν νυκτὸς σκιᾷ
πλάζου τὸ λοιπόν, μήποθ' ἡμέρας φάει
δείξας πρόσωπον, ἐν τρόποις Ἰξίονος.
ἀλλ', ὦ φίλον πίστωμα βουλευτηρίων,
ἄλγος μ' ὑφέρπει ταῦτ' ἐπισκοποῦνθ', ὅτι
ῥοαῖσι τεγχθεὶς αἵματος τέθηλά που·
νῦν οὖν ὀδυρώμεσθα τὸν τεθνηκότα
κουραῖς ἅπαντες καὶ μελαμπέπλῳ στολῇ,
ἐγὼ δ' ἐφ' ἁγνοὺς τῆς Παλαιστίνης τόπους
ἁγηλατήσων εἶμι τοὐν χεροῖν μύσος.
ἀλλ' εἶ', ὁμαρτῇ πένθιμοι βεβηκότες
τὴν ὧδ' ἄωρον ξυμπροπέμπετ' ἐκφοράν.

R. L. C.

919 νῦν οὖν ἐᾶτε τήνδ' ὑπομνῆσαι χάριν
ἑτέραν ἔμ' ὑμᾶς, κἀπὶ φροντίσιν πάλιν
ἔλθετε πρὸς Αὖλιν, ναυσὶν ἐμβάντος στρατοῦ,
ὅτ' Ἰλίου τις δεινὸς εἶχ' ἡμᾶς ἔρως
λεπτὸν μένοντας πνεῦμ' ἐν Εὐρίπῳ στενῷ·
ἀνεῖλεν οὖν μαντεῖον, ὡς πάντως θεοῦ
ἄνεμον φθονοῦντος ἡσύχων τ' αὔρων δόσιν,
εἰ μὴ σφαγαῖσι μορσίμοισιν ἡ κόρη

I melt with the remembrance, and I could
accuse my faith, but that the public interest
and all your honours armed me to persuade
nature against the stream of her own happiness;—
there stands the tear-drowned father, Agamemnon:
ask his vex'd soul (and let me beg his pardon),
how I did work upon his murmuring heart,
divided 'twixt a father and his country,

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919 ʼΟΔ. *μέμνησθε δ' ἄλλων εὖ δεδραμένων ἐμοί,*
ἐκεῖσε τὸν νοῦν δόντες, εὖτ' ἐν Αὐλίδι
Τροίας ἐφιέμεσθα ναυτικὸς στόλος,
σχολὴν δ' ἄγοντες κἀνέμων λελειμμένοι
ἐκείμεθ' ἐγκλεισθέντες Εὐβοίᾳ πάρα·
ἧκον δ' ἀναγγέλλοντες ἐκ χρηστηρίων
μὴ προσδοκᾶν πνεῦμ' οὐρίων ἀημάτων
ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ποτ' ἔς τ' ἂν ἡ Κυναγέτις
κόρης σφαγαῖσι βασιλικῆς παύσῃ κότον—
μεμνημένῳ μοι τῶνδε τέγγεται κέαρ,
κἄπιστος ὢν τότ' ἂν ξυνειδείην ἐμοί,
εἰ μὴ τὸ κοινὸν καὶ Πανελλήνων κλέος
προὔτρεψέ με σπεύδοντι νουθετεῖν φύσιν,
ἃ τερπνὰ μοῦνον οἶδε, ταῦτ' ἀπόλλυναι,
καὶ μὴν ὁ πανδάκρυτος Ἀγαμέμνων πατὴρ
πάρεστ'· ἔρεσθε καρδίαν δεδηγμένον
(καί μοι λέγοντι ταῦτα συγγνώμην ἔχοι)
ὅπως νιν οὐ κλύοντά μου παρηγόρουν,
ἴσον νέμοντα τοῖς τέκνοις, ἴσον πάτρᾳ,
κόρην προδοῦναι φοινίαις ἐφ' ἑστίαις·
ἧς μὲν σταλάγματ' οὐδαμῶς κατάξια
τὴν γῆν τρέφειν ἤφυσσεν Ἄρτεμις θεά,
ψυχὴν δ' ἐρύσαθ', ἧς τὸ κάλλιον μέρος
ἀστὴρ τότ' ἐγένεθ' οἷα καλλιστεύεται
ἐν ταῖς ὕπερθεν οὐρανοῦ περιπτυχαῖς.

Ἀρτέμιδος ὀργὴν πραυνεῖ· τέτηκ' ἐγὼ
μνήμῃ τοιαύτῃ, κἀμὲ δῆτ' ἀπιστίας
ἐμεμψάμην ἄν, ἀλλ' ἐνίκησεν πατρὶς
τιμή θ' ἁπάντων, ὥστε δὴ πεῖσαι φύσιν
ὄλβου ῥοαῖς ἔναντα καρτερεῖν βίᾳ·
ἐκεῖ πατὴρ ἕστηκε δάκρυσιν μυδῶν·
ἔρεσθε τὸν δύστηνον, ὃς συγγνώσεται
ἔμοιγ', ὅπως βρέμοντος ἐτάρασσον κέαρ,
ὅς γ' ἦν πατὴρ μὲν παρθένου, πάτρας δ' ἄναξ,

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919 ʼΟΔ. ἔτ' ἐστὶν ὄφελος οὐκ ἀνάξιον λόγου,
ἥν ᾗ θέλουσιν ὗμιν ἀναφέρειν φρένας
αὐτὴν ἐς Αὐλίδ', ἔνθ' ἀνήγαγεν στόλος,
σπεύσας δ' ἑλεῖν τὰ Πέργαμ' ἀπλοίας ὕπο
κατείχεθ' ὁρμῶν πλησίοισιν ἐν τόποις·
πέμψασι δ' ἡμῖν ἀντέπεμψεν αὖ θεὸς
μήτ' ἀμπνοὴν ἂν μήτε πνεῦμ' ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ
ἐλθεῖν ἕως Ἀρτέμιδος ἔκλυσιν χόλου
ἄναξ ὅδ' ἐκθύσειε τὴν αὑτοῦ κόρην.
φεῦ· μνεία μ' ὑφέρπει δάκρυον ἐκκαλουμένη·
δέδοικ' ἐμαυτὸν μή τι θεοσεβὴς λίαν·
ἀλλ' ἡ γὰρ ὑμῶν δόξα καὶ τὸ δήμιον
χρέος μ' ἐθάρσυν' ὥστ' ἀναγκάζειν φύσιν
αὐτὴν καθ' αὑτῆς θυμὸν οἰακοστροφεῖν.
πάρεσθ' ὁ φύσας ἐν μέσῳ κεκλαυμένος,
ἔρεσθε δ' αὐτὸν ἐν κακοῖς περ ὄνθ' ὅμως
(κἀμοὶ μελέσθω τῶνδε συγγνώμης τυχεῖν)
ὁποῖ' ἐμοῦ πράξαντος οἷά τ' ἀντιβάς,
ἔρωτι παιδὸς καὶ πάτρας διχοστατῶν,
μόγις νιν ἐξέθυσε βώμιον σφαγήν.
κᾆτ' ὁ θεὰ τό γ' αἷμα κρύφιος ἐν νέφει
ἀνέσπασ' αὐτή, γῆν τ' ἀπηξίωσ' ἔχειν,
ψυχὴν συναρπάσασα παμφαῆ φλέγειν
κάλλιστον ἄστρον τῶν ἐν αἰθέρος κύκλῳ·

to give his child up to the bleeding altar;
whose drops, too precious to enrich the earth,
the goddess (hid within a cloud) drank up,
and snatch'd her soul; whose brighter substance made
one of the fairest stars that deck yon canopy.
Had Ajax been employ'd to have wrought Atrides,
when he was angry with the gods, to have given
his only pledge, his loved Iphigenia,
up to the fatal knife, our Grecian fleet
had by this time been rotten in the bay,
and we, by a dishonourable return,
been wounded in our fames to after ages.
The deity appeared with virgin sacrifice,
the winds put on fresh wings, and we arrived
swift as our wishes to affrighted Troy:
where, after their first battle, they no more
drew forth their army, which engaged us to
nine horrid winters' expectation.
It would be tedious to relate, how active
my counsels were during this nine years' siege,
when Ajax, (only good at knocks and wrestlings),
was of no use; the bold design I carried;
my care of our defences and approaches,
encouraging the soldier, wearied

εἰ δ' ἠξίωσε ταῦτα τόνδ' Αἴας παρών,
καίπερ δι' ὀργῆς ὄντα θεοῖς θύειν ὅμως
τὰ φίλταθ' αὑτοῦ πιστὰ μονογενὲς τέκνον
ὀλεθρίῳ κνώδοντι, ναυτικὰ σκάφη

βωμοῖς ἕως ἔδωκε φοινίοις κόρην·
ῥανίδας τε κρείσσους, ἢ πέδον γῆς πλουτίσαι,
ἔπιεν ὁμίχλῃ συγκεκρυμμένη θεά,
ψυχὴν δ' ἀνήρπασ', ἧς γε μάρμαιρον φάος
λαμπρότατος ἀστὴρ οὐρανοῦ κείνου φλέγει.
εἰ γοῦν ὅδ' Αἴας δὴ πρὸς Ἀτρέως γόνον
πράσσειν ἐτάχθη, θεοῖς χολούμενον τότε,
πεῖσαί νιν Ἰφιγένειαν ἐκδοῦναι φίλην
τῇ μοιροκράντῳ ῥύσιον μόνον σφαγῇ,
ἤδη σκάφη κάκιστ' ἂν ἐν κόλπῳ 'σάπη,
ἡμεῖς δὲ νοστήσαντες ἀκλεέστατα
δόξης ἂν ἐσφάλημεν ὑστέρῳ χρόνῳ.
ἐπεὶ δ' ἔθελξεν αἷμα παρθένου θεάν,
ἀνέμων πτέρυξιν ἐστολισμένων νέαις,
ὁρμῇ πόθον πλέοντες ἐξισώσαμεν
πρὸς Ἰλίου πόλισμα δειμάτων πλέων·
κεῖνοι δ' ἄρ' ἡμῖν ἡσσόνες πρώτῃ μάχῃ
οὐκέτι μένειν ἔτλησαν, ὥστε χειμάτων
ἐννέα δυσαύλοις ἀσχαλᾶν ἡμᾶς τριβαῖς.
τί δεῖ μ' ἐνοχλεῖν κεἰδόσιν μακρηγορεῖν,
πολιορκίας ὡς ὀξὺς ἐν μακρῷ χρόνῳ
βουλῶν ἐγὼ μὲν ηὐπόρουν; Αἴας δ' ὅδε,
πληγαῖσι δῆθεν καὶ πάλῃ κράτιστος ὤν,
ἦν ἄρα τὸ μηδέν· πολλὰ τολμηρῶς ἐγὼ
ἔπρασσον, εἰσόδοις τε καὶ πύλαις νέμων
ὤραν, ἕκαστον ἄνδρα θαρσύνων, κεναῖς

ἤδη σαπέντ' ἂν εἶδετ' Αὐλίδος τόποις,
αὐτοὶ δ' ἂν ἐκκλέψαντες αἰσχίστην φυγὴν
λόγοις ἂν ᾐτώμεσθα διὰ παντὸς χρόνου.

* * * *

A. P.

and worn away with empty expectations;
how I did apt provisions, arms and hearts,
to fight withal, I shall not here enforce,
when you, whose just commands I still obeyed,
are conscious of my pious undertakings.

J. SHIRLEY

922 *GLOUCESTER TO BUCKINGHAM*

Glo. I know not whether to depart in silence,
or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
best fitteth my degree or your condition:
if not to answer, you might haply think
tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
to bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
which fondly you would here impose on me;
if to reprove you for this suit of yours,
so season'd with your faithful love to me,
then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
and then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
definitively thus I answer you.

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922 *οὐκ οἶδα πότερα σῖγ' ἀπαλλάξαι πόδα*
ἢ τοὺς παρόντας πίκρ' ὀνειδίζειν ἔπη,
πρέπον τ' ἐς ὑμᾶς ἔστ' ἐμοῦ τ' ἐπάξιον.
τὸ μὲν γάρ—εἰ χρὴ μηδὲν ἀντειπεῖν—τάχ' ἂν
φιλοτιμίᾳ δόξαιμ' ἐπεστομισμένος
ζυγὸν δέχεσθαι χρύσεον μοναρχίας,
ᾧ σπεύδετ' ἀμαθίᾳ με περιβαλεῖν κάρα.
ἢν δ' ἐξελέγξω τάσδε τὰς ὑμῶν λιτὰς
πρόσχημ' ἐχούσας εὐμενῶν θωπευμάτων,
φήσει μέ τις φίλοισι μέμφεσθαι λίαν,
ὡς οὖν θέλοντος πάντα δὴ φυγεῖν ψόγον,
καὶ μήτε σιγᾶν μήτ' ἐρεῖν ἀγνώμονα,

ἐλπίσιν ἄγαν κάμνοντα καὶ τετρυμένον·
ὅπως δὲ σῖτον, ὅπλα, κἀνδρίαν στρατῷ
μαχουμένῳ 'πόριζον, οὔ με δεῖ λέγειν·
αὐτοὶ γάρ, οἷς δίκαι' ὑπηρέτουν ἐγώ,
σύνιστέ που τάδ' εὐσεβῶς πειρωμένῳ.

J. G. L.

922 *ἐγὼ μὲν οὐκ οἶδ' εἴτ' ἄφωνος ἐξιὼν*
εἴτ' ἐν πικροῖς σε δεννάσας ψόγοις σέβω
μέρος τε τοὐμὸν χοἶ' ἐπαγγέλλει σύ μοι.
ἢν μὴ γὰρ εἴπω μηδέν, ἡγοῖ' ἂν τάχα
γλώσσης ἀμερθεῖσ' ὡς φέρειν τυραννίδος
φιλοτιμία μου χρυσέας κατῄνεσεν,
ὃ νῦν λίαν πρόθυμος ἐντίθης, ζύγον.
εἰ δ' αὖ 'πιπλήξω σοῦ δεηθέντος τάδε,
πιστὸν προνοίας εὐφιλοῦς τεκμήριον,
οὕτω δοκοῖμ' ἂν τοὺς φίλους ἀπαξιοῦν.
τοιγὰρ λέγειν μὲν κεῖνα δ' ἀποτρέπειν θέλων,
κᾆτ' εὐλαβηθεὶς μὴ τάδ' αὖ λέγων ὄφλω,
ἁπλῷ λόγῳ σε τοιάδ' ἀνταμείψομαι·

τάδ' ἀντακούεθ' ὡς διαρρήδην λέγω.
χάριν μὲν ὑμῖν οἶδα τῆς προθυμίας,
ἀνάξιος δ' ὢν δωρεᾶς ὀκνῶ λαβεῖν·
ἐμοὶ γὰρ εἰ καὶ μηδὲν ἐμποδὼν ἔτ' ἦν,
τὸ μὴ οὐχ ἱκέσθαι τὴν τυραννικὴν ἕδραν,
κτῆσιν δικαίαν καὶ προσήκουσαν γένει,
οὕτω ταπεινός εἰμι τῷ φρονήματι,
οὕτω δὲ σοφίας κἀρετῆς λελειμμένος,
ὥσθ' εἱλόμην ἂν μᾶλλον ἐκστῆναι τύχης,
(πόντον γὰρ εὐρὺν πλεῖν ἔφυν ἀμήχανος),
ἢ λαμπρὰ νῦν μὲν σχεῖν, ἔπειτα δὲ σκότον,
κλέους τ' ἐν ἀτμῷ πνικτὸς ἐξολωλέναι.

C. R. KENNEDY, *A. S.* 1853

Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
and that my path were even to the crown,
as my ripe revenue and due of birth;
yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
so mighty and so many my defects,
as I had rather hide me from my greatness,
being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
than in my greatness covet to be hid,
and in the vapour of my glory smother'd.

W. SHAKESPEARE

932 *DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT IN A CAMP*

Now entertain conjecture of a time
when creeping murmur and the poring dark
fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
the hum of either army stilly sounds,
that the fixed sentinels almost receive
the secret whispers of each other's watch:
fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
the armourers, accomplishing the knights,
with busy hammers closing rivets up,
give dreadful note of preparation:
the country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
and the third hour of drowsy morning name.

W. SHAKESPEARE

προθυμίας μὲν ἀξίαν ἔχω χάριν,
ἡ δ' ἀξία τοῦδ' ἀνδρὸς οὖσ' ἀναξία
λίτας ἀπωθεῖ· πρῶτα μὲν γὰρ ἐμποδὼν
εἰ μηδὲν εἴη καὶ δι' εὐθείας ὁδοῦ
γένους κατ' ἀγχιστεῖα τῆς τυραννίδος
κλῆρόν τιν' οὐκ ἄωρον ἐξείη λαχεῖν,
τόσον γε μέντοι τοὐμὸν ἐνδεὲς φύσεως,
τόσον δὲ πλῆθος μυριῶν ἁμαρτιῶν,
ὥστ' ἂν δεχοίμην τοὐμὸν ἐκφυγεῖν κλέος,
σκάφος τι φαῦλον ἀσπέτου πειρᾶν ἁλός,
κρύψας ἐμαυτὸν μᾶλλον ἢ 'ν εὐδοξίᾳ
κρυφεὶς ἀτμῷ τοῦδ' ἐξαϊστοῦσθαι κλέους.

932 *νῦν ἐννοεῖν χρὴ ξυμφορὰς ὥρας, ἐν ᾗ*
ψόφος θ' ὑφέρπων χὠ μελαμβαθὴς σκότος
ἄφραστον ἄγγος ἐμπιπλᾶσιν οὐρανοῦ.
στρατευμάτοιν γὰρ νυκτὸς ὀρφναίας πτυχαῖς
ἠχὼ παρ' ἀμφοῖν ἄκριτός τις ὄρνυται
σιγῇ πρέπουσά θ', ὡς σχεδὸν ξυνθήματα
φρουρὰς κρυφαῖα τῶν ἐναντίων μαθεῖν·
καὶ μὴν πυρωπὸν μυρίων φρυκτῶν ὕπο
μόγις στρατοῦ πρόσοψιν αὐγάζει στρατός·
πώλῳ δ' ἀπειλῶν ὀρθίοις φρυάγμασιν
πῶλος βραδεῖαν ἐξέπληξεν εὐφρόνην·
σκηνῶν ἔσωθεν δ' ἄνδρες οὐκ ἀργοὶ τανῦν
χαλκεῖς, καταρτύοντες ἱππότην λέων,
σφίγγοντες ἁρμῶν πασσάλους πολυκρότοις
σφύραισιν ἐξάρχουσι φροίμιον δορός.
αἱ δ' αὖ κατ' ἀγροὺς πρὸς βοὴν ἀλεκτόρων
κώδωνες ἀντίφωνον ἠχοῦσαι κτύπον
εὕδουσαν ἐξαυδῶσ' ἔτ' ἀνθρώποις ἕω.

L. C.

945 *BRUTUS' SOLILOQUY ON JULIUS CAESAR*

It must be by his death: and for my part
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
but for the general. He would be crowned:
how that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
and that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
and then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
that at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
more than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
that lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
but when he once attains the upmost round,
he then unto the ladder turns his back,
looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
by which he did ascend. So Caesar may:
then, lest he may, prevent.

W. SHAKESPEARE

946 *KING RICHARD II*

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well; I weep for joy
to stand upon my kingdom once again.
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
as a long-parted mother with her child
plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,

945 ὀλωλότος γένοιτ' ἄν, οὐκ ἄλλως, τάδε·
ἀτὰρ σύνοιδά γ' οὐδὲν ἐκ τούτου παθών,
ὅθεν με δεῖ σφε λακτίσαι, πάντων δ' ὕπερ
χρὴ δρᾷν τόδ' ἀστῶν. στέφανον εὔχεται λαβεῖν,
τυραννίδος σημεῖα, τοῦτο δ' οὖν λαβὼν
ἐς ποῖον ἦθος τὴν φύσιν μεθαρμόσει
ἄδηλος ἔστιν. πλεῖστά τοι φάους ὕπο
μεσημβρινοῦ πέφυκεν ἐξέρπειν ὄφις,
θέσθαι τότ' ἤδη χρὴ μάλ' εὐλαβῶς βάσιν.
στέφωμεν οὖν τόνδ'· ἀλλὰ μὴν ἐστεμμένῳ
κέντρον τι δεινὸν κάρτ' ἔοιγμεν ἐμβαλεῖν,
ᾧπερ κάκ' ἂν δύναιτο πόλλ' ἔρδειν θέλων.
ἄκαιρα μὲν σθένει τις, εὖτε τοῦ κράτους
ἀπεζύγη τοὐλεινόν· ἀλλὰ Καίσαρος
οὔπω κατέγνων (ταῦτα γὰρ τί δεῖ στέγειν;)
τὸν θυμὸν ὀρθοῦ γ' ὡς κρατεῖν εἴασε νοῦ.
ἀλλ' εὖ γὰρ ἴσμεν τοὺς ὑφειμένους τρόπους
ὡς εἰσὶ κλῖμαξ τοῖς μέγ' εὐγμένοις βροτοῖς,
πρὸς ἣν τρέπει τὴν ὄψιν οὑμβαίνων ἄνω,
ἅπαξ δ' ἐσαναβὰς ἀκρότατ' εἰς ἐνήλατα
τὴν κλίμακ' εὐθὺς νωτίσας ἀπεστράφη
μετέωρον αἴρων ὄμμα, καὶ προσαμβάσεις
ἔχει παρ' οὐδὲν τὰς κάτωθε κειμένας,
δι' ὧνπερ ἀνέβη· τήνδε καὶ Καῖσαρ βάσιν
ἕρπειν δύναιτ' ἄν· ἀλλὰ κωλῦσαι χρεών.

ED.

946 πῶς δ' οὐκ ἐγὼ γέγηθα καὶ δακρυρροῶ
χαρᾷ, πατρῴας γῆς ἐπεμβαίνων πάλιν;
ἰοῦ φίλη χθών, δεξιᾷ σ' ἀσπάζομαι
τρωθεῖσαν ἱππικαῖσιν ὑβριστῶν ὁπλαῖς.
χρονία δ' ὅπως τις παιδὸς ἐν ξυναλλαγαῖς
ὀφθαλμοτέγκτῳ προσγελᾷ πλημμυρίδι

so, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
and do thee favour with my royal hands.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
but let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
and heavy-gaited toads lie in their way,
doing annoyance to the treacherous feet
which with usurping steps do trample thee.

W. SHAKESPEARE

947 *MARMADUKE—OSWALD*

Ma. Time, since Man first drew breath, has never moved
with such a weight upon his wings as now;
but they will soon be lightened. *Os.* Ay, look up—
cast round you your mind's eye and you will learn
Fortitude is the child of Enterprise:
great actions move our admiration, chiefly
because they carry in themselves an earnest
that we can suffer greatly. *Ma.* Very true.
Os. Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
the motion of a muscle—this way or that—
'tis done, and in the after vacancy
we wonder at ourselves like men betrayed:
suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,
and shares the nature of infinity.
Ma. Truth: and I feel it. *Os.* What! if you had bid
eternal farewell to unmingled joy
and the light dancing of the thoughtless heart;
it is the toy of fools, and little fit
for such a world as this. The wise abjure
all thoughts whose idle composition lives
in the entire forgetfulness of pain.
—I see I have disturbed you. *Ma.* By no means.

μήτηρ, δακρύων ὧδ' ἐγὼ σαίνων θ' ἅμα
τυραννικαῖς σε χερσί, γαῖα, προσκυνῶ.
μὴ δῆτα, μὴ δῆτ', ἤπιον πάτρας πέδον,
θρέψῃς στράτευμα τῷ κρατοῦντι δυσμενές.
μηδ' ἡδοναῖς εὔφραινε μαργῶσαν φρένα,
ἰὸν δ' ἀράχναι γῆθεν ἐκπίνουσ' ὅσαι
φρῦνοι δ' ἐπαχθεῖς δυσφόροισι συμβολαῖς
προδοτῶν πόδας βλάπτοιεν ὑβριστῶν θ' ὁδούς,
οἳ γῆν πατρῴαν λὰξ πατοῦσιν ἐκδίκως.

F. St. J. T.

947 M. χρόνος μέν, ἐξ οὗ πρῶτον ἔπνευσαν βροτοί,
οὔπω 'φορεῖτο βαρυτέρων ὄγκῳ πτερῶν·
καίτοι τάχ' αὐτὰ κουφιεῖ. O. βλέπ' οὖν ἄνω
κατασκοπῶν δ' ἅπαντα τῇ ψυχῇ μάθε,
ὡς ἀνδρία τοι γίγνεται πεῖρας τέκνον·
ἐθαύμασαν γὰρ εὐγενεῖς πράξεις βροτοι,
ἐπεὶ μάλιστ' ἔθηκαν ἐνέχυρον φρενὸς
οἵας ὑπομένειν εὐγενῶς. M. ἔλεξας εὖ.
O. τὸ γὰρ ποιεῖν μὲν βραχύ, βάσις, πληγὴ μία,
κίνησις ὡς νεύρου τις, ὡς τύχοι ῥέπον·
καὶ δὴ πέπρακται· κᾆτα τοὐντεῦθεν κενόν·
ἡμεῖς δ' ἁλόντες ὥσπερ ἠπορήσαμεν,
τὸ δ' αὖ παθεῖν βέβαιον ἀφανὲς ἐν σκότῳ
καὶ τῆς ἀπείρου μετέλαβεν μοῖραν φύσεως.
M. τόδ' ᾐσθόμην οὖν. O. τί δ' ἄρ'; ἀκηράτῳ χαρᾷ
εἰ πολλὰ χαίρειν δὴ λέγοις πηδήμασι
κούφοις ἀσυνέτου καρδίας· ἐπεὶ τάδε
μωρῶν ἀθύρματ', οὐδαμῶς πρέποντα δὴ
ζωῇ γέ που τοιᾷδ'· ἀπώμοσαν σοφοὶ
δόξας ματαίας, αἳ κεναὶ συνέστασαν
λύπης βροτείας παντελῶς ἀμνήμονες.
καὶ μὴν ταράξασ' εἰμὶ δῆλος. M. οὐδαμῶς.

Os. Compassion? pity! pride can do without them;
and what if you should never know them more!—
He is a puny soul who, feeling pain,
finds ease because another feels it too.

W. WORDSWORTH

950 *SIR R. BRACKENBURY—DUKE OF CLARENCE*

Br. Had you such leisure in the time of death
to gaze upon these secrets of the deep?
Cl. Methought I had; and often did I strive
to yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
to seek the empty, vast and wandering air;
but smother'd it within my panting bulk,
which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Br. Awaked you not with this sore agony?
Cl. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempest to my soul,
who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
with that grim ferryman which poets write of,
unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick:
who cried aloud 'What scourge for perjury
can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'
and so he vanished.

W. SHAKESPEARE

956 *MANFRED ON THE JUNGFRAU*

My Mother Earth!
and thou fresh breaking Day, and you, ye Mountains,
why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.

Ο. *ἀπώλεσ' οὖν τις ἔλεον, αὐτάρκης δ' ὅμως*
ὑψηλόφρων γε, καὶ σέ γ' ἐν τούτοις νέμω.
οὗτος δὲ ποῦ ταπεινός, ᾧ λύπης βάρος
ἕτερος πονοῦντι μεταλαβὼν ἐκούφισεν.

J. G. L.

950 Β. *ἆρ' εἶχες οὖν τοσήνδ' ἀποθνήσκων σχόλην,*
τὰ κρυπτὰ τοῦ κλύδωνος ὥστ' ἐπιβλέπειν;
Κ. *ἐδόκει γε ταῦτα· καὶ μεθίστασθαι βίου*
πόλλ' ἐσφάδαζον, ἀλλ' ἐμὴν ψυχὴν σάλος
φθονερὸς κατέσχεν, οὐδ' ἄρ' ἐξέλυσέ νιν
ζητεῖν ποθοῦσαν αἰθέρος κενὸν κύτος·
γαστρὸς γὰρ ἀσθμαίνοντος ἐν περιπτυχαῖς
ἔπνιξ' ἀεί νιν, ὡς διαῤῥῆξαι σχεδὸν
θέλουσαν αὐτὴν ἐς κλύδων' ἐρύγγανειν.
Β. *ἤγειρε δ' οὔ σε τῆσδ' ἀγὼν ἀλγηδόνος;*
Κ. *ἥκιστ'· ἐμοὶ γὰρ καὶ τέλος ζωῆς μέτα*
αὖθις δι' ὕπνου τοὔναρ ἐξετείνετο·
κἀνταῦθ' ἐπῆλθε τῆς ἐμῆς ψυχῆς ζάλη.
ποταμὸν γὰρ ἐδόκουν τὸν μελάγχολον μετὰ
πόρθμεως σκυθρωποῦ, τοῦ 'ν λόγοις ἀοιδίμου,
δόμους ἐς αἵδου νύκτα τ' αἰανῆ περᾶν.
ψυχὴν δὲ πρῶτος τὴν ἐμὴν ἐπήλυδα
κλεινὸς Βαρεικός, *ξυγγενὴς ἡμῖν μέγας,*
ἐφθέγξαθ', οὗτος δ' εἰσιδὼν φωνῇ μέγα
ἐβόησε 'τίνα δὴ ζημίαν μελαμβαθὴς
ἐπιορκίας ἕκατι τῷ Κλαρεικακῷ
θήσει τυραννὶς ἥδε;' καὶ τοσαῦτά τοι
λέξας ἀπῆλθε φροῦδος ὀμμάτων ἄπο.

J. L.

956 *ὦ γαῖα μῆτερ χἠμέρας νέον φάος*
κορυφῶν θ' ὀρείων πρῶνες, οὐκ ἔμοιγ' ἀδεῖν
τὸ κάλλος ὑμῶν οἶδε, καί σύ γ', ἥλιε

And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
that openest over all and unto all
art a delight – thou shin'st not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs
in dizziness of distance; when a leap,
a stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
my breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
to rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;

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956 ὦ γαῖα μῆτερ, ὦ νεόσπορον φάος,
ὄρη τ', ἐμοί γ' ὡς ἄχαρίς ἐσθ' ὑμῶν χάρις·
σὲ τὸν πανόπτην ἡλίου κύκλον καλῶ,
πᾶσιν σέλας φαίνοντα, πᾶσιν ἡδονήν,
ἀλλ' οὔ τι θάλπει τήνδε καρδίαν φάος·
κρημνούς θ', ἐφ' ὧνπερ ἐσχάτῃ σταθεὶς ἀκμῇ
πεύκας προμήκεις ὧδ' ὁρῶ, θάμνων τρόπον
χείλη παρ' αὐτὰ τοῦ κάτω ῥείθρου ταννῦν
σκότῳ φανείσας ἐν δυσεμβάτῳ, καλῶ.
νῦν δ' ὡς ῥόπη τις ἐν ταχεῖ πηδήματι
ἢ σώματος κίνησις ἢ κουφὴ πνοὴ
ἐς τὸν πετρώδη χάσματος κόλπον πεσὸν
τόδ' ἂν δύναιτο παντελῶς κοιμᾶν κέαρ,
τί δὴ σχολάζω; καὶ γὰρ ἥδε καρδία
πρόθυμος· ἀλλ' οὐ σῶμα πείθεται τὸ δρᾶν.
φοβούμενος γὰρ ταῦτα τῇδ' ὅμως μένω·
ὄλωλε δ' ἡ φρήν, ἀλλ' ἀκίνητός γ' ὁ πούς.

* * * *

πάνοπτα καλλιφεγγές, ἄλλοισιν σέλας
πᾶσιν χαρίζει, πᾶσιν ἡδονὴν φέρεις,
πλὴν τῷδε, τοὐμὸν δ' οὐκ ἔχεις θάλπειν κέαρ·
ὀφρῦς λεπαῖαί θ' αἷς ἐφίσταμαι τάλας,
κατοψίους δὲ τῆς κάτω ῥοῆς βρόμου
ἐλάτας δέδορκα προσφερεῖς βαιαῖς ἰδεῖν
ὡς ἐξ ἀπόπτου μῆκος ὕψιστον λοχμαῖς·
οἴμοι· τί δῆτ' ἔπεσχον, ἐξὸν ἅλματι
φορᾷ τε κινήσει τε καὶ κουφῇ πνοῆς
ῥοπῇ πελάζειν πετρίνῃ κοίτῃ δέμας
οὕτως ἵν' ἐς τὸν αἰὲν εὐνασθῇ χρόνον;
ὁρμή μ' ἐπείγει κοὐ σθένω ῥῖψαι δέμας,
ἔγνων τὸ δεινόν, εἶτ' ἔμειν' αὐτοῦ τάλας,

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956 σὲ τὴν ἐπαντέλλουσαν ἡμέραν καλῶ
ὀρέων τε κορυφαὶ γαῖά θ' ἡ θρέψασά με,
τί δῆτ' ἐν ὑμῖν ἐμπέφυκε καλλονῆς
τοσοῦτον; οὐδὲν τοῦτ' ἐμοὶ πρὸς ἡδονήν.
σὲ δ', ὄμμα καλλιφεγγές, οὐρανοῦ πτυχὰς
ναῖον, πανόπτην, πᾶσιν αἴτιον χαρᾶς
πλὴν τῷδε, τοὐμὸν δ' οὐδὲν εὐφραίνεις κέαρ.
ἰὼ φάραγγες, ὧν τανῦν ἐφίσταμαι
ἀκροῖς ὅροισι, ῥευμάτων κατοψίοις
νέρθεν βοώντων, καὶ πρόσωθ' ὑψαύχενας
πεύκας παρὰ ῥείθροισι δέρκομαι μόγις,
θάμνων ἐς ὄψιν ὥσπερ ἠφανισμένας
ἐν δυσθεάτῳ καὶ δυσεμβάτῳ βάθει.
ἐπεὶ δὲ πήδημ' ἢ φορά τις ἢ πνοῆς
ῥιπὴ πετραίαν στῆθος ἂν πρὸς ἀγκάλην
βάλοι τόδ', ἐς τὸν αἰὲν εὐνασθὲν χρόνον,
τί δῆτα μέλλω μὴ οὐ καταρρῖψαι δέμας;
ὁρμᾷ με θυμός, ἀλλ' ὅμως οὐχ ἅλλομαι·
ἥκω μέν, οἶδ', ἐς δεινόν, ἐκφεύγειν δ' ὀκνῶ.
κάρα στροβεῖται, ποὺς δ' ἀκίνητος μένει.

* * *

and my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm;
there is a power upon me which withholds,
and makes it my fatality to live,
if it be life to wear within myself
this barrenness of spirit, and to be
my own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
to justify my deeds unto myself—
the last infirmity of evil. Ay,
thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,
whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
well may'st thou swoop so near me—I should be
thy prey and gorge thine eaglets.

LORD BYRON

959 *THE MISERIES OF ROYALTY*

O hard condition!
twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
but his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
save ceremony, save general ceremony?
and what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
what kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
what are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?

W. SHAKSPEARE

961 *POLYNICES—IOCASTA*

Pol. Say on, deare mother, say what so you please,
what pleaseth you shall never me disease.
Ioc. And seemes it not a heavy hap, my sonne,
to be deprived of thy countrey coastes?

δόξαι στροβοῦσιν ὄμματ' ἀσφαλὴς δ' ὁ πούς.
φεῦ φεῦ· οὐκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ δαίμονός τινος βία
κατέσχε καὶ θέλοντά μ' οὐκ ἐᾷ θανεῖν
τοῦ ζῆν ἀναγκὴν προστίθεις· εἰ δὴ καλεῖν
τὸ ζῆν ἐκεῖνο δεῖ, τὸ τἀγαθοῦ τρέφειν
ψύχην ἄκαρπον κἂν τάφῳ κατοικίσαι
τὴν αὐτὸς αὑτοῦ ζῶσαν· οὐκέτ' οὖν ἔχω
μὴ οὐ τἀμὰ καὐτὸς ἔργα μέμφεσθαι, κακοῖς
τὸν ἔσχατον δὴ θριγκὸν ἄπαθον τάλας·
καὶ μὴν ἄνωθεν, οὐρανοῦ διάκονε,
λεύσσω σ' ἐρέσσοντ', ὃς δι' αἰθέρος πόρον
τέμνεις πτερὸν γεγηθὸς αἰωρούμενος
ὕψος μέγιστον, οὐκ ἄνευ δίκης ἐμοῦ
ἆσσον ποτᾷ μάλ' ἆσσον, οὗ γε σοὺς ἐχρῆν
ἤδη νεοσσοὺς σῶμα θοινᾶσθαι βοράν.

ED.

959 *ὦ σκληρὲ δαῖμον, ὅστις ἀξιώματι*
ξυνεχῶς ὁμιλεῖς, τοῦ τυχόντος ὡς δίκην
τίνεις λόγοισιν ἄφρονος, οὐδὲν οὐδαμοῦ
ὃς οἶδε πλὴν ἅ γ' αὐτὸς ἄχθεται μόνον.
φεῦ, οἵων τύραννος ἡδονῶν ἁμαρτάνει
ὧν τοῖσι δημοταῖσιν ἀφθόνως πάρα,
τί δ' ἔστ' ἄναξιν οὐχὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις μετὸν
πλὴν σχῆμα μοῦνον καὶ κενὴ δόξης σκία;
ὦ σεμνότης, ποία τις εἶ; ποία θεὸς
ἔφυς, βροτείων ὧδε πημάτων μέρος
ἔχουσα μεῖζον τῶν σε σαινόντων μάτην;
πρόσοδοι τίνες σοι καὶ τίνας φόρους φέρεις;

961 Π. *λέγ' οὖν ἃ βούλει, φιλτάτη μῆτερ, λέγε,*
ἃ γὰρ σὺ βούλει, πάντ' ἐμοί, μῆτερ, φίλα.
'Ι. *ἆρ' οὖν μέγιστόν σοι κακὸν δοκεῖ, τέκνον*
ὅρων πατρῴων ἐστερημένον κυρεῖν;

Pol. So heavy hap as tongue cannot expresse.
Ioc. And what may moste molest the minde of man
that is exiléd from his native soile?
Pol. Why, that he lacketh freedom for to speake
what seemeth best, without controll or checke.
Ioc. Why so, eche servant lacketh libertie
to speake his minde without his master's leave.
Pol. In exile every man, or bond or free,
of noble race or meaner parentage,
is not in this unlike unto the slave
that must of force obey to each man's will
and prayse the peevishnes of each man's pride.
Ioc. And seemeth this so greevous unto thee?
Pol. What greefe can greater be, then so constrained
slavelike to serve gainst right and reason both:
yea much the more to him that noble is
by stately line, or yet by vertuous life
and hath a heart like to his noble minde.
Ioc. What helpeth most in such adversitie?
Pol. Hope helpeth most to comfort miserie.
Ioc. Hope to return from whence he first was driven?
Pol. Yea hope that hapneth oftentimes too late,
and many dye before such hap may fall.

G. GASCOIGNE

966 *DEMETRIUS—CHIRON—AARON*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
and manners, to intrude where I am graced:
and may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
and so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
makes me less gracious or thee more fortunate:

Π. μέγιστον· ἔργῳ δ' ἐστὶ μεῖζον ἢ λόγῳ.
Ἰ. τί δ' οὖν μάλιστα κέαρ ἐλύπησέν τινι
ὅστις πατρῴας ἐξελήλαται χθονός;
Π. τὸ μὴ δύνασθαί γ' ὅτι δοκεῖ κράτιστον ὂν
παῤῥησίᾳ τιν' ὡς ἀκώλυτον λέγειν.
Ἰ. τί δ' οὖν τοσοῦτ' ἐκεῖνο; πᾶς δοῦλός γ' ἀεὶ
εἰπεῖν ἀδύνατος δεσπότου γνώμης δίχα.
Π. φεύγων γε πᾶς δοῦλός τε πᾶς τ' ἐλεύθερος,
εἴτ' οὖν ταπεινὸς εἴτ' ἀπ' εὐγενῶν κυρεῖ,
ἐν τῷδ' ἰσοῦται τῇ γε δουλίᾳ τύχῃ,
βουλῶν τε τοῦ τυχόντος ἐξηρτημένος
παντὸς χλιδὴν δύσοργον ᾔνεσεν βίᾳ.
Ἰ. καὶ τοῦτο δή σοι δυσφορώτατον δοκεῖ;
Π. τί γοῦν ἄχος τῳ μεῖζον, ἢ δούλου τρόπῳ
βίᾳ λατρεύειν νοῦν τε καὶ δίκην πάρα;
κείνῳ μὲν οὖν που χεῖρον, ὅστις εὐγενὴς
πατέρων ἀπ' ἐσθλῶν ἢ καλὴν ζωὴν ἄγων
τῆς εὐγενείας ἄξιον τρέφει κέαρ.
Ἰ. τί δ' οὖν μάλιστα κουφιεῖ ταύτην τύχην;
Π. ἐλπίς γ' ἀρίστη τῷ πονοῦντι σύμμαχος.
Ἰ. ἆρ' ἐλπίς, ὡς κάτεισ', ὅθεν φεύγει, πάλιν;
Π. ἐλπὶς μὲν οὖν, ἥγ' ἦλθεν ὀψὲ πολλάκις,
πολλοί τ' ἀπέθανον πρίν γε τοιούτων τυχεῖν.

J. G. L.

966 Δ. Χείρων, παλαιὸς ὤν, ἀπημβλύνθης φρένας,
ὅστις γ' ὅπηπερ εἴμ' ἐγὼ πρὸς ἡδονὴν
ζητεῖς ἐσελθεῖν αὐτός, οὐ κόσμον σέβων·
καὶ μὴν τάχ' ἄν που ξὺν πόθῳ δέξαιντ' ἐμέ.
Χ. ἄγαν γε πράσσειν πάνθ' ὑπερκόμψως ἔφυς,
ὑψηλοκόμποις δ' ὧδε νικήσειν λόγοις
αὐχεῖς· τὸ γάρ τοι πρότερον ἐκφῦναι χρόνῳ
σμίκρῳ, τόδ' οὔτι μ' ἧσσον εὐφιλῆ ποιεῖ,
οὐδ' εὐτυχῆ σε μᾶλλον, ἀλλὰ σοῦ, δοκεῖς,

I am as able and as fit as thou
to serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
and that my sword upon thee shall approve,
and plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Why, how now, lords?
so near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
and maintain such a quarrel openly?
full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold
the cause were known to them it most concerns;
nor would your noble mother for much more
be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
my rapier in his bosom and withal
thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat
that he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved,—
foul spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,
and with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform!

W. SHAKESPEARE

967

EPITAPH

There never breathed a man who, when his life
was closing, might not of that life relate
toils long and hard. The warrior will report
of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,
and blast of trumpets. He who hath been doomed

ἥσσων πέφυκα; πρόσφορος δ' οὐκ εἴμ' ἴσως
ἔργοις ἀνάσσῃ τῇδε πρὸς χάριν ποιεῖν;
καί τοι ξίφος μοι μαρτυρεῖν καλῶ τόδε·
δείξει τ', ἐκείνης ὡς πεπληγμένος κυρῶ.
Λ. ἀρήξατ'· οὐ γὰρ οἶδε καρδίας πόθῳ
μένουσ' ἔκηλοι· δεῦρο, δεῦρ' ἐλθεῖν καλῶ.
τί δή πότ' ἐστι; μῶν τυραννικῶν πέλας
τολμᾶτ' ἄνακτος δωμάτων σπάσαι ξίφη,
νεῖκος δὲ κινεῖν φανερὸν ἐμφανῶς τόδε.
καὶ μὴν σάφ' οἶδα τήνδ' ἀπεχθείαν τίνι
τρόπῳ προσῆλθεν, ἀλλὰ χρημάτων ἐγὼ
πόλλων πριαίμην ἂν τὸ μὴ γνῶναι τάδε,
εἰς οὓς μάλιστα ταῦτα ξυντείνοντ' ἔφυ·
καὶ τῆς τεκούσης σ', οἶδα, γενναῖον κέαρ,
οὐδ' εἰ πρότεινοι τῶνδέ τις πλείω πότε,
βούλοιτ' ἂν αἶσχος τοῖον ἐν πόλει λαβεῖν·
παύσασθε δ' ἤδη, καὶ γὰρ οὐ πρέπει τάδε.
Δ. οὔ τἂν ἐπίσχοιμ', ἔς τ' ἂν ἐν στερνοῖς ξίφος
κρύψω διάμπαξ, καὶ καθῶ λαίμου διὰ
λόγους ὀνειδιστῆρας, οὓς ἐνταῦθ' ὅδε
στόματος διῆκεν, ὡς ἀτιμήσων ἐμέ.
Χ. καὶ μὴν ἑτοῖμος καὶ βεβούλευμαι πάλαι
σὺ δ' ὧδ' ἔλεγξὸς καὶ κακοψύχου δίκην
γλώσσῃ μὲν ἐσθλὸς κάρτα κομπάζειν ἔφυς,
ξίφει δ' ἄτολμος ἐξ ἴσου τῷ μηδενί.

967 οὐκ ἦν ποθ' ὅστις οὐκ ἂν εἰς ῥοπὴν βίου
ἐλθὼν δύναιτ' ἂν πολλὰ δυσχερῆ λέγειν
ἐν ταῖς βίου τύχαισιν ἐξηντλημένα·
ὁ γοῦν ὁπλίτης φάσγαν' ἐν τάξει μάχης
ἕλκη τε καὶ σάλπιγγος ἐξαυχεῖ βοήν,
ὁ δ' αὖ διδαχθεὶς βασιλικοῖσιν ἐν δόμοις

to bow his forehead in the court of kings,
will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,
envy and heart-inquietude, derived
from intricate cabals of treacherous friends.
I, who on shipboard lived from earliest youth,
could represent the countenance horrible
of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage
of Auster and Bootes. Fifty years
over the well-steered galleys did I rule:—
from huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars
rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;
and the broad gulfs I traversed oft and oft.
Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir
I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's pride
availed not to my vessel's overthrow.
What noble pomp and frequent have not I
on regal decks beheld! yet in the end
I learned that one poor moment can suffice
to equalise the lofty and the low.
We sail the sea of life—a Calm One finds,
and One a Tempest—and, the voyage o'er,
death is the quiet haven of us all.

W. WORDSWORTH

969 *QUEEN MARGARET TO QUEEN ELIZABETH*

Q.M. I called thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I called thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
the presentation of but what I was,
the flattering index of a direful pageant:
one heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
a mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
a dream of what thou wert, a garish flag,

σαίνειν τυράννους, ἔχθος ἀθάνατον, δόλους,
ὕβρεις, φθόνον τε καρδίας δηκτήριον,
καὶ δὴ μερίμνας ἐκ φίλων πολυπλόκου
στάσεως γενομένας ἐξεπίσταται λέγειν.
ἐγὼ δ', ὃς ἦν ἐν ναυσὶν ἐκ παιδός, γράφειν
ὑδάτων πρόσωπον δεινὸν ἐξωγκωμένων
οἷός τ' ἂν εἴην καὶ τὸ καρτερὸν μένος
νότου Βοώτου τ'· ἐν τριήρεσίν ποτε
εὐηρέτμοισιν πεντάκις δέκ' ἦν ἔτη
ναυαρχός, ἔκ τε κιόνων 'Ατλαντικῶν
ἐς τὸν μέγαν Πέλωρον οὐδέν ἐσθ' ὅτι
ἐμοῖς ἄγνωστόν ἐστιν ὀφθαλμοῖς ὅρος,
κεὐρεῖς περάσας πολλάκις μυχοὺς ἔχω.
νεφελῶν γε μὴν ὅσαιπερ οὐρανοῦ πτυχαῖς
ἐκυκλοῦντο πασῶν δύναμιν ἐξηπιστάμην,
ὥστ' οὔποτ' ὠμῶν κυμάτων φρόνημ' ἐμὸν
ἔθραυσε πλοῖον. τί δέ; κατασκευὴν ἰδεῖν
ποίαν ποτ' οὐκ ἦν ἐν τυραννικοῖς ἐμοὶ
σκάφεσιν; ἔπειτα δ' ἔμαθον ἡκίστου ῥοπῇ
χρόνου πένησι κοιράνους ἰσουμένους.
πόντον βίου περῶμεν, οἱ μὲν ἤπιον
ἔχοντες, οἱ δὲ τραχύν· ἐν τέλει δ' ὁδοῦ
θάνατος ἅπασίν ἐστιν εἰρήνης λιμήν.

W. S. W.

969 ΜΑ. πρόσχημα γὰρ μάταιον ἦσθά μοι τότε
τύχης, ἀνάσσης, ὥσπερ ἐν γραφῇ, σκιά,
ἄλλως ἐμοῦ κάτοπτρον, ἀλγίστης ἰδεῖν
μάλ' εὐπρόσωπον φροίμιον καταστροφῆς·
ὕψου γὰρ ἤρθης ἐς βυθὸν πεσουμένη,
καλοῖν τρέφουσα παιδίοιν ψευδῆ χαράν·
ὀνειροφάντῳ δ' ἐπτερωμένη χλιδῇ,

to be the aim of every dangerous shot;
a sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble,
a queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
where are thy children? wherein dost thou joy?
who sues to thee and cries 'God save the Queen'?
where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art:
for happy wife, a most distressed widow;
for joyful mother, one that wails the name;
for one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
for queen, a very caitiff crowned with care;
for one that scorned at me, now scorned of me;

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969 ἐμῆς σ' ἄγαλμα ψυχρὸν ὠνόμασα τότε
τύχης, βασιλίδος σ' ὠνόμασα τότε σκιάν,
ἐμοῦ πρόσωπον εὐτελὲς χὤσον γραφῇ,
θεάματος πρόσχημα κομψὸν ἐμφόβου.
ἐς ὕψος ἤρθης μεῖζον ἵνα μεῖζον πέσῃς,
μήτηρ ἀμήτωρ εὐτέκνου συνωρίδος,
ὄναρ τι τῶν πόθ', ὥς τε σῆμα πορφυροῦν
ἐν ἀμφιβολίᾳ πρέπτον, ἔνδειξις κλέους,
φύσημα, πεμφίξ θ', οἷ' ἐς ἡδόνην λόγων
σκήνης ἄνασσα θρύπτεται. ποῦ σοὶ πόσις,
ποῦ παῖδε, ποῦ κάσεις; τί σοὶ λοιπὸν φάος;
τίς προσπιτνεῖ σ' εὐκταῖον εὐφημῶν στόμα;
βόαμα ποῦ νῦν εὐγενῶν χαμαιπετές;
ἑταιρία ποῦ πρόσπολός τ' ὄχλος; τὸ πᾶν

ἄρδην ἔλαμπες ὡς περιβλεπτὸς σκοπός,
ἅπασιν ἐχθρῶν ἐμφανὴς τοξεύμασιν·
κούφη δ' ἐπίανέν σε, πομφόλυξ ὅπως
ἢ πνεῦμα, τιμή· καταγέλωτα γὰρ σέθεν
τρόπους ἐμίμου τοὺς τυραννικοὺς μάτην.
ποῦ νῦν ἀδελφοὶ καὶ πόσις βέβηκε σοί,
ζεῦγος δὲ τέκνων; ποῦ δὲ σοὶ χαίρειν ἔνι;
τίς νῦν ταπειναῖς προστροπαῖς ἱκτήριος
σέβει σὲ τὴν ἄνασσαν, ἢ χαίρειν λέγει;
ποῦ δ' αὖ γονυπετεῖς οἵ σ' ἐθώπευον πρόμοι,
πλῆθος δ' ὀπαδὸν τῶν ἀνηρίθμων φίλων;
ἐκ τῶνδ' ἄθρησον οἷ κακῶν ἐλήλυθας·
κλαυθμὸν ξύνευνον ἀντὶ νυμφείων τρέφεις,
στυγεῖς δὲ μητρὸς ὄνομα, φίλτατον πάρος,
ποθεῖς δ' ἀρήξοντ' ἀντὶ τοῦ λιτὰς κλύειν·
ἄνασσα γὰρ πρὶν ἦσθα, νῦν δ' ἀγύρτρια
φορεῖς μέριμναν ἀντὶ βασιλικοῦ κράτους·
ἐκ δ' ὑβρισάσης νῦν γέλωτ' ὀφλοῦσά μοι,

διεξιοῦσ' ὅπου ποτ' εἶ τύχης σκοποῦ·
εὐνῆς ποτ' εἶ ἤκουσα χηρεύεις πικρῶς·
μήτηρ δυσώνυμός γε πρόσθ' εὐώνυμος·
νῦν μὲν γονυπετὴς πρὶν δὲ λιπαρουμένη·
δμωὴ τύραννος ἀμπέχουσ' ὅτλον κάρα.
σκωφθεῖσα πρὶν σοὶ σκῶμμα θήσομαί σ' ἐγώ,
τὴν πᾶσι φοβερὰν ἕνα φόβον φοβουμένην,
τὴν πᾶσι σέμνην πᾶσιν ἠθετημένην.
τοίαν σ' ἔθηκε παμφάγῳ λείαν χρόνῳ
παλιντρόποισι συντρέχουσ' ὁδοῖς δίκη,
νόημ' ἔχουσαν, καρδίας κέντρον διπλοῦν,
οἷ' ἀνταμειψάσ' οἷ' ἔχεις, μόνον τόδε.

H. HA.

for one being feared of all, now fearing one;
for one commanding all, obeyed of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
and left thee but a very prey to time;
having no more but thought of what thou wert
to torture thee the more, being what thou art.

W. SHAKESPEARE

971 *KING PHILIP—CONSTANCE—PANDULPH—LEWIS*

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect to grief.
Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.
K.Ph. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
lies in his bed, walks up and down with me:
puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
remembers me of all his gracious parts,
stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

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971 Π. *λύπην νομίζεις οὐ κάτ' ἀξίαν, γύναι.*
Κ. *λέγει πρὸς ἡμᾶς αὐτὸς ὢν ἄπαις τάδε.*
Φ. *σὺ δ' οὐδὲν ἧσσον τοῦ τέκνου λύπην φιλεῖς.*
Κ. *πίμπλησ' ἀπόντος παιδὸς ἡ λύπη τόπον,*
εὐνὴν ἔχουσα, σύν τ' ἐμοὶ νωμᾷ πόδα
ἄνω κάτω δινητόν. εἶτ' ἐνδύεται
παιδὸς τὸ τερπνὸν ὄμμα, μιμεῖται δ' ἔπη·
μνήμην τ' ἐμοὶ δίδωσιν ἣν εἶχεν χάριν.
παιδός τε μόρφῃ τὰς κενὰς βύει στολάς.

ταρβεῖς ἕν' ἐχθρόν, ἀντὶ τοῦ πάντας φοβεῖν,
ἣ δ' ἔσχες ἀρχήν, οὐκ ἔχεις ὑπήκοον.
οὕτω, στραφεῖσα κάρτ' ἀπ' ἐλπίδων, Δίκη
χρόνῳ σ' ἀφῆκε λὰξ πατουμένην φθίνειν.
μνήμη δὲ τῶν πρίν, ἣ μόνη πάρεστ' ἔτι,
κνίζει σὲ μᾶλλον οἷον ἐξαντλεῖς ἄχος.

C. W. CHUTE, *A. S.* 1860

971 Π. μείζω σὺ λύπῃ μοῖραν, ὦ γύναι, νέμεις.
Κ. ἦ κάρτ' ἄπαιδος νουθετεῖν τητωμένην.
Φ. οὔτοι σὺ παιδὸς μᾶλλον ἢ λύπης ἐρᾷς.
Κ. παιδὸς γὰρ ἕδραν αὖθις ἡ λύπη κενὴν
ἀπόντος ἀναπίμπλησιν, εὐνᾶται λέχει,
ὁδοῖς θ' ὁμιλεῖ ξυμφέρουσ' ἐμοὶ βάσιν,
λεύσσει θ' ὁμοίως τερπνὰ καὶ τοιαῦτ' ἔπη
θροεῖ, καλῶν θ' ὅσ' εἶχ' ἀνέμνησεν μελῶν·
ὥσει τε δὴ παρόντος εἰδώλῳ τέκνου
πληροῖ ῥυέντων εἱμάτων ἀχηνίαν.
ἆρ' οὖν δικαία γ' εἰμὶ προσφιλῶς ἔχειν
λύπῃ τοσούτων μοι φίλων ἐπαιτίᾳ;
χαῖρ' ὦ ξέν'· εἰ σὺ δ', ὡς ἐγώ, 'θυμοφθόρεις,
κρεῖσσον βοηθεῖν ἂν τύχαις ἠπιστάμην.
ὦ δαῖμον, ὦ παῖ φίλτατ', εὐγενὲς τέκνον,

ἆρ' οὐ δικαία γ' εἰμὶ τὴν λύπην φιλεῖν;
νῦν χαῖρε· τοίου δ' εἰ σὺ παιδὸς ἤμπλακες,
κρείσσων ἂν ἦν σοί γ' ἢ σύ μοι παρήγορος.
οἴμοι, τέκνον, κάλλιστον Ἀρτούρου δέμας,
ἐν σοι βίος τ' ὄλωλε χαρμονή τ' ἐμοὶ
σῖτός τε, πάντων ὧν ἔχω τὰ φίλτατα,
χήρᾳ παρηγόρημα καὶ λύπης ἄκος.

* * * *

G. B.

my life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
my widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!
K.Ph. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

W. SHAKESPEARE

972 *WULFSTAN THE WISE—OSCAR*

Wul. I bid her be resolved,
her choice now planted, forth of it to bring
the fruits of constancy: for constancy
on all things works for good: the barren breeds,
the fluent stops, the fugitive is fixed
by constancy. I told you, did I not,
the story of the wind, how he himself,
the desultory wind, was wrought upon?
Osc. Yes, Sir: you told it twice.
Wul. The tale was this:
the wind, when first he rose and went abroad
through the waste region, felt himself at fault,
wanting a voice: and suddenly to earth
descended with a wafture and a swoop,
where, wandering volatile from kind to kind,
he wooed the several trees to give him one.
First he besought the ash: the voice she lent
fitfully with a free and lasting change,
flung here and there its sad uncertainties:
the aspen next, a fluttered frivolous twitter
was her sole tribute: from the willow came,
so long as dainty summer dressed her out,
a whispering sweetness, but her winter note
was hissing, dry and reedy: lastly the pine
did he solicit, and from her he drew
a voice so constant, soft and lowly deep,
that there he rested, welcoming in her

Ἀρτοῦρε, χάρμα καὶ τροφὴ ζωή τ' ἐμή,
πάντων ὅσ' ἦν μοι ξυντόμως ὅλη χάρις,
χήρας τροφεῦ τε καὶ δυῶν παιώνιε.
Φ. μεθέψομαι σφέ, μή τι βουλεύσῃ νέον·
τοιᾶσδε δ' ὀργῆς οὐδαμῶς θαρσῶ τύχας.

L. C.

ΤΕΙΡΕΣΙΑΣ—ὈΣΚΑΡΟΣ

972 Τ. εἰπόν νιν οἷσπερ εἵλετ' ἐμμένειν γάμοις
καὶ μὴ τὸ σῶφρον ἐμπέδου φρονήματος
εἰκῇ χαλᾶν τοὐντεῦθεν· ἐν ταὐτῷ γὰρ οὖν
μένοντι λύει παντὶ καρτεροῦντί τε·
τῷ καρτερεῖν γὰρ κἀγόνοις τίκτειν πάρα,
τὰ ῥέοντα σταθερὰ γίγνεται, τὰ δραπετῆ
ἑδραῖα· φασὶν δ' ἄνεμον αὐτὸν (οἶσθά που
παλαιὸν αἶνον), ὡς μάλ' ἀστάθμητος ὢν
τὸ καρτέρουν ἔστερξεν. Ο. οἶδα γὰρ κλύων
καὶ δὶς λέγοντά σ'. Τ. ἦν δ' ὁ μῦθος ὡς ἐπεὶ
τὰ πρῶτ' ἔρημον ἐκπερᾷ πλάκ' αἰθέρος,
φωνῆς ἅτ' ἀψόφητος ὢν διηπόρει,
ἀφνῳ δ' ἄνωθεν εὐπετεῖ φορᾷ πτέρων
ἔσκηψεν ἐς γῆν, οὗπερ ἀλλόσ' ἀλλόθεν
δένδρων ποτηθεὶς ἥλλετ', εἰ φωνὴν λάβοι.
μελίαν δὲ δὴ πρῶθ' ἵκετ', ἡ δὲ τὴν ὄπα
προῆκε ποικίλην τε κοὔποτ' ἔμμονον,
ἀνειμένον θρήνημα· κᾆτα δευτέραν
αἴγειρον ἣ πάρεσχεν ἄσκοπον ψόφον
ἄλλως τ' ἄσημον· ἰτέας δ' ἤχησ' ἄπο,
ἕως ἁβρὰν ἐσθῆτα περιβάλλοι θέρος,
ψιθύρισμα τερπνόν, μετέβαλεν δὲ χείματος
αὖόν τι συρίζουσα δόνακος ὣς μέλος.
καὶ δὴ τελευτῶν λίσσεται πίτυν καθ' ἣν
ἔμεινεν, οἵαν μειλίχην τε κἄμπεδον

a mild memorial of the ocean-cave
where he was born.

H. TAYLOR

974 *SAMSON*

Thrice she assayed with flattering prayers and sighs
and amorous reproaches to win from me
my capital secret, in what part my strength
lay stored, in what part summed, that she might know:
thrice I deluded her and turned to sport
her importunity, each time perceiving
how openly and with what impudence
she purpos'd to betray me, and—which was worse
than undissembled hate—with what contempt
she sought to make me traitor to myself.
Yet the fourth time, when mustering all her wiles,
with blandished parlies, feminine assaults,
tongue-batteries, she surceased not day nor night
to storm me overwatched and wearied out,
at times when men seek most repose and rest,
I yielded and unlocked her all my heart,
who, with a grain of manhood well-resolved,
might easily have shook off all her snares:
but foul effeminacy held me yoked
her bond-slave. O indignity! O blot
to honour and religion! servile mind
rewarded well with servile punishment!
the base degree to which I now am fallen,
these rags, this grinding, is not yet so base

φωνὴν ἐδέξαθ', ἡδὺ μνημεῖον τρέφων
θαλασσοπλήκτων ἔνθα κἄβλαστεν πετρῶν.

ED.

974 *κείνη μὲν οὖν λίταισι κᾆτ' ὀδύρμασιν*
σαίνει με, τρὶς λείοισι δεννάζει λόγοις,
εἴ πως δύναιτο τῆς ἐμῆς κρατεῖν βίας
πήγην κρυφαίαν, ἔνθα τοῦδε σώματος
κεῖται ξυναρμοσθεῖσα καὶ πεφαργμένη,
ὥστ' εὖ μαθοῦσαν πᾶν ἐπίστασθαι τορῶς.
ἐγὼ δὲ τρίς σφ' ἔψευσα, λιπαροῦς γελῶν
σπούδης ἕκατι, προὐνοησάμην δ' ἀεὶ
οἵᾳ μ' ἀναιδῶς κἀμφανῶς ἐμήσατο
τόλμῃ προδοῦναι, (κἄτ' ἀπεχθείας μάλα
φανερᾶς κάκιον), ὡς καθυβρίσασα δὴ
θεῖναί με προδότην τῶν ἐμῶν ἐφίετο.
τὸ λοίσθιον δέ, ξυμμιγεῖς ἐπεὶ δόλους
καὶ μηχανὰς ξυνῆψεν, οὐδ' ἐπαύσατο
τὸ μὴ οὔ με θέλγειν νύκτας ἡμέρας θ' ἴσως
λείοισι μύθοις, καὶ γυναικείῳ νόμῳ,
ἐν ᾧ μάλιστα παῦλαν εὔχονται βροτοί,
θείνειν, ἀράσσειν προσβολαῖς γλωσσαλγίας·
τότηνίκ' εἶξα, καρδίαν τ' ἤνοιξ' ἐμήν,
ὅς γ' εἴ τι τόλμης εἶχον ἢ θράσους τότε,
γνώμῃ βραχείᾳ πάντας ἔφυγον ἂν δόλους,
καὶ ῥᾳδίως γε· θηλύνους δ' ἀνανδρία
δούλευμ' ἐκείνης μ' ἐν ζυγῷ κατεῖχ' ἀεί·
φεῦ φεῦ· κακίστη τῆς ἐμῆς διαφθορὰ
λώβη τε τιμῆς θεοῖς τε κἀνθρώποις μέτα·
ὦ δουλία φρὴν ἥδε, δουλείαν καλῶς
τοιῶνδε ποίνας ἀμπλακημάτων τίνεις·
τάδ' ἐστὶν αἰσχρὰ πτώμαθ', οἷ πεσὼν κυρῶ,
αἰσχραὶ μέν εἰσιν αἵδε δυσπινεῖς στολαί,
μόχθος δ' ὁ σιτοποιός; αἰσχίων δ' ἔτι

as was my former servitude, ignoble,
unmanly, ignominious, infamous,
true slavery, and that blindness worse than this,
that saw not how degenerately I served.

J. MILTON

975 *KING HENRY IV—PRINCE HENRY*

K. H. Come hither to me, Harry.
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
P. H. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. H. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
that thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
is held from falling with so weak a wind,
that it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which, after some few hours
were thine without offence: and at my death
thou hast sealed up my expectation:
thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,
and thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart
to stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

ἡ πρόσθε δουλεία 'στίν, ἀκλεεστάτη,
ἄτιμος, ἀνδρός τ' εὐγενοῦς ἀναξία,
δούλευμ' ἀληθῶς, ἥ τε τυφλότης φρενῶν
μείζων ὄλεθρος, ἥτις οὐκ ἐπῄσθετο
οἵας λατρείας οἷος ὢν γοναῖς τρέφω.

ED.

ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ—ΠΑΙΣ

Β. *δεῦρ' ἐλθέ, τέκνον, δεῦρ'· ὀπάονες, δόμων*
ὑμεῖς δ' ἀφέρπεθ', ὡς μόνος μόνῳ ξυνῶ.
Π. *οὐ σοῦ πάλιν φωνοῦντος ᾠόμην κλύειν.*
Β. *εὐχῆς σύ γ', ὦ παῖ, δόξαν εἶπας ἔκγονον,*
χρονίου δ' ἐμοῦ ξυνόντος εἶ μεστὸς πάλαι.
τοσόνδ' ἄρ' ὥρμας θρόνον ἐμοῦ θάσσειν μόνον;
ὥστ' οὐδ' ἔπεσχες μὴ πατρῷά μου γέρα
σαὐτῷ προσάψας κύριον φθάσαι χρόνον;
ὦ μῶρ', ὃς ἔλαθες τῶν ὑπὲρ σαυτὸν κρατῶν
ζήλου τ' ἐρασθείς, ὃς κατακλύσει τὰ σά.
σχὲς ἀλλὰ βαιόν; τῆς γὰρ ἀξίας νέφος
κουφῇ πνοῇ γ' ἀερθὲν οὐκ ἂν ἀντέχοι
τὸ μὴ πεσεῖν μάλ' αὐτίκ'· ἐκλείπω φάος·
σὺ δ', ὢν χρόνου βαιοῦ τε κοὐχὶ μυρίου
ἔμελλες εἶναι σὺν δίκῃ γε κύριος,
λῄστης ἐναργὴς αἱρεθεὶς θνήσκοντί μοι,
ἅ σου κατέγνων πρόσθε κυρώσας ἔχεις·
ὃς δεῦρ' ἀεί γε τοὐμὸν οὐ στέργων κάρα
σημεῖ' ἔφηνας, νῦν δ' ἵν' ἐκμαθὼν θάνω,
πίστιν βεβαίαν προσφέρεις τοιοῦτος ὤν.
λάθρα δὲ κρύψας ἐν φρεσὶν τὰ μυρία
ἔτλης πετρώδει καρδίᾳ στομοῦν ξίφη
ἐπ' ἄνδρα νεκρὸν πλήν γε τοῦ σμικροῦ χρόνου·
ἦ γὰρ φθονήσεις τόνδε μοι σμικρὸν χρόνον;

then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself;
and bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
that thou art crowned, not that I am dead:
let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
only compound me with forgotten dust;
give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

976 *P. H.* O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
the moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
the course of it so far. There is your crown;
and He that wears the crown immortally
long guard it yours! If I affect it more
than as your honour and as your renown,
let me no more from this obedience rise,
which my most inward true and duteous spirit
teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in,
and found no course of breath within your majesty,
how cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
and never live to show the incredulous world
the noble change that I have purposed!
coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
and dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
and thus upbraided it '*The care on thee depending*
hath fed upon the body of my father;
therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:

ἀλλ' ἕρπε χώσων αὐτὸς αὐτουργῷ χερὶ
τάφους πατρῴους, κλαζέτω δέ σοι τορῶς
κώδων τύραννον οὕνεκ' ἐκτήσω γέρας,
οὐχ ὡς ἐπ' αἴδου θανασίμῳ μωκητόρι.
δάκρυα δ' ἃ πολλὰ πατρὸς ἐν ἐκφοραῖς σόρον
τέγγειν προσῆκεν, αὐτὰ ταῦτ' ἀλείφατος
λίβη γένοιτ' ἂν σὸν καθαγνίσαι κάρα.
τοσόνδε μέντοι μή μ' ἀτιμάσῃς τυχεῖν,
λήθῃ τε φύρσας σῶμα καὶ φαυλῇ κόνει
τόνδ' οὗ πέφυκας σκῦλον εὐλαῖσιν προθές.

ED.

976 Π. συγγνωθί μοι τάδ'· εἰ δὲ μὴ τὰ δάκρυα
κωλύμαθ' ὑγρὰ τῶν λόγων κατέσχεθεν,
ψόγους ἂν ἔφθην εὐφιλεῖς πικροὺς δ' ὅμως,
πρίν γ' ὧδέ σ' οἰκτρῶς ἐκφέρειν κλύειν τ' ἐμὲ
τοσόνδ' ὄνειδος· ἀλλά μοι σκῆπτρον δέχου·
γήρως δ' ἄλυπον ὃς φορεῖ σκηπτουχίαν
σῴζοι τὸ λοιπὸν σοὶ τόδ', εἰ δ' ἐμοὶ φίλον
πλήν γ' ὡς γέρας σὸν καὶ σὸν ἔνδοξον κλέος,
μὴ τῆσδ' ἀνασταίην ποτ' ἐκ πειθαρχίας,
(ἣν φρὴν διδάσκει καὶ μάλ' αἰδοία φύσις),
πεσὼν δὲ μείναιμ' ὧδ' ἕδραν χαμαιπετῆ.
ἐπεὶ μολόντι δεῦρο θεοὶ ξυνίστορες,
σοῖς οὐκέτ' ἀμπνοὴν ὅτ' ἐν στέρνοις ὁρῶ,
ὡς δὴ παχνοῦμαι καρδίαν· εἰ δ' οὖν τάδε
πλάσσω, θάνοιμί γ' ὧδε παράκοπος φρενῶν,
μηδ' εἰς ἀπίστους δημότας δείξαιμ' ἔτι
ὡς ἐξαλείψω τὰς πρὶν ἐξαμαρτίας.
χρῄζων ὁρᾶν σ' οὖν καὶ θανόνθ' ὁρᾶν δοκῶν
καὐτός τε δόξῃ καρδίαν πεπληγμένος,
σκῆπτρον προσαυδῶν ὡς φρενῶν ἐπήβολον
ἔπη τοιαῦτ' ὠνείδισ' 'ὡς σέθεν πατρὸς
ψυχὴν μέριμνα κατέφαγεν τοῦ φιλτάτου·
ἀνθ' ὧν καλῶς περ χρυσὸς ὢν φαίνει κακός,

other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
preserving life in medicine potable;
but thou most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
977 *hast eat thy bearer up.'* Thus, my most royal liege,
accusing it, I put it on my head,
to try with it, as with an enemy
that had before my face murder'd my father,
the quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
if any rebel or vain spirit of mine
did with the least affection of a welcome
give entertainment to the might of it,
let God for ever keep it from my head
and make me as the poorest vassal is
that doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

W. SHAKESPEARE

982 *SAPPHO*

How many a day,
O pleasant Lesbos, in thy secret streams
delighted have I plunged, from the hot sun
screened by the o'erarching grove's delightful shade
and pillowed on the waters. Now the waves
shall chill me to repose. Tremendous height!
scarce to the brink will these rebellious limbs
support me. Hark! how the rude deep below
roars round the rugged base, as if it called
its long reluctant victim! I will come:
one leap, and all is over. The deep rest
of death, or tranquil apathy's dead calm,
welcome alike to me: away, vain fears!

R. SOUTHEY

ἄλλος τ' ἀνάξιός περ ἀξιώτερος
βίον φυλάσσων ἐν ποτῷ σωτηρίῳ·
σὺ δ' οὖν φέριστος καὶ μάλ' ἔντιμος γεγὼς
977 φθείρεις φοροῦντα· τοιάδ' οὖν ἔπη, πάτερ,
κατηγορῶν νιν δεξιᾷ 'λαβον χερὶ
μάχην ξυνάψων, ὡς πρὸς ἄνδρα δυσμενῆ
ὅστις κατέστη πατρὸς ἐμφανὴς φονεύς,
ὡς εὐγενὴς ἂν διάδοχος σκηπτουχίας·
εἰ δ' οὖν ἐμὴν ἔπλησε καρδίαν χαρᾶς,
ἢ εἰς ὑψίπυργον ἐλπίδ' ὤγκωσεν κέαρ,
εἰ δ' αὖ τι δύσνουν, φίλτατ', ἐκ φαυλῆς φρενὸς
κἂν τοὐλάχιστον πρευμενῶς ἐδέξατο,
ὥστ' ἀσπάσασθαί σφ' ἀσμένως δοκεῖν ἐμέ,
ὁ θεὸς ἀπωθοῖ μήποτ' ἐς χεῖρας λαβεῖν·
εἴην δὲ μᾶλλον ὅστις αἴσχιστος γεγὼς
ἐθαύμασέν νιν γονυπετὴς αἰδούμενος.

A. W. P.

982 ἦ πολλάκις, γῆ φιλτάτη Λέσβου, ῥοαῖς
κρυπταῖσι ταῖς σαῖς ἀσμένως ἐλουσάμην,
θερμοῦ σκιασθεῖσ' ἡλίου βολῶν ἄπο
δένδροις ὑπερταθεῖσιν ἡδίστου νάπους,
κοιμωμένη τ' ἐν κύμασιν καλλιρρόοις,
ὑφ' ὧν ἐς ὕπνον νῦν με παχνοῦσθαι χρεών.
ἰώ, μάλιστα δεινὸν ὧν εἶδον βάθος·
κρηπῖδ' ἐς αὐτὴν οὔ μόλις με βαστάσει
μέλη τρέμοντ'· ἄκουσον ἀλλ', ὅπως κάτω
τραχὺν θάλασσα περιβοᾷ πρὸς πυθμένα,
σφάγιον καλοῦσά μ' ὥς, χρονισθεῖσάν τ' ἄγαν·
ἀλλ' ἔρχομαι δὴ σὺν ταχεῖ πηδήματι
ἅπαξ ἄνωθεν κοὐ πάλιν πεσουμένη·
θανάτου δ' ἀτέρμων ὕπνος εἴτ' ἀμνήμονος
δέξαιτο λήθης παῦλά μ' ἄμμορος πόνου,
οὐ γὰρ μέλει μοι· χαίρετ', ὦ κενοὶ φόβοι.

W. D.

983 *REFLECTIONS ON THE MURDER OF PRINCE PORREX BY HIS MOTHER VIDEN*

When gredy lust in royall seate to reigne
hath reft all care of goddes and eke of men,
and cruell hart, wrath, treason and disdaine,
within ambicious brest are lodged; then
beholde how mischiefe wide her selfe displayes
and with the brother's hand the brother slayes.

When bloud thus shed doth staine the heavens face
crying to Jove for vengeance of the deede,
the mightie God even moveth from his place
with wrath to wreke, then sendes he forth with spede
the dreadfull furies, daughters of the night,
with serpentes girt, carying the whip of ire,
with heare of stinging snakes, and shining bright
with flames and bloud and with a brand of fire;
these for revenge of wretched murder done
do make the mother kill her onely sonne.

Bloud asketh bloud, and death must death requite:
Jove by his just and everlasting dome
justly hath ever so requited it:
this times before recorde, and times to come
shall finde it true, and so dooth present proofe
present before our eies for our behoofe.

O happie wight that suffres not the snare
of murderous minde to tangle him in blood,
and happy he that can in time beware
by others harmes and turne it to his good.

SACKVILLE AND NORTON

994 *THE CHARACTER OF GERMANICUS*

CAIUS SILIUS—LUCIUS ARRUNTIUS

He was a man most like to virtue; in all
and every action, nearer to the gods,
than men, in nature; of a body as fair

983 ὁπόταν ὑβριστὴς ἵμερος σκηπτουχίας
μὴ θεῶν ποιῆται μηδ' ἔτ' ἀνθρώπων λόγον,
φιλοτιμία δὲ πᾶσιν ἐνναίῃ φθόνου
βρύουσα κὠργῆς νηλεοῦς τ' ἀπιστίας,
ἴδ' ὡς τότ' ἐξέλαμψεν ἡ πανουργία,
ὡς αὐταδέλφοις χερσὶν ἁδελφὸς πίτνει·
ἐπεὶ δ' ἔχρωσεν ὧδε δυστήνῳ τρόπῳ
αἷμ' οὐρανοῦ πρόσωπον ἐξαίτουν Δία
τὰ δυσσεβῆ ταῦτ' ἔργα τίσασθαι δίκην,
σεμνοῦ μεταστὰς χὠ μέγας θεὸς θρόνου
ἔπεμψε νυκτὸς ἐκγόνους Ἐρινύας,
λαμπρὸν πρεπούσας αἱματορρύτῳ φλογί,
ἠσκημένας κόμην τε καὶ ζώνην πυκνοῖς
δράκουσι καὶ τιμωρὸν ἐξωπλισμένας
μάστιγα καὶ πυρωθὲν ἐν χεροῖν ξίφος.
αὗται δ' ἀμοιβὴν αἱμάτων τὴν μητέρα
ὁρμῶσιν ὀλέσαι καὶ τὸ μονογενὲς τέκνον.
αἷμ' αἷμ' ἀπαιτεῖ καὶ φόνος φόνον τίνει·
ἄποινα ταῦτα Ζεὺς ἀκινήτῳ νόμῳ
ἀεί ποτ' ἔθετο, μαρτυρεῖ δ' ὁ πρὶν χρόνος,
δείξει θ' ὁ μέλλων χὠ παρὼν δηλοῖ σαφῶς
ἔλεγχος, ἡμῖν ὑψόθεν παραίνεσιν.
εἰ δεινὰ πείθουσ' εἶτα μὴ παρήγαγε
φρὴν αἰσχρόμητις μηδ' ἐφύρασεν φόνῳ,
εὐδαιμονίζω, χὤστις εὐλαβεῖ φρενὶ
σκοπούμενος πρὸς καιρὸν ἀλλότρια κακὰ
οὕτω 'διδάχθη μὴ παθὼν τὸ σωφρονεῖν.

994 ἦ κάρτ' ἐκεῖνος πλεῖστα τοὺς τρόπους ἀνὴρ
προσῄκασ' ἀρετῇ, χὤσ' ἕδρα μᾶλλον θεοῖς
ὅμοιος ἢ βροτοῖς γ' ἐδήλωσεν γεγώς.
ἦν εὐπρεπὴς μὲν σῶμά γ', εὐπρεπὴς δὲ νοῦν,

as was his mind; and no less reverend
in face than fame: he could so use his state,
tempering his greatness with his gravity,
as it avoided all self-love in him
and spight in others. What his funerals lack'd
in images and pomp, they had supply'd
with honourable sorrow, soldiers' sadness,
a kind of silent mourning, such as men
(who know no tears but from their captives) use
to shew in so great losses. *Arr.* I am sure
he was too great for us, and that they knew
who did remove him hence. *Sab.* When men grow fast
honour'd and lov'd, there is a trick in state
(which jealous princes never fail to use)
how to decline that growth, with fair pretext,
and honourable colours of employment,
either by embassy, the war, or such,
to shift them forth into another air,
where they may purge, and lessen; so was he;
and had his seconds there, sent by Tiberius
and his more subtle dam to discontent him;
to breed and cherish mutinies; detract
his greatest actions; give audacious check
to his commands; and work to put him out
in open act of treason. All which snares
when his wise cares prevented, a fine poison
was thought on, to mature their practices.

B. JONSON

ὄψει δὲ σεμνός, σεμνὸς ἀξιώματι,
μέγας δ' ἐπαρθεὶς οὐ τύρανν' ἕδρασ' ὅμως,
οὐδ' ἦν ἐπαχθὴς τῆς ἄγαν φιλαυτίας,
οὐδ' αὖ πρὸς ἄλλων οἷος ἀλφάνειν φθόνον.
εἰ δ' εἰκόνων τε καὶ κτερισμάτων ἄνευ
τὴν ἐκφορὰν ἔσχ', ἀλλ' ἅλις τιμῆς παρῆν·
ᾤμωξε γάρ νιν σῖγ' ἀδάκρυτος γόων
ὁμοῦ στρατὸς πάνδημος, οἷα δακρύων
ἀπειρίᾳ, πλὴν εἴ τις ἐν μάχῃ δορὸς
ἁλοὺς ἔτεγξεν ὄμμα που, πενθεῖν φιλεῖ.

ΑΡΡ. σάφ' οἶδα τοῦτο, σφῶν ὅπως ξυνειδότες
ὑπέρτερόν νιν ὄντα προὔδωκαν φθόνῳ.

ΣΑΒ. καὶ κάρθ', ὅταν γὰρ τίμιόν τιν' ἐν πόλει
λεὼς ὑπέρφευ θαυμάσῃ, καὶ δὴ κακὰς
(ἐπιφθόνων γε κοιράνων κοινὸν βέλος)
τέχνας ἐμήσανθ' ὡς μέγ' ἀκμάζων ἀνὴρ
μέγ' ἐκπεσεῖται, κοὐκ ἄνευ προσχήματος,
τίμην γε πρεσβείαν τε καὶ στρατηγίαν
ἐπιτρέποντες ἀνδρὶ καὶ τοιαῦτα δη,
οὕτως ἐς ἄλλην γῆν μετέστησαν φθόνῳ,
ὅπως τὸ λίαν ἐκκαθαίρηται σθένος.
κεῖνος τάδ' ἔπαθε· καὶ γὰρ ὄντι τιμίῳ
ἄναξ ὑφῆκε μητρὸς ἐκ βουλευμάτων
δεινῆς ἐχίδνης μηχανορράφους κακῶν,
οἵ νιν παραστρέψαιεν εἰς ἀπειθίαν
λόγοισι, κἀπείγοιεν ἐς στάσεις στρατὸν
ἀνόσια δρῶντες· εἴ τι δ' ἄξιον λόγου
δράσαι, μεταλλάξαιεν ἐπὶ τὸ χεῖρον αὖ,
εἴ πως ὑπ' αὐτῶν προδοσίαν ὀφλισκάνοι·
ὁ δ' εὐλαβηθεὶς ὡς φρενῶν εὐβουλίᾳ
δόλων ἄλυξιν ηὗρεν, εἶτα φάρμακον
ἔτευχον, εἴ πως ἔργον ἀνύσαιεν κακόν.

ED.

FINIS FASCICULI TERTII

Folia Silvulae

FASCICULUS QUARTUS

FOLIA SILVULAE

FASCICULUS QUARTUS

I *The Kite, or Pride must have a Fall*

ONCE on a time a paper kite
was mounted to a wondrous height,
where, giddy with its elevation,
it thus expressed self-admiration:
'See how yon crowds of gazing people
admire my flight above the steeple;
how would they wonder if they knew
all that a kite like me could do?
were I but free, I'd take a flight,
and pierce the clouds beyond their sight;
but ah! like a poor prisoner bound,
my string confines me near the ground:
I'd brave the eagle's towering wing,
might I but fly without a string.'
It tugged and pulled, while thus it spoke,
to break the string,—at last it broke:
deprived at once of all its stay,
in vain it tried to soar away;

I *MILVUS CHARTEVS*

SUBLIMIS quondam milvus (mirabile dictu)
  charteus ex alto despiciebat humum:
et liquidas carpens paullo iactantior auras
  ipse suas laudes magnaque verba dedit:
'ecce feror super ora virum; comitatur euntem
  plausibus insolitae conscia turba fugae:
sed quanto melius novissent (quae mea virtus)
  qualis sit milvo, me volitante, vigor,
si nubes oculos cursu fallente secarem,
  non humilem ingrediens liber ad astra viam:
me sors dura premit, miserumque ad limina terrae
  captivum angusto carcere lora tenent:
certarem rapidis aquilae pernicior alis,
  surgere si fatum, sed sine fune, daret.'
Interea trepido temptabat vincula nisu
  si qua importunum rumperet arte iugum:
rumpitur—atque vagos nullo retinente volatus,
  aetherias frustra temptat inire vias:

unable its own weight to bear,
it fluttered downward thro' the air;
unable its own course to guide
the winds soon plunged it in the tide.
Ah! foolish kite, thou hadst no wing,
how couldst thou fly without a string?
  My heart replied, 'O Lord, I see
how much this kite resembles me!
forgetful that by thee I stand,
impatient of thy ruling hand;
how oft I've wished to break the lines
thy wisdom for my lot assigns!
how oft indulged a vain desire
for something more or something higher!
and, but for grace and love divine,
a fall thus dreadful had been mine.'

JOHN NEWTON

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2 I ENVY not in any moods
    the captive void of noble rage,
    the linnet born within the cage,
that never knew the summer woods;
I envy not the beast that takes
    his license in the field of time,
    unfettered by the sense of crime,
to whom a conscience never wakes;
nor, what may count itself as blest,
    the heart that never plighted troth
    but stagnates in the weeds of sloth,
nor any want-begotten rest.
I hold it true, whate'er befall;
    I feel it, when I sorrow most;
    'tis better to have loved and lost
than never to have loved at all.

A. TENNYSON

pondere devectus proprio, sine viribus ullis,
  praecipiti gyro pronus ad ima cadit:
ignarumque suos proprio moderamine cursus
  flectere demergunt aequore flabra noti.
a, demens! non ala tibi neque robora pennae,
  milvi, quid velles fune carere tuo?
Respondet dicto citius mens conscia culpae
  quam similis, Domine, est milvius iste mei!
non sine te stantem praesens me dextera fulcit,
  impatiens freni, te moderante, regor:
quam saepe impositos volui transcendere fines,
  quos mihi descripsit provida cura Dei!
quam saepe indulsi vano suspiria cordi,
  nescio quid quaerens altius, atque prius!
et nisi faustus amor divino numine adesset,
  tam mihi quam milvo vasta ruina foret.

G. C.

---

2 NON homini invideo, cui dura ad claustra retento
  ingenua rabie mens malesana vacat;
non merulae angusto quae nata in carcere vernas
  nec gaudet silvas nec meminisse dolet:
non equidem invideo, viridis qui prata iuventae,
  ludenti similis sed sine lege, petit;
compede quem nullo religat mens conscia pravi,
  nec vigili somnos verbere poena quatit:
nec laudo eximia quamvis se sorte bearit
  si quis amicitiae pignora nulla dedit;
desidia mihi nulla placent torpentia corda,
  pectoribus vacuis displicet empta quies.
Haec meliora voco; quae sors mihi cunque dolenti
  attulerit, doleo; at mens mihi certa manet;
amissos potius plorem lacrimosus amores,
  quam nullo arguerim tempore, quid sit amor.

G. C.

3 *A Briton's thought on the subjugation of Switzerland*

TWO voices are there; one is of the sea,
one of the mountains; each a mighty voice:
in both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
they were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:
thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:
then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left;
for, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
that Mountain floods should thunder as before,
and Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
and neither awful Voice be heard by thee!

W. WORDSWORTH

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4 *The Three Seasons*

DEAR is the morning gale of spring,
and dear the autumnal eve,
but few delights doth summer bring
a poet's crown to weave.

Her bowers are mute, her fountains dry,
and ever Fancy's wing
speeds from beneath her cloudless sky
to autumn or to spring.

Sweet is the infant's waking smile,
and sweet the old man's rest—
but middle age by no fond wile,
no soothing calm is blest.

J. KEBLE

3 *IN LIBERTATEM MONTANIS HELVETIORVM CLAVSTRIS EXTERRITAM*

SUNT geminae voces, haec est maris, illa iugorum,
utraque vox ingens. longum gavisa per aevum,
libertas, ambabus eras: id amicius omni
carmen. at hostis adest: contra bellare tyrannum
(et pugnae tibi sanctus amor), sed bella moventur
nequiquam: fugis Alpinis exterrita claustris,
auditusque tibi torrens non murmurat usquam.
auribus una tuis alta est extorta voluptas;
quare o, quae superest, huic ambitiosa memento
haerere. a, pigeat quantum! generosa virago,
flumina si montana tonent, si litore, ut olim,
oceanus saxoso immugiat usque; nec utra
sit tibi vox augusta vel hinc audita vel illinc.

H. A. J. M.

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4 Οἱ τρεῖς τοῦ βίου χρόνοι

Φίλον πέφυκεν ἠρινῆς ἑοῦς πνοή,
φίλον τ' ὀπώρα μαλθάκῳ δείλης χρόνῳ,
βαιὸν γάνος δ' ἤνεγκεν ἀνθρώποις θέρος,
μουσῶν ἀώτῳ συμπλέκειν ὕμνων στέφος·
ἄφθογγον ἤδη τᾶλσος ὀρνίθων πέλει,
κρήνη τ' ἄνυδρος διψίως ἔχει ῥοῶν.
χἠ φρὴν ἀλᾶται, θερμὸν αἰθέρος σέλας
φεύγουσ', ὀπώραν καὶ μετ' ἠρινὸν χρόνον.
καλὸν γέλασμα παιδὸς ἐξ ὕπνου νέον,
καλὸν γέροντος ἐκ πόνων ἀναψυχή·
ἀνδρῶν δ' ἀκμαῖος οὐκέτ' ἐν τέρψει βίος,
οὐδ' αὖ γαλήνην γηρόβοσκον ἥδεται.

G. F. D. T.

5 *Amaturus*

SOMEWHERE beneath the sun,
these quivering heart-strings prove it,
somewhere there must be one
made for this soul, to move it;
some one that hides her sweetness
from neighbours whom she slights,
nor can attain completeness
nor give her heart its rights;
some one whom I could court
with no great change of manner,
still holding reason's fort,
though waving fancy's banner;
a lady, not so queenly
as to disdain my hand,
yet born to smile serenely
like those that rule the land;
noble, but not too proud;
with soft hair simply folded,
and bright face crescent-browed,
and throat by Muses moulded;
and eyelids lightly falling
on little glistening seas,
deep-calm, when gales are brawling,
though stirred by every breeze;
swift voice, like flight of dove
through minster-arches floating,
with sudden turns, when love
gets overnear to doting;
keen lips, that shape soft sayings
like crystals of the snow
with pretty half-betrayings
of things one may not know;

5 *AMATVRVS*

EST ubi, si qua fides venis salientibus intus,
  quam mihi conciliant sidera, Phoebe, vides :
flos velut illa velim secreto crescat in horto,
  dum celat spretos, quam sit amanda, procos,
et desiderio, quem nunquam novit, amoris
  deesse aliquid vitae sentiat usque suae :
idem ego, qui semper, placeam; fucata decori
  pluma sit, at galeae mens mihi sana loco :
gloria neu stirpis moveat fastidia nostri;
  sed tamen haud humiles gratia prodat avos :
sit generosa quies, sed nulla superbia vultus,
  et religet munda simplicitate comam.
candida sit facies, frons lunae ut cornua; guttur
  fingat ad officium Calliopea suum;
molle supercilium claris incumbat ocellis,
  aequora ceu tremuli sole micante lacus;
aequora raucisonas inter tranquilla procellas,
  ad Zephyri tactus mobiliora leves.
qualis avis celsi fertur per inania templi,
  prompta sed et placido verba tenore fluant;
sic tamen ut subito mutata voce proterva
  castiget, nimium si sit ineptus amor;
quaeque cadant labris, nivis ut candentia frusta,
  suaviter id doceant quod didicisse vetet.

fair hand, whose touches thrill,
  like golden rod of wonder,
which Hermes wields at will
  spirit and flesh to sunder;
light foot, to press the stirrup
  in fearlessness and glee,
or dance, till finches chirrup,
  and stars sink to the sea.
Forth, Love, and find this maid
  wherever she be hidden;
speak, Love, be not afraid,
  but plead as thou art bidden;
and say, that he who taught thee
  his yearning want and pain,
too dearly, dearly, bought thee
  to part with thee in vain.

ANON.

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6 *To the Pious Memory of Mrs Anne Killigrew*

NOW all those charms, that blooming grace,
  the well-proportion'd shape, and beauteous face,
shall never more be seen by mortal eyes;
in earth the much-lamented virgin lies.
  Not wit, nor piety could fate prevent;
  nor was the cruel destiny content
  to finish all the murder at a blow,
  to sweep at once her life and beauty too;
but, like a hardened felon, took a pride
  to work more mischievously slow,
  and plundered first, and then destroyed.
O double sacrilege on things divine,
to rob the relic, and deface the shrine!
    but thus Orinda died:

Adde manus; tactu virgae non blandior aureae
  det deus haec superis arbiter, illa rogo;
adde pedem, qui scandat equum choreasque fatiget
  usque avium ad cantus astraque mersa mari.
I nunc iussus, Amor, talemque exquire puellam;
  i mihi, nec timida res age voce meas:
dic domini curas; dic te mihi carius emptum
  quam nisi pro cara quem dare merce velim.

R. K. W.

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6 *IN MEMORIAM FEMINAE ORNATISSIMAE*

ERGO has blanditias, et nitidi decus
vultus eximium et corporis integri
direptum ex oculis quaerimus? abdita
  terra scilicet improba
virgo procubuit. quis tenero modus
sit desiderio?—nil lepidi vigor
sermonis valuit, nec pietas moram
  Parcis attulit invidis.
At nec fata satis crediderant semel
unoque exitium conficere impetu,
dedignata brevem quam dederant diem
  cum forma simul abripi:
sed nullius uti criminis inscios
urget praeda viros ad vetitum nefas,
sic gavisa malis improba tarditas
  vitam post spolia abstulit.
O bis sacrilegam, muneribus prius
quae raptis adytum pollueret manus!
sed Lyden eadem mors tulit; et bonus
  morbo haud dissimili Deus

Heaven, by the same disease, did both translate;
as equal were their souls, so equal was their fate.

Meantime her warlike brother on the seas
his waving streamers to the winds displays,
and vows for his return, with vain devotion, pays.
Ah, generous youth, that wish forbear,
the winds too soon will waft thee here!
slack all thy sails, and fear to come;
alas, thou know'st not, thou art wrecked at home.

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7 *Lilia*

SO Lilia sang: we thought her half possessed,
she struck such warbling fury through the words;
and after feigning pique at what she called
the raillery, or grotesque, or false sublime,—
like one that wishes at a dance to change
the music, clapt her hands and cried for war,
or some grand fight, to kill and make an end.
And he that next inherited the tale
half turning to the broken statue, said,
'Sir Ralph has got your colours: if I prove
your knight and fight your battle, what for me?'
It chanced, her empty glove upon the tomb
lay by her like a model of her hand:
she took it and she flung it. 'Fight,' she said,
'and make us all we would be, great and good.'
He knight-like in his cap instead of casque,
a cap of Tyrol borrow'd from the hall,
arranged the favour and assumed the prince.

A. TENNYSON

ambas aetheriis sedibus addidit
nec fatis animas imparibus pares
disiunxit. Dubios interea secat
fluctus sollicitus puer,
defunctus trepido Marte, superbaque
venti signa leves dum quatiunt, deum
votis a! reditum quaeritat irritis:
o frater, preme nobili
istas corde preces; et propera nimis
huc appulsa anima lintea collige,
delabi metuens—nescius heu! petis
quassam naufragio domum.

H. S.*

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7 *LILIA*

SIC cecinit, iam plena Deo prope credita nobis
Lilia, quae tantos fudisset voce furores;
mox iram simulans, tanquam aversata poetae
ludicra, putidula, et tumide quae dicta putaret,
haud aliter, quam quae numeros mutare choreae
iam velit, applausitque manu bellumque poposcit,
arma fremens clarasque acies, quae morte decora
omnia conficiant. Tum proximus inde sodalis
successorque operis truncata ad marmora iuxta
obliquans oculos, 'Dux en,' ait, 'ille favoris
fert insigne tui: me per tua castra merentem
quid manet, aut pugnae quae merces rite peractae?'
Forte super tumulo digitorum sutile tegmen,
formam imitata manus, pellis neglecta iacebat:
ilicet arreptam iacit, et 'pugnare parato,
pugnandoque bonos et quales esse velimus
effice magnanimos.' galeam tum cassidis instar
pignore sublato exornans (nam ceperat aula
inventum petasum Rhoetus quem gesserat hospes),
fit bellator eques, sumpto fit nomine princeps.

F. A. P.

8 *Antigonus with the child*

Come poor babe:—
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
may walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
appeared to me last night; for ne'er was dream
so like a waking. To me comes a creature,
sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
so filled and so becoming: in pure white robes,
like very sanctity, she did approach
my cabin where I lay: thrice bowed before me;
and, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
since fate, against thy better disposition,
hath made thy person for the thrower-out
of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
places remote enough are in Bohemia,
there weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call't. For this ungentle business,
put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
thy wife Paulina more:'—and so, with shrieks,
she melted into air.

W. SHAKSPEARE

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9 *St Agnes' Eve*

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
  are sparkling to the moon:
my breath to heaven like vapour goes:
  may my soul follow soon!
the shadows of the convent-towers
  slant down the snowy sward,

8 Εἶεν· σὺ δ' οὖν ἄγ', ὦ ταλαίπωρον βρέφος.—
λόγῳ μὲν ἐξήκουσ', ἔδοξα δ' οὐ μάλα,
εἴδωλα νεκρῶν ὡς παλίσσυτ' ἐς φάος
φοιτᾷ· τὸ δ' εἴπερ ἔστι, σήν γε μητέρα
τῆς ἄρτι νυκτὸς ὄψιν εἰς ἐμὴν ἐρῶ
φανεῖσαν· ὡς ὕπαρ τόδ' οὐκ ὄναρ βλέπειν
ἔδοξα. καὶ γὰρ ἐλθὸν οὐ σάφ' οἶδ' ὅ,τι
ἔνευσε τῇ μὲν κρᾶτα τῇ δέ· κοὔποτε
τοιοῦτό γ' εἶδον ἀλγέων ἐπιστεφές
κάλλιστον ἄγγος· ἦλθε γὰρ λευκόστολος,
θεά τις ὡς ἄθικτος, εἰς οἴκημ' ἐμόν
εὕδοντος· εἶτα τρὶς χαμαιπετὴς, ἔπος
ἐροῦσά πως ἤσπαιρεν, ὀμμάτων τ' ἄπο
κρούνω διεῤῥαίνεσθον· ἀλλ' ἤδη πάθους
λωφῶσα ῥίπτει τοιάδ'· Ὦ φίλον κάρα,
Ἀντίγονε, δεῖ γὰρ ὄντα σ' οὐκ ὠμὸν φύσιν
ὅμως ἐνόρκῳ προσπολεῖν τῷ σώματι
βρέφος τόδ' ἐκβάλλοντα—τὴν Βοημίαν
ἴσθ' εὐποροῦσαν πόλλ' ἐρημίας ὅποι
δακρυῤῥοοῦσαν ἐκτίθει δακρυῤῥοῶν.
δὸς δ' οὔνομ', ὡς ὄλωλεν εἰσάει λόγῳ,
Ὀλωλίαν τῇ παιδί. τοῦδε δ' οὖν χάριν
οὗ τακτὸς ἔρδεις πράγματος δυσαθλίου
δάμαρτά γ' οὐκ ὄψει σὺ Παυλίνην ἔτι.—
τοιαῦτα κωκύσασα φροῦδός ἐστ' ἄχλυς.

H. C. G. M.

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9 ALTA super tecto sacrae nix incubat aedis,
et lunae radiis intemerata micat:
ut vapor in tenues rarescit spiritus auras:
o utinam posita mox sequar ipsa mora!
iamque obliqua cadit celsis a turribus umbra,
qua latet obtenta candida gleba nive;

still creeping with the creeping hours
  that lead me to my Lord :
make thou my spirit pure and clear
  as are the frosty skies,
or this first snowdrop of the year
  that in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark,
  to yonder shining ground;
as this pale taper's earthly spark,
  to yonder argent round;
so shows my soul before the Lamb,
  my spirit before Thee;
so in mine earthly house I am,
  to that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
  thro' all yon starlight keen,
draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
  in raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors;
  the flashes come and go:
all heaven bursts her starry floors,
  and strows her lights below:
and deepens on and up! the gates
  roll back, and far within
for me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits
  to make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
  one sabbath deep and wide—
alight upon the shining sea—
  the Bridegroom with his Bride!

A. TENNYSON

prorepitque simul cum prorepentibus horis,
  quis trahor ad Dominum nupta futura meum,
me Deus expertem vitio, me labe carentem,
  me faciat, gelidi qualia templa poli;
qualis nascentis candescit flosculus anni,
  pensilis in tenero qui iacet, ecce, sinu.
sordet ut haec, quamvis fuerit nitidissima, vestis,
  et iuxta albentem nigra videtur humum;
lampas ut haec ardet terrena pallida flamma,
  et radios lunae segnius orbe iacit;
sic meus aeterno coram cum panditur Agno
  spiritus, offertur non sine labe tibi;
sic mihi, corporea cum sim circumdata forma,
  qualis ero, nondum vivere posse datur.
rumpe, Deus, vasti miranda palatia caeli,
  meque per astriferi lumina tolle poli:
stella micans, nova nupta tibi, sublimis in altum
  vestibus et niveis corpus amicta ferar:
labor io! caelum auratas iam pandere portas,
  iam video rutilas ire, redire faces.
ecce pavimentis ruptis patet area caeli,
  sparsaque sub pedibus sidera mille micant.
clarior atque etiam lux altior ingruit: ipsae
  laxantur valvae, cernitur ipse Deus,
qui nuptam expectans supera sedet intimus aula,
  ex animo vitium demat ut omne meo.
nunc aeterna quies, altae nunc otia pacis,
  otia quae nequeat rumpere longa dies;
lux super oceani faciem diffusa serenam;
  coniux solamen coniugis usque suae.

F. A. P.

10 PASS on immortal in thy glorious way,
till thou hast reached thy destined seat: we may,
without disturbing those auspicious spheres,
bathe here below thy memory with our tears.

W. HABINGTON

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11 *In his thirty-sixth year*

MY days are in the yellow leaf:
the flowers and fruits of love are gone,
the worm, the canker, and the grief
are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
is lone as some volcanic isle;
no torch is kindled at its blaze—
a funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
the exalted portion of the pain
and power of love, I cannot share,
but wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here—
such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
where glory decks the hero's bier,
or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
glory and Greece around me see!
the Spartan, borne upon his shield,
was not more free.

LORD BYRON

10 I, MORTE maior gloriosum iter perge,
dum destinatum veneris larem: nobis
orbes per istos auspices, vel hic infra,
tuam licebit lavere memoriam fletu.

H. A. J. M.

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11 *DE SE IPSO IAM DEFLORESCENTE*

FRONS velut autumno marcet mihi debilis aetas;
flos simul et rapti fructus amoris abest:
vulnera sola manent, veteris contagia culpae,
curarum morsus et sine fine dolor.
pectore flamma latens intus quae pascitur artus
ardet ut Aeoliae littora sola plagae;
lumina suppeditat taedae non illa iugali:
uritur haud alio funebris igne rogus.
sollicitas quot amor curas, quot vota timores,
quae mala sublimi pectore digna dedit;
quod valet imperio leni mihi nosse negatur:
a! Veneris tantum vincula dura fero.
quid loquor? an tali motu vel tempore tali
haec animum fas est exagitare meum?
quum modo fama novum decorat rediviva feretrum
vel merita cingit tempora fronde virum.
aspice! signa micant, campus procul aere renidet,
hinc Fama, hic iterum Graecia ad arma vocat:
liberior nobis nec tu, Spartane, fuisti,
quem tulit ad patrios parma supina focos.

B. F. W.

12 SHOULD I change my allegiance for rancour,
if fortune changes her side?
or should I, like a vessel at anchor,
turn with the turn of the tide?
Lift! O lift, thou lowering sky,
an thou wilt thy gloom forego;
an thou wilt not, he and I
need not part for drifts of snow.
Like a daisy I was, near him growing,
must I move because favours flag?
and be like a brown wall-flower blowing
far out of reach on a crag?
Lift! O lift, thou lowering sky
an thou canst thy blue regain;
an thou canst not, he and I
need not part for drops of rain.

JEAN INGELOW

---

13 *On an unfortunate Woman*

MAIDEN, that with sullen brow
sitt'st behind those virgins gay,
like a scorched and mildewed bough
leafless mid the blooms of May;
him who lured thee and forsook
oft I watched with angry gaze;
fearful saw his pleading look,
anxious heard his fervid praise;
soft the glances of the youth,
soft his words, and soft his sigh;
but no sound like simple truth,
but no true-love in his eye:

12 *MUTATIS OMNIBUS SE NON MUTARI*

MUTEMNE tristi saevitia fidem
fato procaci, vel trahar impotens
ceu vincta delabentis aestus
arbitrio trahitur carina?
At sive tristes exuerit bonus
caelo tenebras sive pater nives
cogat, quid in fidos furentem
incolumes Borean pavemus?
Laetabar illo, ceu rosa, tutior
crescente iuxta; iamne ego parcius
dilecta, inaccessi repostus
culmine flos scopuli vigebo?
Sic sive nigrum caeruleus polum
fulgor reviset, seu nebulis amat
horrere, non caelum fideles
dissociet pluviis caducum.

A. S.

---

13 *CASTVM AMISIT POLLUTO CORPORE FLOREM*

FEMINA, quae tetrico resides lacrimabilis ore,
una puellares inter amara choros;
qualiter exustus sterili robigine ramus
Florae inter solus fronde caret nemora:
illum ego periurum, qui te, male credula, liquit,
torva tuens iras lumine saepe tuli:—
vidi, et ne falso timui suaderet ocello,
nec minor auditis laudibus ille metus:
dulce puer risit; dulci se protulit ore:
norat dulce queri, dulceque posse loqui:
at non illa fides, non candida gratia linguae,
non oculis aderat lux bona, verus amor:

loathing thy polluted lot,
  hie thee, maiden, hie thee hence;
seek thy weeping mother's cot
  with a wiser innocence.

S. T. COLERIDGE

---

14 SOME men employ their health, an ugly trick,
  in making known how oft they have been sick,
and give us in recitals of disease
a doctor's trouble, but without the fees:
relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
how an emetic or cathartic sped;
nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot;
nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill:
and now—alas for unforeseen mishaps!
they put on a damp night-cap, and relapse:
they thought they must have died, they were so bad!
their peevish hearers almost wish they had.

W. COWPER

---

15 *Love's servile lot*

MAY never was the month of love,
  for May is full of flowers;
but rather April, wet by kind;
  for love is full of showers.
With soothing words inthrallèd souls
  she chains in servile bands:
her eye in silence hath a speech
  which eye best understands.

a! misere incesti sortem indignata cubilis,
  hinc procul his abeas, femina maesta, choris:
maternumque torum multas te flentis in horas
  i pete: sic culpae docta vacare queas.

G. F. DE T.

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14 EST cui viribus integris sit moris abuti
  narrando quotiens morbus se ceperit acer;
dumque malum casusque graves exponere pergit,
taedia dat nobis medicorum, praemia nusquam.
dicet, quot menses aegrotus membra cubarit,
quid vomitum tulerit, quid tardam solverit alvum:
nil breviter tangit, vitio nil mentis omissum:
praesentes oculos, ipsas cum naribus aures
credideris. Medico frustra pugnante, videri
vincere nunc morbum, vinci nunc arte vicissim:
denique, mortali neque enim fas nosse futura,
ut caput indutus madido velamine rursus
in febrim inciderit; nec quod sperare liceret
iam superesse sibi; tantam vim increscere morbi,
velles iratus revera peste perisset.

F. A. P.

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15 *QVALE SIT AMORI SERVIRE*

NUNQUAM Maius erat mensis sacratus amori;
  Maius habet plena plurima serta manu;
dignior Aprilis, pluvia qui saepe rigatur;
  imbribus assiduis plenus abundat amor.
ille animum verbis mulcet, pectusque catenis
  alligat astrictum servitioque tenet:
quippe subest oculo facundia blanda silenti,
  non oculo interpres doctior ullus erit.

Her little sweet hath many sours,
  short hap, immortal harms;
her loving looks are murdering darts,
  her songs bewitching charms.
Like winter rose and summer ice,
  her joys are still untimely;
before her hope, behind remorse,
  fair first, in fine unseemly.
Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
  leave off your idle pain;
seek other mistress for your minds,
  love's service is in vain.

R. SOUTHWELL

---

16 *DELIA*

FAIR the face of orient day,
  fair the tints of opening rose,
but fairer still my Delia dawns,
  more lovely far her beauty blows.
Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
  sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
but, Delia, more delightful still
  steal thine accents on mine ear.
The flower-enamoured busy bee
  the rosy banquet loves to sip;
sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
  to the sun-browned Arab's lip;—
But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
  let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
O let me steal one liquid kiss!
  for oh! my soul is parched with love.

R. BURNS

delicias fert exiguas, multosque dolores,
  aeternum damnum, laetitiamque brevem;
ridet amabiliter vultu, dat funera telis,
  dulce canit, magicis fascinat ille dolis.
ut rosa brumalis, glacies aestiva, voluptas
  intempestivo munere quaeque venit;
spes anteit, pone insequitur mens conscia culpae;
  principio pulcher, fine inhonestus adest.
quid maris aequor aras, quid arenae semina mandas?
  desine; quid vacuus te iuvat usque labor?
altera quaerenda est, tibi quae dominetur, amica;
  triste ministerium est; immemor ille deus.

J. G. L.

---

16 *IN DELIAM*

SPLENDIDUS aurorae cum prodit ab aequore vultus,
  splendida nascentis purpura prima rosae;
splendidiore tamen prodit mea Delia forma,
  pulchrior illius floret in ore venus.
suave melos nulla fluit arte canentis alaudae,
  suavibus alloquiis tinnula lympha crepat;
gratior at, mea vita, tui quaecunque susurri
  auribus irrepit vox adamata meis.
assiduos iterans florum studiosa labores,
  gestit apis Paphiae carpere liba rosae;
grata labro rivi pellucida labitur unda,
  haurit ut eoo sole perustus Arabs;
ast ego mellitis haerens, mea vita, labellis
  ne tibi surripiam, pervaga musca, fugas;
da mihi suavioli semel absorbere liquorem,
  fervida nam totus pectora torret amor.

A. H.

17 *On Thomas Moore's daughter*

SWEET child, when on thy beauteous face,
the blush of innocence I view,
thy gentle mother's features trace,
thy father's look of genius too,
if envy wake a moment's sigh,
thy face is my apology.

---

18 SEE how the day beameth brightly before us!
blue is the firmament, green is the earth:
grief hath no voice in the universe-chorus—
nature is ringing with music and mirth—
enter the treasuries pleasure uncloses;
list, how she thrills in the nightingale's lay:
breathe, she is wafting the sweets from the roses:
feel, she is cool in the rivulet's play:
taste, from the grape and the nectarine gushing
flows the red rill in the beams of the sun:
green in the hills, in the flower-groves blushing,
look! she is always and everywhere one.

---

19 *The Brook*

LAUGH of the mountain! lyre of bird and tree!
pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
the soul of April, unto whom are born
the rose and jessamine leaps wild in thee!
although, where'er thy devious current strays,
the lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
to me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
than golden sands, that charm each shepherd's gaze.

17 *IN POETAE FILIOLAM*

SICUBI formosam contemplor, parvula, frontem,
  subrubet ingenuus qua sine labe pudor;
aemula materni repeto vestigia vultus,
  ingenium agnosco quod patris ore micat;
intus et invidiae vaga si suspiria surgunt,
  excusata tuis sint, precor, ista genis.

F. E. G.

---

18 EN nunc arridet nobis lux clara diei,
  en nunc caeruleo sub Iove vernat humus:
undique per mundum siluit vox aegra doloris,
  cuncta lyrae strepitant laetitiaeque sonis:
thesauros adeas praebet quos alma voluptas—
  audin? mellifluos dat philomela sonos;
tu modo respires, redolent peramoena roseta;
  conscius in trepido flumine frigus ames:
labris quin avidis uva et nucipersica fundunt
  sub radios solis pocula rubra meri;
roscida per colles, hortis rubicunda voluptas,
  una eademque tibi semper ubique manet.

F. E. G.

---

19 *AD RIVULVM*

RIVE, diem referens caelo montique cachinnos,
  quique loquax avibus concinis et nemori;
pratorum vaga pompa, tenet te totus Aprilis,
  adspiratque suas aura soluta rosas.
quid quod et argentum qua devia rura pererras
  aurumque indocili terra ferat gremio?
tu mihi quas pastor fulvas miratur arenas
  vincis, et adlapsu clarior ipse nites.

How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
as the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
thy secrets scan, thy smooth round pebbles count!
how without malice murmuring glides thy current!
O sweet simplicity of days gone by!
thou shun'st the haunts of men, to dwell in limpid fount!

H. W. LONGFELLOW

---

20 *To ——*

ONE word is too often profaned
  for me to profane it;
one feeling too falsely disdained
  for thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
  for prudence to smother,
and pity from thee more dear
  than that from another.
I can give not what men call love,
  but wilt thou accept not
the worship the heart lifts above
  and the heavens reject not;
the desire of the moth for the star,
  of the night for the morrow,
the devotion to something afar
  from the sphere of our sorrow?

P. B. SHELLEY

---

21 *The sound must seem an echo to the sense*

SOFT is the strain, when Zephyr gently blows,
  and the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows:
but when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
the hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.

non tuus ille latex spectantis lumina fallit,
  explicat ut vitreo levia saxa sinu:
non tuus ille latex meditatur murmure rauco
  vectori insidias subdolus immerito—
aurea simplicitas, prisci tu conscia saecli
  abdita sepositi flumina fontis amas!

G. F. D. T.

---

20 *AD* ———

EST quod saepe viri verbum temerare solemus:
  non mihi sic illud fas temerare reor:
est quod femineum genus optat vota videri
  spernere: tu nunquam spreveris illa; nefas,
est, quam ni reprimam, spes, sum inconsultior: imo
  cur spes sic exspes, ut reprimatur, opus?
da mihi te miserantem; est ut det plura puella
  altera, prae dono sordida dona tuo.
non erit ut possim dare, qui cantatur, amorem
  sed tamen est possum quod dare, tuque cape:
est quali Endymion suspexerit igne Dianam,
  nec puer aversam fertur amasse deam.
est desiderium quali desiderat astrum
  musca brevis, quali nox peritura diem:
est votum quod fingat adhuc incognita nobis
  gaudia: non illo regnat in orbe dolor.

J. P.

VOCVM NVMERI

LABUNTUR numeri, Zephyrus si leniter afflat,
  et molli versus mollior amne fluit;
horrisono at quoties scopulum ferit unda flagello,
  raucisono strepitu carmen, ut unda, fremat.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
the line too labours, and the words move slow:
not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
and bid alternate passions fall and rise!
while at each change the son of Libyan Jove
now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
now sighs steal out and tears begin to flow;
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
and the world's victor stood subdued by sound:
the power of music all our arts allow,
and what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

A. POPE

---

22 *Roderick and Siverian*

THUS they pursued
their journey, each from other gathering store
for thought, with many a silent interval
of mournful meditation, till they saw
the temples and the towers of Cordoba
shining majestic in the light of eve.
Before them Betis roll'd his glittering stream,
in many a silvery winding traced afar
amid the ample plain. Behind the walls
and stately piles which crown'd its margin, rich
with olives, and with sunny slope of vines,
and many a lovely hamlet interspersed,
whose citron bowers were once the abode of peace:
height above height, receding hills were seen
imbued with evening hues; and over all
the summits of the dark sierra rose
lifting their heads amid the silent

si molem iactare ingentem nititur Aiax,
  lenta haerent musae verba, morata diu:
non ita, si volitans secat aequora forte Camilla,
  nec segetes laedit, nec pede tangit aquam.
audin! Timotheus varia mirabilis arte
  alterna ut lenit corda cietque vice:
mutari numeros Ammonis filius audit,
  cui mentem accendit gloria, solvit amor;
scintillis iraque ardentia lumina fulgent,
  mox gemitus ducit clam, lacrimaeque cadunt:
alternis Danaique modis Persaeque moventur,
  terrarum victor vincitur ipse sono.
quid vocum numeri possint, ars quaeque fatetur,
  Timothei partes nunc quoque noster agit.

J. G. L.

---

22 *CORDVBAE LAVDES*

INDE tenent iter inceptum, pariterque loquuntur
  quae reputent secum, et memori sub corde volutent;
mox taciti, ut tristes subeunt in tempore curae.
en! tandem ante oculos turrita mole decora
Corduba, lucentesque domus in vespere puro:
in medio vivi latices, argenteus amnis,
Baetis, et immensis hinc illinc ambitus agris,
fluminaque spectanda procul. tum in margine ripae
murorum series et in altum exstructa corona;
pone ferax oleis et aprici palmite Bacchi
collis erat, raraeque casae, pulcherrima tecta,
et patulum nemus ante fores, olim otia, citri.
clivos imponi clivis, apicesque reduci,
cernere erat; vario tingebat lumine vesper:
at longe exsuperans alios pater ipse iugorum
excurrit, tacitoque caput iam abscondit Olympo.

The traveller who with a heart at ease
had seen the goodly vision, would have loved
to linger, seeking with insatiate sight
to treasure up its image, deep impressed,
a joy for years to come. O Cordoba,
exclaim'd the old man, how princely are thy towers,
how fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful!
the sun who sheds on thee his parting smiles
sees not in all his wide career a scene
lovelier nor more exuberantly blest
by bounteous earth and heaven. The very gales
of Eden waft not from the immortal bowers
odours to sense more exquisite, than these
which, breathing from thy groves and gardens, now
recal in me such thoughts of bitterness.
The time has been, when happy was their lot
who had their birthright here; but happy now
are they who to thy bosom are gone home,
because they feel not in their graves the feet
that trample upon Spain.

R. SOUTHEY

---

23 *The Temple of Fame*

AROUND these wonders as I cast a look,
the trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
and all the nations, summoned at the call
from different quarters, fill the crowded hall:
of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
in various garbs promiscuous throngs appeared;
thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
and all degrees before the goddess bend:

quos ergo eximios tractus si viderit olim
laeta gerens aliquis tranquilla pectora pace,
credo equidem, ille volens repentia tempora fallat
usque mora, immenso speciei captus amore,
si meminisse queat, si pulchram in pectore formam
figere, delicias olim venientibus annis.
at senior: 'quam regalem consurgis in arcem,
Corduba, valle tua felix et monte propinquo!
iam tibi supremum arridens quid laetius usquam,
quid videt in magno cursu sol ditius omni
dote poli terraeque bonae? tu, blande Favoni,
fortunatorum nemorum suffimen odorum,
dulcius an spirare potes meliusve placere
sensibus, atque istis modo quae fluit aura rosetis
lucorumque comis? ut scilicet excitet acrem
nunc iterum angorem et veteres sub pectore curas.
olim erat ante alios felicem dicere si quis
hic prognatus erat: sed nunc felicior ille
qui terrae gremio et patria cubet obsitus herba:
scilicet haud pressos in pulvere sentit Hiberos
victorisque pedem.'

H. C. G. M.

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23 *FAMAE TEMPLVM*

LUMINA dum volvo super haec miracula rerum,
  en lituus strepuit, contremuitque domus;
nec mora; continuò gentes venere vocatae
  quatuor a ventis; atria turba tenet:
ilicet omnigeni miscentur murmura coetus,
  vestibus omnigenis discolor agmen adest;
quam multae redeunte novant florentia vere
  pensa, et odorifero rore fruuntur apes:
mille catervatim celebrant ea fana precantes:
  quoque loco natus flectitur ante deam;

the poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
and boasting youth and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same;
for good and bad alike are fond of fame:
some she disgraced, and some with honours crowned;
unlike successes equal merits found.
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
and undiscerning scatters crowns and chains.

A. POPE

---

24 THERE is a shadow for each bough
 that bends across the lake;
an answering echo for each sound
 that mountain-travellers wake;
another star in yon still stream
 for each star that doth shine;
and somewhere in the world I know
 a heart that beats with mine.
If that frail bough should broken be,
 the shadow with it flies;
and when the voice has passed away
 how soon sweet echo dies!
The stream once dried, yon star in heaven
 finds none on earth to love;
but should that heart be taken from me
 'twould beat with mine above.

ANON.

---

25 STREW the roses, raise the song;
 see the master comes along:
lusty Revel joined with Laughter
Whim and Frolic follow after:

hic sapiens, hic miles adest, cum divite pauper,
  garrulus hic senior vaniloquusque puer:
causa quidem sua cuique subest, votum omnibus unum;
  namque bono pariter, Fama, maloque places:
hunc dea dedecorat, mox cingit honoribus illum;
  et paribus meritis non datur aequus honor.
sic temere effundens diademata vinclaque fallax
  nos Fortuna regit lumine capta soror.

S. L.

---

24 NULLUS ad immotum ramus deflectitur aequor,
  quin subeat species par referatque parem;
fida viatori vocem reparabit imago
  sicubi clamores per iuga sola ciet;
quotque fovet caelum, totidem sub fonte sorores
  cuique suam servat rivulus ille faces;
atque equidem novi quodam sub sole latentem
  quam mens una mihi vindicat, una fides.
si fragilis patria vellatur ab arbore ramus,
  umbra perit constans hoc pereunte comes,
immatura nimis iucunda recessit imago
  illa ubi desierit vox reboare iugo.
seu semel arescat rivus, stella abdita caelo
  deflet terrigenas orba sorore faces;
nos tamen, ut fato mihi diripiaris iniquo,
  coget adhuc spreta sorte superstes amor.

A. S.

---

25 SPARGITE quisque rosas et in aethera tollite carmen;
  en procul incedens cernitur; ipse venit:
adduntur comites risus lususque protervus,
  et lepida ingenii vena hilarisque iocus:

the Fauns around the vats remain
to show the work and share the gain.
All around and all around
they sit to riot on the ground;
a vessel stands amidst the ring,
and here they laugh, and there they sing;
or rise a jolly, jolly band,
and dance about it hand in hand;
dance about and shout amain,
then sit to laugh and sing again;
thus they drink and thus they play
the sun and all their wits away.

---

26 *Hesper-Phosphor*

SAD Hesper o'er the buried sun
and ready, thou, to die with him,
thou watchest all things ever dim
and dimmer, and a glory done:

the team is loosened from the wain,
the boat is drawn upon the shore;
thou listenest to the closing door,
and life is darkened in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
by thee the world's great work is heard
beginning, and the wakeful bird;
behind thee comes the greater light:

the market boat is on the stream,
and voices hail it from the brink;
thou hear'st the village-hammer clink,
and see'st the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
for what is one, the first, the last,
thou, like my present and my past,
thy place is changed; thou art the same.

A. TENNYSON

at Fauni Satyrique cadis absistere nolunt,
  ceu testes operis participesque lucri.
undique collecta est et circumfusa iuventus;
  gestiat ut gaudens corde, residit humi;
omnibus in media queis stat cratera corona,
  diversi risu carminibusque fremunt:
aut laeto assurgit strepitu laetissima turba,
  vos lustrat choreis implicitaque manu;
vos lustrat choreis et vociferatur ad astra;
  rideat ut rursus vel canat, inde sedet;
sic alacres cuncti potant luduntque vicissim,
  queis temere acta dies ingeniumque perit.

J. G. L.

26

AD HESPERVM

TRISTIS Hespere, solis ad sepulchrum
tu cum sole mori paratus ipse
cernis omnia iam minus minusque
lucere, et decus aetheris perire:
plaustrum linquit equus iugo solutus,
cymba littus arat reducta: portam
claudit te domus audiente, et umbra
mens et vita hominis subacta cessat.
pulcher Phosphore, laetior renatus
audis et vigiles aves, et urbem
prima voce virum procul frementem:
lux maior sequitur, diesque plena:
cymbam quae vehit ad forum colonos,
stantes margine fluminis salutant:
sentis verbera mallei fabrilis,
iungi cernis equos, rotasque volvi.
dulcis Hespere, sive Phosphore audis,
sic, quod sum, quod eram, duplex videtur;
muto tempora; tuque regna caeli
mutans unus es in locis duobus.

W. J.

27 *Reviving nature banishes regret*

IS it, then, regret for buried time
that keenlier in sweet April wakes,
and meets the year, and gives and takes
the colours of the crescent prime?

Not all: the songs, the stirring air,
the life re-orient out of dust,
cry thro' the sense to hearten trust
in that which made the world so fair.

Not all regret: the face will shine
upon me, while I muse alone;
the dear, dear voice that I have known
will speak to me of me and mine:

yet less of sorrow lives in me
for days of happy commune dead;
less yearning for the friendship fled,
than some strong bond which is to be.

A. TENNYSON

---

28 *Nature has her way: sorrow its rights*

I SING to him that rests below,
and, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
and make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,
and sometimes harshly will he speak;
'This fellow would make weakness weak,
and melt the waxen hearts of men.'

Another answers, 'Let him be,
he loves to make parade of pain,
that with his piping he may gain
the praise that comes to constancy.'

27 *VER REDIENS DESIDERIVM SPE MVTAT*

AN desiderium luminis abditi,
  suavi quum zephyro gleba resolvitur,
ultro veris opes captat, et illinit
    laetis prata coloribus?

huc ne rettuleris omnia: nam melos
aurarumque vices, ortaque pulvere
vis et vita, iubent credere numini
    terrae quod viridi subest.

non semper repeto quod fuit. est ubi
illam, dum meditor solus, imaginem
specto: vox sonat a! vox ter amabilis
    de me deque meis loquax.

sed nunc acta minus tempora maereo,
et quidquid socii lusimus, et fidem:
haud mortalis amor nos manet, et nova
    solvi copula nesciet.

W. J.

---

28 *SVNT ET SVA IVRA DOLORI*

SUB terram queruli mitto pia munera cantus,
  qua sacer ante pedes gramina caespes alit;
quis mea decerptis sacro de caespite novit
  e calamis tristes prodere lingua modos.
hos media auscultans fortasse in calle viator
  tristia censoris verba locutus erit:
'suscitat hic mollem muliebri carmine luctum,
  solvat ut in lacrymas cerea corda virum.'
mitior huic alius—'parce insultare querenti
  cui cordi est vulgo spargere damna sua,
scilicet ut laudem mereatur, quale perennis
  carmen amicitiae suadeat arcta fides.'

A third is wroth, 'Is this an hour
for private sorrow's barren song,
when more and more the people throng
the chairs and thrones of civil power?

a time to sicken and to swoon,
when science reaches forth her arms
to feel from world to world, and charms
her secret from the latest moon?'

Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
ye never knew the sacred dust;
I do but sing because I must,
and pipe but as the linnets sing:

and unto one her note is gay,
for now her little ones have ranged;
and unto one her note is changed,
because her brood is stol'n away.

A. TENNYSON

---

29 *Anchises*

IN Ida vale (who knowes not Ida vale?)
when harmlesse Troy yet felt not Graecian spite,
an hundred shepheards wonned, and in the dale,
while their faire flockes the thin-leaved pastures bite,
the shepheards boyes with hundred sportings light,
gave winges unto the times too speedy hast;
ah! foolish Lads! that strove with lavish wast
so fast to spend the time that spends your time as fast.

Among the rest, that all the rest excel'd,
a dainty boy there wonned, whose harmlesse yeares
now in their freshest budding gently sweld;
his nimph-like face nere felt the nimble sheeres,
youth's downy blossome through his cheeke appeares;

tertius inde fremet:—'nunc ergo exorta doloris
  irrita privati naenia poscit opem,
tempore quo populi iam crebrior ambitus ardet,
  sellasque et fasces in sua iura vocat?
ergo nunc animus morbo labat aeger inerti,
  cum toto ars victrix protulit orbe manus,
ac veluti retegens arcana novissima lunae
  rerum intentatas audit inire vias?'
perditis, a! vani, sermones perditis istos;
  est cinis ille sacer—lingua profana tace:
ast ego cur taceam?—iubet hunc natura dolorem,
  ut merulae indocto carmen ab ore fluit;
scilicet haec laetae modulatur gaudia vocis
  quod prolem incolumis sustulit ala suam,
illa tamen plangens mutato murmure raptos
  in vacuis pullos frondibus orba dolet.

H. S.*

---

29 *ANCHISES*

COLLE sub Idaeo (vallem quis nescit amoenam?)
quum nondum Danaos innoxia Troia furores
sensisset, patula pastores mille sub umbra
gramineo teneras pascebant flore capellas:
at pueri levibus certantes undique ludis
iam nimium celeres urgebant temporis alas:
a! miseri, lasciva adeo quam perditis hora
ipsos praecipiti perdit delapsa volatu.
hic socios inter praestabat amabilis omnes
egregia forma puer, insontisque iuventae
flore novo radians: nondum illi tonsor acutum
admorat ferrum, at molli lanugine malas
hora puellares signabat prima iuventae:
membra simul ludisque et amoribus apta vigebant,

his lovely limbes (but love he quite discarded)
were made for play (but he no play regarded)
and fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

His ioy was not in musique's sweet delight,
(though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte,)
or dainty songs to daintier eares indite
but through the plaines to chace the nimble hart
with well-tuned hounds; or with his certaine dart
the tuskéd boare or savage beare to wound;
meantime his heart with monsters doth abound;
ah, foole! to seeke so farre what neerer might be found.

His name (well knowne unto those woody shades,
where unrewarded lovers oft complaine them,)
Anchises was: Anchises oft the glades
and mountains heard, Anchises had disdained them;
not all their love one gentle looke had gained them,
that rockey hills, with ecchoing noyse consenting,
Anchises plained; but he no whit relenting,
harder than rocky hils, laught at their vaine lamenting.

E. SPENSER

---

30 *The Death of Rosabelle*

'MOOR, moor the barge, ye gallant crew;
and, gentle ladye, deign to stay:
rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.
The blackening wave is edged with white,
to inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
the fishers have heard the Water Sprite,
whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.
Last night the gifted seer did view
a wet shroud swathed round ladye gay;

praemia ut acciperet Veneris nec reddere nollet;
sed pariter ludos puer et spernebat amores.
non citharae cantus illi dulcedine mentem
tangebant (licet et citharae non inscia dulces
dextra modos sciret) querulam nec fundere in aures
maestitiam surdas: at latos sparsa per agros
consona turba canum, properantem in retia cervum
seu premeret, certove horrentem dentibus aprum
figeret aut ursas iaculo:—tibi monstra sub ipso
corde latent invisa, miser! quid longius erras?
illius haud nemori ignotum aut trepidantibus umbris,
quo pueri spretos referebant carmine amores,
nomen erat: querulo silvae montesque susurro
Anchisen resonant: Anchisae scilicet omnis
illorum sordebat amor, nec lumine fausto
riserat hic unquam: resono sic murmure plorant
Anchisen scopuli; scopulis sed durior idem
nec domitus lacrymis vanoque inludit amori.

H. S.*

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30 *ROSABELLA NAVFRAGA*

'HUC agite, huc nautae, tutam religate carinam;
  cedenti, virgo, sit mora parva rati:
siste viam, Corvique hodie sub turre quiescas,
  neve procelloso carbasa crede noto:
spuma nigrescentem praetexit candida fluctum,
  e pelago mergi saxa sinusque petunt:
audiit et lemures piscator flere marinos,
  praescia navifragi vox sonat illa mali:
hesterno vidit divinus vespere vates
  feminea heu! palla membra madente tegi:

then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
  why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'
O'er Roslin all that dreary night
  a wonderous blaze was seen to gleam;
'twas broader than the watchfire's light,
  and redder than the bright moonbeam.
There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
  lie buried within that proud chapelle;
each one the holy vault doth hold—
  but the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.
And each St Clair was buried there
  with candle, with book, and with knell;
but the sea-caves rung and the wild winds sung
  the dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR W. SCOTT

---

31 FAREWELL faire Saint, let not the seas and wind
  swell like the eyes and hearts you leave behind:
but smooth and gentle as the lookes you bear
smile in your face, and whisper in your ear.
May no bold billow venture to arise
that it may nearer gaze upon your eyes,
lest wind and waves enamoured of your form
should crowd and throng themselves into a storm.
But if it be your fate, vast seas, to love,
of my becalméd breast learn how to move:
move then, but in a gentle lover's pace,
nor wrinckle nor no furrough in your face:
and you, fierce winds, see that you tell your tale
in such a breath as may but fill her sayle:
so whilst you court her each your several way
you may her safely to her port convey,
and loose her by the noblest way of wooing,
whilst both contribute to your own undoing.

T. C.

siste viam: tuta hac, virgo, sub turre moreris,
  cur hodie tristi vis dare vela freto?'
Roslinea longas noctis super arce per umbras
  mira nec assueto flamma nitore tremit:
non ardent pariter lati vigilantibus ignes;
  non pariter rutilum dat vaga luna iubar.
quinque quater proceres, gentis fortissima corda
  Roslineae, templi splendida tecta tenent:
quisque iacet sancto compostus membra sepulcro,
  at Rosabella fero conditur una mari:
verba sacerdotum, campana, sacraeque lucernae,
  more pio Clarios composuere duces:
virginis exsequias maesto plangore sonabant
  antra repercussis vocibus, ira noti.

W. C. G.

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31 *DOMINAE NAVIGATVRAE*

O DIVA, o formonsa vale: non ventus et aequor
cordibus intumeant oculisque simillima nostris:
sed vultus imitata tuos pectusque serenum
mulceat aura aures, blandumque arrideat aequor.
nulla procax insurgat aquis audacibus unda,
ut sic nempe tuos propius miretur ocellos:
ne forma vesana tua ventusque fretumque
in rapidam sese impellant glomerentque procellam.
sed si fata volunt ut ametis vos, freta vasta,
discite fraenatos nostro de pectore motus:
ergo movete (sinam) sed amantum more movete,
non sulcus sit fronte minax, non ruga senilis:
et tu, vente ferox, nimio ne flamine flammam
suspires moneo, sed tantum ut vela tumescant.
sic dum fletis aquae, dum venti flatis amorem,
illa petet portum fluctu flatuque secundis:
dumque aliena salus propria sic empta ruina est,
nobiliore modo vos amittetis amatam.

R. FANSHAWE, A. S. 1664

32 *Corinna's going a Maying*

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming morne
upon her wings presents the god unshorne.
See how Aurora throwes her faire
fresh-quilted colours through the aire:
get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
the dew-bespangling herbe and tree:
each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
above an houre since; yet you not drest,
nay! not so much as out of bed?
when all the birds have mattens seyd,
and sung their thankfull hymnes: 'tis sin,
nay, profanation to keep in,
when as a thousand virgins on this day,
spring, sooner then the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seene
to come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and greene;
and sweet as Flora. Take no care
for jewels for your gowne, or haire:
feare not; the leaves will strew
gemms in abundance upon you:
besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
come, and receive them while the light
hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
and Titan on the Eastern hill
retires himselfe, or else stands still
till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be briefe in praying:
few beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime;
and take the harmlesse follie of the time:
we shall grow old apace, and die
before we know our liberty.

32 *AD CORINNAM KALENDIS MAIIS*

SURGE age; nonne pudet cunctari? surge, revertens
  intonsum pennis attulit ecce deum,
iamque notat variis Aurora coloribus auras:
  surge: torus lentae cur tibi, vita, placet?
omnis enim herba micat, micat omnis roribus arbos;
  altera sed somnos excipit hora tuos,
ex quo iam florum lacrimantia vertit ad ortum
  ora cohors, lucis devenerata deum:
necdum formonsos tu vestibus induis artus,
  membra neque ignavum deseruere torum:
mane pia silvae dudum sonuere querella,
  mane omnis grates cantibus egit avis:
tu modo adhuc peccas: sed nec peccare vocarim—
  est scelus hac clausam luce manere domi,
quae Maio comites redeunti mille puellas
  suscitat, ut nondum fundit alauda modos.
Surge: tibi frondes circumdato: veris et instar
  tempore tu verno laeta virensque veni,
adspirat dulcem qualis Zephyritis odorem,
  nec crines gemmis nec tua vestis eget:
nil adeo gemmas cures: ex arbore multa
  defluet in formam roscida gemma tuam:
necdum primitiae lucis periere: tibique
  est ubi nascentis lacrima solis erit.
quin ades, ut capias haec munera, lumine primo
  roscida dum noctis lambitur usque coma;
dum stat in eoo cessurus vertice Titan
  aut manet adventum, tarda Corinna, tuum.
ergo membra lava: vestem indue: pauca precator:
  vota decent Maii deproperata diem.
Surge age; dumque aetas viget integra, tempore tali
  ne sit inoffensum desipuisse pudor:

Our life is short; and our dayes run
as fast away as do's the Sunne:
and as a vapour, or a drop of raine
once lost, can ne'er be found againe:
so when or you or I are made
a fable, song, or fleeting shade;
all love, all liking, all delight
lies drown'd with us in endlesse night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying;
come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

R. HERRICK

---

33 LOVE that hath us in the net,
can he pass and we forget?
many suns arise and set:
many a chance the years beget.
Love the gift is love the debt.
Even so.
Love is hurt with jar and fret.
Love is made a vague regret.
Eyes with idle tears are wet:
idle habit links us yet.
What is love for we forget:
ah, no! no!

A. TENNYSON

---

34 *The Sensitive Plant*

AND the Spring arose o'er the garden fair,
and the spirit of Song fell every where;
and each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.
The snowdrop, and then the violet,
arose from the ground with warm rain wet,

adproperat senium; rapiet mors invida nondum
  libera temptantis gaudia; vita fugit,
nec citior soli quam nobis cursus. ut olim
  in terram pluviae gutta profusa perit,
utque nequit nubes reparari evanida: sic tu,
  sic ego, cum fiam nomen et umbra levis,
omnis laetitiae spes, omnis nocte perenni
  gratia nobiscum mergitur, omnis amor.
ergo, Corinna, veni: tempus vocat, aufugit aetas:
  sitque suus Maio rite solutus honor.

A. A. V.

33

NOSNE amor nodo semel implicatos
  deserat non iam memorandus orbis?
saepe surgentem Phaëthonta noscas,
    saepe cadentem;
prodeunt anni vicis affluentes;
debitum dantes repetunt amorem;
saucius questu fugit ille et ira
    vana dolentes.
Futiles ergo lacrymae madescunt?
inritum suetae religant catenae?
desinas; notum semel usque servat
    pectus amorem.

A. S.

34

HORTVS ANGLICVS

VER erat, et laetos hortis afflabat honores;
  nusquam aberat credas spiritus almus, amor:
quidquid enim florum est, quos educat ubere tellus,
  frigus, hiemps, somni deposuere tui:
en! violam et pura quae de nive nomina ducit
  vernans elicuit rore deus pluvio:

and their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
from the turf, like the voice and the instrument.
Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
and narcissi, the fairest among them all,
who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
till they die of their own dear loveliness;
and the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
that the light of its tremulous bells is seen
through their pavilions of tender green;
and the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
it was felt like an odour within the sense;
and the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
till, fold after fold, to the fainting air,
the soul of her beauty and love lay bare;
and the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
as a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
till the fiery star, which is its eye,
gazed through the clear dew on the tender sky;
and the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
the sweetest flower for scent that blows;
and all rare blossoms from every clime,
grew in that garden in perfect prime.

P. B. SHELLEY

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35 *The Ambuscade*

'HAVE, then, thy wish!'—he whistled shrill,
and he was answered from the hill;
wild as the scream of the curlew,
from crag to crag the signal flew.

inde simul spirant vivo de caespite odores,
ceu liquidis citharae vox sociata sonis:
mox graciles tulipae; mox insignes anemonae;
quique inter pulcros pulcrior alter adest,
flumine secreto spectans narcissus ocellos
ipse suo studio languet amabiliter:
liliaque herbosae nymphas referentia vallis
forma quibus Veneris, pallor amoris, inest:
enitet et viridis tenera inter tegmina silvae
gemmula, quae tremula pendula luce micat:
non rosei deerant, non pallentes hyacinthi,
nata quibus modo nunc cymbala lene sonant:
talis erat sonus his, tali dulcedine murmur,
qualis odor cum se sensibus insinuat:
at rosa, virgineos dea ceu lotura capillos,
candentes furtim fulget aperta sinus:
nunc relegit, nunc se languentibus explicat auris
nudatura focos Idalii pueri:
virgeaque attollunt Bacchantis spicula lili
serta velut radiis lutea, luna, tuis:
illius in collo, sidus velut, ardet ocellus;
udus et e lacrymis suspicit inde iovem:
cerinthaeque aderant fragranti rore corymbi:
cedat cerinthae quidquid odoris adest:
et quodcunque usquam est in terris floris amoeni,
ne posses, crevit, credere quid melius.

G. F. D. T.

---

35 *INSIDIAS ARMAQVE TECTA PARANT*

'VOTI igitur potiare,' refert, et sibilat acre;
sibilus a toto redditur acre iugo;
at fera (nec magis ipsa feram ciet ardea vocem)
a scopulo in scopulum signa relata volant.

Instant, through copse and heath, arose
bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
on right, on left, above, below,
sprang up at once the lurking foe;
from shingles gray their lances start,
the bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
the rushes and the willow-wand
are bristling into axe and brand,
and every tuft of broom gives life
to plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
at once with full five hundred men,
as if the yawning hill to heaven
a subterranean host had given:
watching their leader's beck and will,
all silent there they stood and still.

SIR W. SCOTT

---

36 *The Betrothed*

WOMAN'S faith and woman's trust;
write the characters in dust:
stamp them on the running stream;
print them on the moonlight's beam:
and each evanescent letter
shall be clearer, firmer, better,
and more permanent, I ween,
than the thing those letters mean:
I have strained the spider's thread
'gainst the promise of a maid:
I have weighed a grain of sand
'gainst her plight of heart and hand:
I told my true love of the token,
how her faith proved light and her word was broken;

nec mora; per frutices spissamque exortus ericam
  pileus et telum, curvus et arcus adest;
iam dextra laevaque simul, subterque supraque,
  emicat e latebris insidiata cohors;
exsiliunt inter silices hastilia glaucos,
  proiicit et ferrum missile densa filix:
continuo in gladios horrescunt inque secures
  et iunci et passim virgea quaeque salix;
nascitur et crista virgatus quaque genistae
  miles, et in pugnas arma paratus habet;
undique munierat declivia vallis eodem
  tempore quingentis sibilus ille viris;
non secus ac superas si progenuisset in auras
  agmina terrigenum collis hiante sinu:
arbitrium nutumque manent ductoris ibidem
  immoti stantes et sine voce viri.

S. L.

---

36 *VERBA PVELLARVM FOLIIS LEVIORA CADVEIS*

AT periura fides veneris, revocabile pignus;
  femina quidquid ait pulvere verba notes:
aut in aquis fluvii labentibus irrita ponas,
  aut radii dubio lumine, luna, tui:
sed tamen infide perituro litera signo
  firma magis credam certaque verba dabit,
certa magis dabit et mansura diutius aevo,
  quam quod habet vanis litera facta notis:
stamen arachneae possem contendere telae
  quodque ex iurato virginis ore cadit:
pensaremque levis, quodcunque est, pondus harenae,
  sed levior veneris dextra fidesque meae:
dixi ego, misceret totis periuria votis;
  verba daret ventis; perfidus esset amor:

again her word and truth she plight,
and I believed them again ere night.

SIR W. SCOTT

---

37 *The Dial of Flowers*

'TWAS a lovely thought to mark the hours,
  as they floated in light away,
by the opening and the folding flowers
  that laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue,
  and its graceful cup and bell,
in whose coloured vase might sleep the dew,
  like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flowed
  in a golden current on,
ere from the garden, man's first abode,
  the glorious guests were gone.

Yet is not life, in its real flight,
  marked thus—even thus—on earth,
by the closing of one hope's delight,
  and another's gentle birth?

Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
  shutting in turn, may leave
a lingerer still for the sunset hour,
  a charm for the shaded eve.

F. HEMANS

---

38 *Epistle to Augusta*

MY sister! my sweet sister! if a name
  dearer and purer were, it should be thine;
mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
no tears, but tenderness to answer mine:

illa tamen repetitque fidem votumque peractum,
  credita mox nondum nocte puella mea est.

G. F. D. T.

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37 *HOROLOGIVM FLOREVM*

QUAM bene commentum, quisquis distinxerit horas
  primus, ut in leni luce fluenter eant,
ex teneris qui se pandunt clauduntque vicissim
  floribus, aestivus quiis modo ridet ager:
en suus inde color, species sua cuique diei;
  horis, cuique suus, praefuit inde calix:
vase ubi ceu picto roris dormiret ocellus,
  qualiter in concha bacca marina cubat.
dulcibus haud aliter signis fluxisse putarim
  aurea quae fuerint tempora cunque prius:
quum fortunato nondum deerraverat horto
  coniuge cum nocua nobilis hospes humi.
sed quid ego haec? iusto nobis cum flumine currit,
  talibus est hominum vita notanda notis:
deliciis positis spes occidit altera somno,
  altera mox ortu laeta repente venit:
det Deus, o, talem det nobis ducere vitam,
  ut flos quisque suas possit habere vices:
nec tamen occiduae desit qui serior horae
  rideat, aut dubii vesperis alloquium!

G. F. D. T.

---

38 *BYRONVS AVGVSTAE SORORI*

TER dilecta soror! cui siquid carius illo,
  si posset nomen purius esse, darem:
non lacrimas posco: si mutua gratia restat,
  distineant montes distineatque mare:

go where I will, to me thou art the same—
a loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny,—
a world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
it were the haven of my happiness;
but other claims and other ties thou hast,
and mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,—
he had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
in other elements, and on the rocks
of perils, overlooked or unforeseen,
I have sustained my share of worldly shocks,
the fault was mine; nor do I seek to screen
my errors with defensive paradox;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
the careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward,
my whole life was a contest, since the day
that gave me being, gave me that which marred
the gift,—a fate, or will, that walked astray;
and I at times have found the struggle hard,
and thought of shaking off my bonds of clay:
but now I fain would for a time survive,
if but to see what next can well arrive.

LORD BYRON

---

39 *Highland Mary*

YE banks and braes and streams around
the castle o' Montgomery,
green be your woods and fair your flowers,
your waters never drumlie.

sic tua, sic aderit quacumque vagabor imago
  maesta quidem—at nolim non meminisse tui:
sors duplex mihi restat adhuc: est vivere tecum
  sub lare: sunt terrae quis vagus exul agar:
quod licet esse vago, nihil est: requiescere tecum
  possem, ceu portu cymba potita suo:
debita sed retinent alius te vincula amoris,
  quamque ego te nolim destituisse fidem.
non solito afficior fato, patre natus eodem,
  quod neque solari nec revocare licet;
mutat avita vices in me fortuna: neque illi
  neptunus requiem, nec mihi terra dedit.
quod si in diversas abiit mea vita procellas
  atque alius cruciat pectora nostra dolor,
si vita imprudens et mens ignara pericli
  laesit et errori debita poena meo:
in me culpa cadit. fateor: nec crimina longas
  ulla per ambages dissoluisse petam:
utilis in proprium mihi erat sollertia damnum:
  direxi in scopulos naufragus ipse ratem.
quod queror omne meum est—unum me torqueat angor:
  nullum certando non mihi tempus abit:
seu vitium mentis seu iusserit ira deorum,
  una dedit vitam lux, nocuitque datae.
saucius interdum volui discedere pugna,
  posset ut exuto corpore abire dolor:
nunc tamen in tempus malim superesse videndo,
  quid post tot casus possit adesse mali.

C. B. S.

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39 *SPIRAT ADHVC AMOR*

VOS iuga, vos colles, vos praelabentia vestra
  Gomerii turres, flumina, montis aqua,
sint virides silvae, pulcherrima copia florum,
  et turpi numquam turbida lympha luto.

There simmer first unfauld her robes
  and there the langest tarry;
for there I took the last fareweel
  o' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
  how rich the hawthorn's blossom,
as underneath their fragrant shade
  I clasped her to my bosom!
the golden hours on angel wings
  flew o'er me and my dearie;
for dear to me as light and life
  was my sweet Highland Mary.

With monie a vow and locked embrace
  our parting was fu' tender;
and pledging aft to meet again
  we tore oursels asunder.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
  that nipt my flower sae early:
now green's the sod and cauld's the clay
  that wraps my Highland Mary.

O pale pale now those rosy lips
  I aft hae kissed sae fondly;
and closed for aye the sparkling glance
  that dwelt on me sae kindly;
and mouldering now in silent dust
  that heart that lo'ed me dearly;
but still within my bosom's core
  shall live my Highland Mary.

R. BURNS

---

40 *Life*

TO-MORROW and to-morrow and to-morrow
  creeps in this petty pace from day to day
to the last syllable of recorded time;
and all our yesterdays have lighted fools

prima renidentes aestas ibi pandat amictus
  seraque decedens his remoretur agris;
namque ibi congresso mihi vota novissima dixit
  advena de patriis cara puella iugis.
suave coruscabat viridi laetissima fronde
  betula, gemmarum dives acanthus erat;
olim stratus ubi sub odorae tegmine silvae
  pressabam gremio pectora fusa meo.
aureus ille dies, caelestibus incitus horis,
  praeteriit volucri meque meamque fuga:
vera 'meam' vox est, neque enim lux carior ipsast
  vitave, de patriis quam mihi nympha iugis.
tum data saepe fides, amplexibus haesimus artis,
  digressus tenero mollis amore fuit;
multaque polliciti tamen inde avellimur aegre
  iurati, dextris in reditumque datis.
omnia nequiquam: mors frigore venit acerbo:
  admorsus cecidit flos meus ante diem.
nunc gelidum terrae viridi sub caespite tegmen
  induta est patriis advena nympha iugis.
tincta rosa quondam, nunc pallida morte labella
  sunt, toties labris tacta labella meis;
quique mihi obtutu prius adridebat amico,
  fulgor ocellorum non recreandus hebet;
idque cor in tacito putrescere pulvere pergit,
  plenum in me tanti quod cor amoris erat;
vivit adhuc vivetque tamen praecordia supter
  intima de patriis advena nympha iugis.

H. A. J. M.

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40 *IN VITAM HOMINIS*

CRASTINA quaeque dies, una altera tertia porro,
  protelo hoc itiner miserabile continuato
repit ad extremum usque peracti temporis hilum;
nullaque lux hesterna viam non pulverulentae

the way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
that struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
and then is heard no more: it is a tale
told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
signifying nothing.

W. SHAKESPEARE

---

41 *The Morning Dream*

'TWAS in the glad season of spring,
  asleep at the dawn of the day,
I dream'd what I cannot but sing,
  so pleasant it seemed as I lay.
I dream'd that, on ocean afloat
  far hence to the westward I sailed,
where the billows high lifted the boat,
  and the fresh-blowing breeze never failed.
In the steerage a woman I saw;
  such at least was the form that she wore,
whose beauty impressed me with awe,
  ne'er taught me by woman before.
She sat, and a shield at her side
  shed light, like a sun on the waves,
and smiling divinely she cried—
  'I go to make freemen of slaves.'
Then raising her voice to a strain,
  the sweetest that ear ever heard,
she sung of the slave's broken chain,
  wherever her glory appeared.
Some clouds, which had over us hung,
  fled, chased by her melody clear,
and methought while she liberty sung,
  'twas liberty only to hear.

W. COWPER

mortis monstravit stolidis. i, taeda fugax, i.
instar euntis habens umbrae mimive miselli,
vita hominum duo tresve horas per pulpita iactat
sese indignanti similis, nec praeterea usquam
auditur: fatui par est delira loquentis
plena sono rabieque, omni tamen indiga sensu.

H. A. J. M.

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41 *SOMNIVM MANE VISVM*

VER erat; in vernos dederant se cuncta lepores:
  carpebam somnos exoriente die;
somnia cum cerno, gratum poscentia carmen,
  grata soporato somnia visa mihi.
scilicet oceani volvebar nauta per aequor,
  hinc procul ad zephyri vela cubile dabam;
interea lintrem tollebat fluctus in altum,
  nec gelidum spirans desiit aura sequi.
Femina—vidi equidem—cursus in puppe regebat—
  femineis certe vultibus illa fuit;
nosque simul mirae subiit reverentia formae,
  quam mulier menti non prius ulla tulit.
illa sedebat enim, vicinaque parma sedenti
  illuxit tumidis sol velut alter aquis;
haudque hominem ridens risu permixta profudit
  'liber uti fiat, qui modo servus, eo.'
inde illas carmen voces in suave tetendit;
  nil ego, nil unquam suavius aure bibi:
vincula nam servis cecinit discussa refringi,
  quo sua maiestas cunque tulisset iter.
nubila nescio quae pendebant ante superne;
  nunc eadem claris terga dedere modis:
et, libertatem dum concinit illa, putavi—
  'nil nisi concentum percipe; liber eris.'

H. W. M.

42 *Nelle nozze della sorella Paolina*

DONNE, da voi non poco
la patria aspetta; e non in danno e scorno
dell' umana progenie al dolce raggio
delle pupille vostre il ferro e il foco
domar fu dato. A senno vostro il saggio
e il forte adopra e pensa, e quanto il giorno
col divo carro accerchia, a voi s' inchina.
Ragion di nostra etate
io chieggo a voi: la santa
fiamma di gioventù dunque si spegne
per vostra mano? attenuata e franta
da voi nostra natura? e le assonnate
menti, e le voglie indegne
e di nervi e di polpe
scemo il valor natio, son vostre colpe?
  Ad atti egregi è sprone
amor, chi ben l'estima, e d'alto effetto
maestra è la beltà. D'amor digiuna
siede l'alma di quello a cui nel petto
non si rallegra il cor quando a tenzone
scendono i venti, e quando nembi aduna
l'olimpo, e fiede le montagne il rombo
della procella. O spose
o verginelle, a voi
chi dei perigli è schivo, e quei che indegno
è della patria e che sue brame e suoi
volgari affetti in loco pose,
odio mova e disdegno;
se nel femmineo core
d'uomini ardea, non di fanciulli, amore.

GIACOMO LEOPARDI

42 *ITALARVM OFFICIA*

VOS patria, o matres, poscit: vos Itala tellus
 sollicitat, nuptae virgineique chori;
si modo non frustra rerum natura creatrix
 luminibus vestris mitia tela dedit,
vos grave quod ferrum, flammas quod vincat, habetis,
 rebus et est aegris hinc repetenda salus.
per vos corda virum sapiant; fortissima vestris
 docta rudimentis dextera navet opus—
sancta iuventutis per vos an flamma peribit,
 torpescentque situ fortia corda virum?
an per vos stabunt vaga somnia mensque vacillans,
 pectoraque indignis plena cupidinibus,
attenuati animi, cessans et fracta voluntas,
 stultaque semimari gaudia rapta manu?
facta accendat amor clarissima, sitque venustas
 sancta, virum forti quae volet ense peti.
hos adamate animos orti quos aëre nimbi,
 nubila quos alto monte voluta iuvant,
quos pede sub valido subiecta tonitrua mulcent
 eminus innumero multiplicata sono!
longe aliter pigro vitare pericula sensu
 qui volet, et turpi delituisse fuga;
qui sibi non patriae cautus conceperit intra
 pectora pro lucro spemve metumve suo;
hunc et sponsa virum spernatque tenellula virgo,
 ne vos semimares ast adamate viros!

C. E. M.

43

To Life

LIFE, I know not what thou art,
but know that thou and I must part;
and when or how or where we meet,
I own, to me 's a secret yet.
Life, we have been long together,
thro' pleasant and thro' cloudy weather;
'tis hard to part when friends are dear,
—perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;—
then steal away, give little warning,
choose thine own time;
say not good night, but in some brighter clime,
bid me good morning.

A. L. BARBAULD

44

MOVE eastward, happy earth, and leave
yon orange sunset waning slow:
from fringes of the faded eve,
O, happy planet, eastward go;
till over thy dark shoulder glow
thy silver sister-world, and rise
to glass herself in dewy eyes
that watch me from the glen below.

Ah, bear me with thee, smoothly borne,
dip forward under starry light,
and move me to my marriage-morn,
and round again to happy night.

A. TENNYSON

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43 *AD VITAM*

QVID sis nescio, vita; constat unum,
nobis discidium parare Parcas:
necdum quo duce quove me sub astro
tu conveneris aut ubi repertumst.
at quos arta sodaliti tot annos
sub sudo Iove nubiloque longi
iunxit copula, tam pares amicos
vix est dissociare quin graventur;
ergo te necopina negligenti
furtim subtrahe quam voles ad horam;
aufer triste Vale sed in beatas
sedes excipe laetiore Salve.

C. W. M.

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44 *Εὐήμερε γῆ, σὺ δ' ἀπ' ἀελίου*
τοῦ κροκοβάπτους δυσμὰς βραδέως
ποτινισσομένου χώρει πρὸς ἕω·
τῆς γ' ἑσπερίας πλακὸς ἐσχατιὰν
προλιποῦσ' ἀμυδρὰν
χώρει δῆτ', ὦ μακαριστή·
ἔστ' ἂν δνοφερῶν ὑπάτη νώτων
ἀργυροειδὲς φέγγος ἀνάψῃ
λαμπὰς ὁμαίμων, ἐπιτελλομένη τ'
ἔμ' ὑπαὶ βήσσης παπταινόντων
σχηματίσηται
νοτίων ὄσσων ἐν ἐνόπτρῳ.
φεῦ φεῦ· σύ μ' ὁδὸν κατὰ σὴν ἐλαφρὰν
ἐλαφρῶς βάσταζ', ὑπὸ ταῖς τ' ἄστρων
ῥιπαῖσι προβῆθ' ἀερονηχής,
πέμπουσα μὲν ἐς φῶς μ' ὑμεναίους τ',
ὀπίσω δ' αὖθις
πρὸς νύκτα κυκλοῦσα ποθεινήν.

H. W. M.

45

Ignorance is Bliss

RAINS fall; suns shine; winds flee,
brooks run; yet few know how.
Do not thou too deeply search
why thou lov'st me now.

Perhaps, by some command
sent earthward from above
thy heart was doomed to lean on mine;
mine to enjoy thy love.

Why ask, when joy doth smile,
from what bright heaven it fell?
men mar the beauty of their dreams
by tracing their source too well.

B. W. PROCTER

46

Fulvia

YES; Fulvia is like Venus fair;
has all her bloom and shape and air:
but still, to perfect every grace,
she wants—the smile upon her face.
The crown majestic Juno wore,
and Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
an helmet masked Minerva's mien,
but smiles distinguished Beauty's queen.
Her train was formed of smiles and loves,
her chariot drawn by gentlest doves;
and from her zone the nymph may find,
'tis Beauty's province to be kind.
Then smile, my fair; and all, whose aim
aspires to paint the Cyprian dame
or bid her breathe in living stone,
shall take their forms from you alone.

W. SHENSTONE

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45 *NESCIRE MELIVS*

FONTES unde fluant, cur micet igneus
sol, quae lex pluvias temperet aut notos,
paucis scire licet: tu fuge quaerere
cur me, Lydia, nunc ames.
Uno seu genitos sidere nos Deus
divelli vetet, an fors ita iusserit,
haerebis gremio tu tamen in meo, et
semper dulcis eris mihi.
Quis curat melior sors modo riserit
unde aut cur veniat? scilicet aurea
rumpunt saepe homines somnia, dum student
causas altius exsequi.

R. B.

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46 *IN FVLVIAM*

FULVIA par Veneri, mihi crede, puellula divae,
Fulvia par habitu parque colore deae:
risus abest et abest perfectae gratia formae;
rideat; aetherio digna erit illa loco.
tempora praecingat Iuno regina corona,
agresti lunam Cynthia fronte gerat:
Pallas amet galeas: galeas dum Pallas amabit,
risus erit Veneri, nam Venus apta ioco:
illam, qua graditur, lepidi comitantur amores,
mollis avis premitur pulchra columba iugo:
zona vetat rugas et ne sit rustica virgo:
quae pulchra est, nympham non decet esse rudem:
sis igitur precibus facilis, meus ignis, et istas,
quas simulet pictor, solve lepore genas:
quas manus artificis spiranti exponat in aere;
sic referet formae nescius ipse deam.

M. LAWSON, A. S. 1816

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47 *The end of true love*

MY silks and fine array,
  my smiles and languish'd air,
by love are driven away,
  and mournful, lean Despair
brings me yew to deck my grave;
such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven
  when springing buds unfold,
oh, why to him was't given
  whose heart is wintry cold?
his breast is love's all-worshipt tomb,
where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,
  bring me a winding sheet,
when I my grave have made
  let winds and tempest beat,
then down I'll lie as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away.

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48 *Impromptu on Mrs Riddel's Birth-day*

OLD Winter with his frosty beard
  thus once to Jove his prayer preferred;
'What have I done, of all the year,
to bear this hated doom severe?
my cheerless sons no pleasure know;
night's horrid car drags dreary, slow:
my dismal months no joys are crowning,
but spleeny English hanging, drowning.
  'Now Jove for once, be mighty civil,
to counterbalance all this evil;

47 *HOC FIDVS MERVIT AMOR*

VESTES purpureas, risum et amabiles
motus heu! pepulit saevus amor: mihi
frondes obtulit atras,
queis ornem tumulum, macra
taxi maestitia. a! talis amantium
finis quos perimunt ingenuae faces.
at formonsior aethra,
annus primitias ubi
dulces explicuit vere novo rosae,
ille est: cur veneres has male prodiga,
cui cordis rigor obsit,
heu! fors immerito dedit?
huic in corde iacet conditus ipse amor
quem turbae celebrant undique supplices.
huc adferte bipennes,
huc rastra, o comites, precor,
feralemque togam: protinus hac ubi
scrobs effossa manu est, in mea saeviant
imbres ossa iacentis.
fidus sic amor interit.

T. M.

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48 *IN NEAERAE NATALEM*

OBDUCTA frontem tristis hiemps gelu
preces supremo rettulit has Iovi:
'Quo semper exercent merentem
crimine me vitiove fata?
non ulla proli gaudia sunt meae
gustanda: tardis vecta rotis fugit
nox atra, nec gestit beatus
deliciis meus orbis ullis;
at, o deorum maxime, supplici
da magna magnis dona laboribus

give me, and I've no more to say,
give me Maria's natal day!
that brilliant gift will so enrich me,
spring, summer, autumn cannot match me.'
'"Tis done!' says Jove;—so ends my story,
and Winter once rejoiced in glory.

R. BURNS

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49 *On his being arrived to the age of twenty-three*

HOW soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
my hasting days fly on with full career,
but my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
that I to manhood am arrived so near;
and inward ripeness doth much less appear,
that some more timely-happy spirits indueth.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
it shall be still in strictest measure even
to that same lot, however mean or high,
toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
as ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

J. MILTON

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50 *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*

ARMOUR rusting in his halls
on the blood of Clifford calls;—
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance—
bear me to the heart of France,
is the longing of the Shield—
tell thy name, thou trembling Field;

aequata, natalem Neaerae;
iamque tacens mea lingua maestas
sistet querellas: hoc mihi munere
autumnus aestas ver quoque diviti
assurget.' His tandem impetratis
risit hiemps semel ore laeto.

A. H. W.

---

49 *DIES NATALIS*

QVAM celeri pede lapsa dies mihi nuntiat annos
iam tres exactos bis superesse decem;
corripuitque iuventutem velocibus alis:
at mihi ver serum germina nulla tulit:
fors haec aetati facies male congruat isti,
atque annos poterit dissimulare meos:
forsan et his possim magis immaturus haberi
qui cito felici semina mente fovent.
sit tamen aut minor aut maior, lentusve citusve,
proveniens nostro fructus ab ingenio:
talis erit, qualis certa ratione modoque,
sive humilis sive et conspiciendus ero,
isti conveniat quam me, Pater Optime, sorti
ferre iubes, famulos inter et esse tuos:
unum est ut detur mihi sic urgere laborem,
tanquam usque a summo conspicerer Domino.

SAMUEL BUTLER, A. S. 1797

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50 SANGUINEM Claudi dominum receptum
increpant ultro facinusque poscunt
arma quae foedat situs in vetusto
pariete fixa.
I feri Parthos, sonat hasta. Gallos
ultimos mecum pete, clamat umbo:
quisquis es, bello tremefacte nostro,
debite morti,

field of death, where'er thou be,
groan thou with our victory!
Happy day and mighty hour,
when our Shepherd, in his power,
mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
to his ancestors restored
like a reappearing Star,
like a glory from afar
first shall head the flock of war!

W. WORDSWORTH

51

O LET the solid ground
not fail beneath my feet
before my life has found
what some have found so sweet;
then let come what come may,
what matter if I go mad,
I shall have had my day.

Let the sweet heavens endure,
not close and darken above me
before I am quite quite sure
that there is one to love me;
then let come what come may
to a life that has been so sad,
I shall have had my day.

A. TENNYSON

---

debite et nobis ager, ede nomen
et triumphantes gemitu saluta
conscius. Lux terque quaterque felix,
lux bona, salve,
quum potens rerum sua iure tecta
Pastor intrabit, gladioque avito
ibit accinctus, generique tanto
redditus heres:
ibit et, qualis procul orta fulget
stella quae sero potuit renasci,
agmen haud imbelle gregesque saevos
ducet in hostem.

W. J.

---

51 *VOTVM*

Μή μοι χαίνουσ' ὑπένερθε ποδῶν
ἀπογίγνοιτο χθὼν ἀκάματος,
πρὶν ἐπαισθοίμην, ἐνίους γὰρ ἔχειν
ἥδιστον δὴ τοῦτο πέπυσμαι,
ποῖον ἄρ' εἴη τὸ φιλεῖσθαι.
εἶτα πεπράχθω τὸ γενησόμενον·
τί δὲ καὶ μανίας τοὔνθενδε μέλει;
τὸ ζῆν γὰρ ἐμοὶ τέλος ἕξει.
πῶς ἂν ἀγήρως αἰθὴρ σταίη,
τὰ δ' ὑπὲρ κεφαλῆς μὴ πρὶν ἀμαυροῖ
σκότος αἰανὴς, πρὶν ἐπισταίμην
ὥς με φιλεῖ τις, σάφα τ' εἰδείην.
εἶτα γενέσθω πάνθ' ὅσα πάσχειν
δεῖ με τὸν ἤδη πολλὰ πεπονθότα,
δόξει γὰρ ἐμοὶ βεβιῶσθαι.

W. J.

52

The Legions of Angels

SAY, Muse, their names then known; who first, who last,
roused from the slumber on that fiery couch,
at their great emperor's call, as next in worth,
came singly where he stood on the bare strand:
while the promiscuous crowd stood yet aloof.
The chief were those, who, from the pit of Hell
roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
their seats long after next the seat of God,
their altars by his altar, Gods adored
among the nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, throned
between the Cherubim; yea, often placed
within his sanctuary itself their shrines,
abominations; and with cursed things
his holy rites and solemn feasts profaned,
and with their darkness durst affront his light.
First Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
of human sacrifice and parents' tears;
though, for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire
to his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
worshiped in Rabba and her watery plain,
in Argob and in Basan, to the stream
of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
of Solomon he led by fraud to build
his temple right against the temple of God,
on that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
the pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
and black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.

52 DAEMONVM CATALOGVS

NUNC mihi, Musa, deos, quo singula nomine quondam
numina compellans adiit primaeva vetustas,
exordire lyra; quis primus ab aequore diro
sustulit os, rutilo quis surgens ultimus igni
regis ad imperium, somnis exterritus ibat.
cesserunt vulgi gentes et turba vagorum
semideum: tractum proceres de more secundum
corripiunt nudaque procul stipantur arena.
hic, quicunque nigras longo post tempore sedes
deserere et praedae studio nova quaerere regna
finibus audebant nostris; cum maxima circum
templa suos posuere focos et iura dedere
regibus excepti miseris et gente profana.
quo cultu insani iaculantem ex arce Sione
contempsere Deum et magno delubra Tonantis
cincta satellitio; facinus quin maius adorti
arcanos intra statuere altaria muros
(infandum!); castos sceleris vicinia ritus
polluit et stygiis marcebat lumen in umbris.

Primus adest gaudens humana caede Moluchus
sanguine placandus foedo lacrimisque parentum:
quamvis infantum miseros in limine planctus
ignibus in sacris et dira altaria circum
tympana multisonis vincant certantia bombis.
huic monstro trepidus pater Ammonitide terra
sedibus in Rabbae fluviorumque ubere campo
sacra tulit; latus Argobium Basanaeaque rura
horrebant regnique fluens in finibus Arnon.
sed non infandis vicinia moribus audax
suffecit scelerum cupido; quin fraude nefanda
perversus Salomon temeraria sacra novaret
colle Sionaeo; quin pallida numen haberet
vallis et indigna frondesceret Hinnoma silva:

Next Chemos, the obscene dread of Moab's sons,
from Aroar to Nebo and the wild
of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
and Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
the flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines,
and Eleälè to the Asphaltic pool.
With these came they, who, from the bordering flood
of old Euphrates to the brook that parts
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
of Baälim and Ashtaroth, those male,
these feminine; for Spirits when they please
can either sex assume, or both; so soft
and uncompounded is their essence pure;
not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
nor founded on the brittle strength of bones.
For those the race of Israel oft forsook
their living Strength, and unfrequented left
his righteous altar, bowing lowly down
to bestial gods; for which their heads, as low
bowed down in battle, sunk before the spear
of despicable foes.
Thammuz came next behind,
whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
the Syrian damsels to lament his fate
in amorous ditties all a summer's day,
while smooth Adonis from his native rock
ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
of Thammuz yearly wounded. The love-tale
infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led,
his eyes surveyed the dark idolatries
of alienated Judah. Next came one
who mourned in earnest, when the captive ark
maimed his brute image, head and hands lopt off

quo cultu infernum mutabat luce colorem
tristes nacta notas et nomen turpe Gehennae.
Hinc, Moabitanae timor atque infamia terrae,
Chemos ab extremo gentes Aroare tenebat
usque Nebonaeos extremo in margine saltus
montibus his Horonamque Hesebonaque, Seonis arces,
frugiferos ultra campos, ubi Sibma beatis
floribus et nigrae foliis obtexitur uvae,
atque Asphaltitem spectans Eleale paludem.
venere Assyriis communia nomina terris
Belidae veteresque Astartides: altera nymphae,
altera turba mares; quoniam quemcunque voluntas
suaserit in sexum caelestia semina migrant:
pura adeo natura deum, fingendaque molli
forma manu; neque enim terreno laeditur haustu
nec duros artus et noxia vincula novit.
haec propter, titulis brutorum et imagine surda
capta deum, fugit Dominum Iudaea Iehovam,
(haud simplex scelus!) et tacitum sine supplice fanum
deseruit; quo saepe Pater pro crimine bellis
obruit indignis et spretis hostibus hausit.
Proximus, in Libano passus qui certa quotannis
vulnera virgineas per carmina suasit amantes
dulcibus æstivum lamentis ducere solem,
fonte tenus patrio cum devolvebat Adonis
purpureos latices; toties, ut fama, profanum
Thaumantis rutila sumens cum caede colorem.
ille amor Hebraeas et fabula nota puellas
corripuit, quarum pollutis orgia templis
horruit arcano relegens per somnia visu
Ezechiel, cum Iudaeae scelera atra monentis
infames ritus alienaque sacra notaret.
Hos super advenit vere qui saucius olim
ingemuit, cum degeneres speratus in usus
effigiem brutam capta Deus obruit arca:

in his own temple, on the grunsel-edge,
where he fell flat, and shamed his worshipers;
Dagon his name, sea-monster, upward man
and downward fish: yet had his temple high
reared in Azotus, dreaded through the coast
of Palestine, in Gath and Ascalon,
and Accaron and Gaza's frontier-bounds.
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
of Abana and Pharphar, lucid streams.
After these appeared
a crew, who, under names of old renown,
Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train,
with monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek
their wandering gods disguised in brutish forms
rather than human.
Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd
fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
vice for itself. To him no temple stood
or altar smoked: yet who more oft than he
in temples and at altars, when the priest
turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
with lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
and in luxurious cities, where the noise
of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
and injury, and outrage: and when night
darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.
These were the prime in order and in might;
the rest were long to tell, though far renowned,
the Ionian gods, of Javan's issue held
gods, yet confessed later than heaven and earth,
their boasted parents: Titan, heaven's first-born,

vertice disiecto praecisisque undique membris
procubuit templorum adyto populumque fefellit.
huic nomen (sic fama) Dagon: qui turpia iactans
corpora et ambiguo geminas discrimine formas,
semivir aequoream produxit ab inguine caudam.
illius Azoti fulgentem in litore sacro
ora Palaestinae spectabat et Ascalus aram,
Accarus et tangens Arabum confinia Gaze.

Hinc Rimmon iucunda tenens palmeta Damasci
sedibus ambrosiis, quas fluctibus Abbana lambit
caeruleis multoque nitens Chrysorrhous auro.

Iamque ingens horrenda cohors, quot nomine prisco
monstrorum effigie et magicis Aegyptia signis
regna sibi rapuere, Isisque et Osiris et Orus:
corporaque humanis vulgo praelata figuris.
quique sacerdotem, populo clamante, sequentem
sub pecudum forma longos duxere per agros.
postremus Belial quo non lascivior alter
exciderat caelo, nec quem magis ipsa iuvaret
criminis et sceleris, quodcumque est, nuda libido.
non illi multo fulgebant munere templa
fumantesque foci: sed quis donaria circum
notior aut captis successit saepius aris,
ipse Deum quoties inter delubra sacerdos
abnegat; Elidae quales, cum more sinistro
et scelerum ritu miscebant Numinis aedem?
illum purpureis bacchantem regia portis
excipit, illum urbes, qua turpibus orgia ludis
vulgusque proceresque colunt celsusque per arces
it fragor et laedit trepidos iniuria cives;
luce palam; sed nocte regit peioraque suadet
numen, et insano crescit dementia vino.

Hi primi titulis et numine: milia divum
stant circum, Ionio ducentia semine nomen:
Terra parens, Caelusque; sed his Titania pubes

with his enormous brood, and birthright seized
by younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
his own and Rhea's son, like measure found;
so Jove usurping reigned. These first in Crete
and Ida known, thence on the snowy top
of cold Olympus ruled the middle air,
their highest heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
of Doric land; or who with Saturn old
fled over Adria to the Hesperian fields,
and o'er the Celtic roamed the utmost isles.

J. MILTON

---

53 *The Garden of Love*

THERE is a garden in her face
  where roses and white lilies grow;
a heavenly paradise is that place,
  wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
there cherries grow that none may buy,
till 'cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
  her brows like bended bows do stand;
threatening with piercing frowns to kill
  all that approach with eye or hand
those sacred cherries to come nigh,
till 'cherry ripe' themselves do cry.

ALLISON, A. S. 1606

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nata prior raptumque gerens Saturnus honorem;
quem sua progenies per easdem Iupiter artes
detraxit solio et rerum successit habenis.
hos Creta et primis excepit sedibus Ide:
aethera tunc medium cunctis submisit Olympus
regni summus apex: seu quos Parnasia rupes
et Dodona deos praelataque Doris haberet,
seu quos Saturni comites Oenotria rura,
Celticus et caperet longinqui litoris axis.

CAROLVS MERIVALE, A. S. 1828

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53 *HORTVS AMORIS*

IN facie agnoscas descriptum virginis hortum,
  qua rosa, qua splendent lilia mista rosis:
elysium terrestre locus patet ille, fruendum
  quidquid ibi gratum, nobile quidquid erit:
sunt istic cerasi, pretio non aeris emendi
  dum 'cerasi praesto sunt tibi' labra sonent:
semper, ut aligeri vigiles, speculantur ocelli;
  arcus in arguta fronte reductus adest;
inde supercilium mortem minitabitur atrum,
  sive quis accedat lumine sive manu:
carpere ne speres; fructus sacer iste profanis;
  dum 'cerasi praesto sunt tibi' labra sonent.

F. E. C.

54

A Song of Sixpence

SING a song of sixpence,
sing it to the sky:
four and twenty blackbirds
baked in a pie:
when the pie was opened
the birds began to sing;
was not that a dainty dish
to set before the king?

GAMMER GURTON

55

Humpty Dumpty

HUMPTY Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:
not all the King's horses nor all the Queen's men,
could put Humpty Dumpty on the wall again.

GAMMER GURTON

56

Little Jack Horner

LITTLE Jack Horner
sat in a corner,
eating a Christmas pie:
he put in his thumb,
and pulled out a plum,
and cried, 'What a good boy am I!'

GAMMER GURTON

54 ὙΜΝΟΣ ΔΡΑΧΜΙΑΙΟΣ

Ἐπᾴδετ᾽, ᾄδεθ᾽ ὕμνον
ὅσον τε δραχμιαῖον,
ἐπᾴδετ᾽ οὐρανόνδε
τὸ κοψίχων τρὶς ὀκτὼ
πεπεμμένων πλακοῦντι.
χρόνῳ μὲν οὖν ὅμως δὲ,
ἀνεῳγμένου πλακοῦντος,
ἕκαστος ἤρξατ᾽ εὐθὺς
καλῶς καλῶς ἀείδειν.
ἆρ᾽, ἔξοχ᾽ ὦ πλακοίντων,
ἐπήρατός τις ἦσθα·
ἄνακτι δεῖπνον εἶναι
τίς οὐκ ἂν ἀξιοῖ σε;

P. F.

---

55 *IN CIRCVLVM QVENDAM GLOBATOREM VIR. CL.*

CIRCULUS in muro fertur sedisse Globator;
  Circulus heu cecidit forte Globator humi;
reginae nec fretus equis regisve virum vi
  Circulus in prisca sede Globator erit.

J. M. N.

---

56 *IN GLASTONIENSIS APVD HENRICVM VIII ABBATIAE PROCVRATOREM*

CORNIFICI puero sedem dabat angulus aedis,
  Saturnalicium ut manderet artocreas:
e quibus evellens inserto pollice prunum,
  'me ter,' ait, 'iuvenem, me quater egregium!'

J. M. N.

57 *Hey Diddle-Diddle*

HEY diddle, diddle! the cat and the fiddle,
the cow jumped over the moon,
the little dog laughed to see such sport,
and the dish ran away with the spoon.

GAMMER GURTON

---

58 *Epigrams*

IN the lines you have sent are the Muses and Graces,
you've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in your faces.

FRIEND for your epitaphs I'm grieved,
where still so much is said;
one half will never be believed,
the other never read.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
as had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus along;
but such is thy avarice and such is thy pride,
that the beasts must have starved and the poet have died.

A. POPE

---

59 *Partridge and Pheasant Shooting*

YE vigorous swains! while youth ferments your blood,
and purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.

57 *DE MIRIFICA SED TAMEN TRISTI MVNDI PERTVRBATIONE*

HEI mihi! et hei geminem! felis mihi causa doloris,
iuncta lyrae: lunam vacca supersiluit:
at tales fertur ludos risisse catellus;
et simul abrepto caule patella fugit.

J. M. N.

---

58 *EPIGRAMMATA*

CARMINA misisti Musis Charisinque referta;
os tibi Tres fingunt, ingeniumque Novem.

TANGIT me quali tua sunt epigrammata fato,
quae tot adhuc verbis tam gravibusque sonant:
dimidium sed enim, video, lectoris egebit;
dimidio vereor detur ut ulla fides.

SIC tibi forma nitet, suavi sic concinis arte,
Orphea ut ad cantus alliceresque feras:
sed tanto fastu tantaque cupidine turges,
extinxes vatem bile fameque pecus.

J. F.

59

VOS quibus, o iuvenes, circum praecordia sanguis
incaluit, solidaeque suo stant robore vires,
vos montes superate, feros indagine saltus
cingite iam, cornuque canorum inflate, fluentisque
incautae laquei fraudes inducite praedae.

When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
and in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
panting with hope, he tries the furrowed grounds:
but when the tainted gales the game betray,
couched close he lies and meditates the prey;
secure they trust the unfaithful field beset,
till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
when Albion sends her eager sons to war,
some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty blest,
near and more near, the closing lines invest;
sudden they seize the amazed, defenceless prize,
and high in air Britannia's standard flies.
  See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs
and mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah, what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
his purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes,
the vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
the painted wings and breast that flames with gold?

A. POPE

---

60 *Sappho's Song*

FAREWELL my lute! and would that I
  had never touched thy burning chords!
poison has been upon thy sigh,
  and fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
  thy power, thy spell, my gentle lute?

Cum primo Autumni sub tempore praeterit aestas,
frugifera et perdix succisis pascitur agris,
acrior antevolat dominum canis, arvaque circum
undique lustrat agens et spe vestigat anhela.
nonne vides, modo si notas odor attulit auras,
colligat ut sese meditans, praedaeque moratus
incubet, ut pennata cohors secura malorum
haereat, infido tanta est fiducia campo,
retia dum trepidos fato turgentia cingant.
non aliter, si parva licet componere magnis,
Anglia siquando turmas in bella feroces
praemittat, latos paulatim cingere muros
incipiunt urbis longa iam pace sepultae.
undique tum celerant atque agmina conscia iungant
ante expectatum portisque patentibus adsunt,
et subito Britonum fluitant vexilla per auras.
  Phasidis en pennis vectus stridentibus ales
emicat et vacuo gestit se tollere plausu!
nec longum gestit, flammam inter nubila sentit
vulnificam luctansque suo se sanguine versat
semianimis, terramque trementi verberat ala.
tum nihil heu! prosint vario decorata colore
corpora, nil radiis oculi roseoque corusci
circuitu valeant nec honesta in vertice crista,
purpureusve nitor capitis, plumaeve decorae,
aut pectus maculis auro squalentibus ardens.

G. B. 1759

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60 *CITHARAE VALEDICIT SAPPHO*

BARBITE cara vale! non corda moventia fila
  debuerant digitis personuisse meis:
sunt tua fatali suspiria feta veneno
  scilicet, et dira vox calet ista febri.
quae tamen haec frustra citharam culpare voluptas?
  seu vim, seu magicae fila canora lyrae?

I should have been the wretch I am
 had every string of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
 not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;
it was not song that taught me love,
 but it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
 and pulse and hand and heart are flame;
it is thy work, thou faithless one,
 but no! I will not name thy name!

Sun-god, lute, wreath are vowed to thee!
 long be their light upon my grave—
my glorious grave! yon dark blue sea!
 I shall sleep calm beneath its wave.

L. E. L.

---

61 *The Splendid Shilling*

AFFLICTIONS great! yet greater still remain:
my galligaskins, that have long withstood
the winter's fury and ever-aching frosts,
by time subdued (what will not time subdue?)
an horrid chasm disclosed, with orifice
wide discontinuous: at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
of Boreas that congeals the Chronian waves
tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship
long sailed secure or through the Aegean deep,
or the Ionian, till, cruising near
the Lilybean shore, with hideous crash
on Scylla, or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
she strikes rebounding: whence the shattered oak
so great a shock unable to withstand,
admits the sea: in at the gaping side

sim licet infelix, minus infelicior essem
  si mihi sopitum conticuisset ebur?
non chelys et nervi nostri maeroris origo,
  sidere, vae miserae! plector ab ipsa meo:
culpa chorda vacat, docuit neque carmen amores,
  ipse tamen nostri carminis auctor amor.
si sileant cantus, si spes iacet irrita vitae,
  si iecur et venas uror et igne caput,
quisquis es, indignae, tu, perfide, causa ruinae,
  nomine non lingua est dedecoranda tuo.
serta chelyn tibi, Phoebe, sacro: fac luceat inde
  lumine reliquias quae tegit unda meas:
vos salvete mihi, regitis quae caerula, nymphæ,
  pace fruar vestris intumulata vadis.

A. W. P.

---

61 *HIATVS VALDE DEFLENDVS*

AT graviora manent: quas tot disrumpere saevae
non hiemis potuere minae et penetrabile frigus,
aevo consumptae (quid non consumitis anni?)
dant aditum bracae: longe lateque dehiscens
rima patet: stridore Eurusque Notusque furenti,
qua data porta, ruunt, necnon portantia febrim
frigora: non secus ac navis iam vecta per altum
Ionium, Aegeasque diu secura procellas,
litora dum premit et Lilybeae advertitur orae,
Scyllaeam rabiem aut, immania saxa, Charybdim
mole ferit concussa sua: quo robora motu
quassa tremunt, ictusque parum patientia tanti
accipiunt inimicum imbrem: navim agmen aquarum

the crowding waves rush with impetuous rage,
resistless overwhelming: horrors seize
the mariners: death in their eyes appears:
they stare, they rave, they pump, they swear, they pray:
(vain efforts) still the battering waves rush in
implacable, till, deluged by the foam
the ship sinks, foundering in the great abyss.

J. PHILIPS

---

62 *To the Bristol Well*

O SACRED fount! whose springs eternal rise
and vital draught to sickness health supplies:
he comes to court thy salutary aid,
whom worth and friendship dear to me have made.
What prayers to thee and each celestial power
his friends unite him safely to restore!
then with new life and strength informed by thee
grant him to bless his wishful family.
So may the ocean's tide and flooding storm
ne'er taint thy purity nor breast deform.

W. SINGLETON

---

63 *Alexander's Feast*

SOOTHED with the sound the king grew vain;
fought all his battles o'er again;
and thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise:
his glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes:
and while he heaven and earth defied,
changed his hand and checked his pride.

adversam rapit, et nitentem plurima frustra
fata premunt: nautis intentant omnia mortem.
Stant horrore oculi: tum fanda nefanda precati
exantlare foros subnixi viribus instant,
nequiquam: usque adeo furit implacabilis unda,
dum spumante salo vasti sub gurgite ponti
fluctus mergit agens et inevitabile fatum.

A. W. P.

62 *IN FONTEM BRISTOLIENSEM*

O TU, qui amissam potis es recreare salutem,
  fons o Paeoniae vena perennis aquae!
ille meus quo non iucundior alter amicus
  te medicam poscit nec male dignus opem.
hunc cari ut reducem possint spectare propinqui,
  quas divis iterant, quas tibi, lympha, preces!
ergo alacrem et puro recreatum fluminis haustu
  reddere in optantem sit tibi cura domum,
sic numquam sale te Neptunus tingat amaro,
  nec pluvia ingenuum polluat unda lacum.

THOMAS RUSSELL, A. S. 1786

63 *ALEXANDRI CONVIVIVM*

REX corda cantu tactus amabili
  superbiebat: bella redintegrans
pugnata, devictas cohortes
  ter pepulit triplicique caesos
ictu cecidit. Non sine conscio
flagrat magistro tortile luminum
  fulgur, rubescentique vultus
    ira tumens animum efferavit.

He chose a mournful muse
soft pity to infuse:
he sung Darius great and good
by too severe a fate,
fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
fallen from his high estate,
and weltering in his blood;
deserted at his utmost need,
by those his former bounty fed;
on the bare earth exposed he lies,
with not a friend to close his eyes.

J. DRYDEN

---

64 *Epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton*

NATURE and nature's law lay hid in night:
God said, *Let Newton be*, and all was light.

A. POPE

---

65 *The Death Bed*

WE watched her breathing through the night,
her breathing soft and slow;
as in her breast the wave of life
kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
so slowly moved about,
as we had lent her half our powers,
to eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
our fears our hopes belied;
we thought her dying when she slept,
and sleeping when she died.

65. Videsis idem aliter redditum p. 14.

Quin impia in certamina provocat
terram et deorum numina, quum manus
  mutata frenati superbos
    pectoris imminuit tumultus.
En! luctuoso carmine callidus
lenibat iras: 'Occidit, occidit
  rex mille regnorum suoque
    volvitur inmeritus cruore:
ditarat olim prodiga quos manus
linquunt egenum tempore in ultimo:
  bustoque sub dio carentis
    non oculos pia dextra claudet.'

A. W. P.

64 *EPITAPHIVM IN NEVTONVM*

NOX rerum natura fuit: *Neutonius esto*
  conditor omnipotens dixit; et orta dies.

65 *CONCLAMATA MORTVA*

SPIRANTI ut memini nos invigilare puellæ;
  spirantis tenues ut numerare sonos;—
dum tremor alternus vitae sub pectore lasso
  per noctem refluae labitur instar aquae.
Vix dabat interea vocem vox ipsa loquentum,
  sive movebamur, pes ita lentus erat,
roboris ut partem nos concessisse putares,
  mutua semianimi quae data ferret opem.
verba sibi dantes, fraudem spes ipsa timori
  obiicit, ipse refert crimina vana timor.
sic ea visa mori quoties sopita quiesset,
  pressaque iam vera morte, sopore premi.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
  and chill with early showers,
her quiet eyelids closed—she had
  another morn than ours.

T. HOOD

---

66 *The Earl of Orrery to Mrs Caesar*

WHY flow those tears, or why those sighs arise?
  why dim the lustre of those radiant eyes?
the parts well acted both of friend and wife,
through every scene of thy all-blameless life,
let conscious virtue cankering griefs controul,
and calm each struggling passion of the soul.
Think, if departed spirits aught can know
in upper regions of the world below,
how can the man, for whom those tears are shed,
(dear as he was, irrevocably dead),
how can he deem his state completely blest,
while sorrow reigns unconquered in your breast?
ah! let your wisdom be to fate resigned,
take comfort in the blessings yet behind:
nor is your heart of every joy bereft,
your daughters live, and still one Caesar's left.

---

67 *The Bee*

HOW doth the little busy bee
  improve each shining hour,
and gather honey all the day
  from every opening flower!

Namque ubi subrepsit nebuloso atratus amictu,
  et matutino frigidus imbre dies,
se faciles claudunt oculi:—iam scilicet illis
  dissimili nostro lux erat orta polo.

C. W. M.

---

66 *AD VIDVAM NE FVNCTVM CONIVGEM NIMIS DOLEAT*

CUR istae manant lacrimae? cur pectus anhelum
  singultu, tantaque oculi sub nube gravescunt
siderei? perfuncta pio, perfuncta iugali
foedere per niveae spatium inviolabile vitae,
iam luctum lenire gravem sibi conscia virtus
luctantesque animi motus componere discat.
Esto: siquid adhuc manes terrestria tangunt
caelicolas, quo rere modo se parte putabit
felicem ex omni (carum magis omnibus unum
quem defles, nunquam rediturum in luminis auras)
dum dolor indomitus vestro sub pectore gliscit?
heu! tandem infando cedat prudentia fato,
cassa viro: donisque Dei solere relictis
te genetrix, neque enim penitus tibi pectus amica
laetitia viduum neque vita levaminis orba.
ecce repubescunt anni, floresque vicissim
virginibus matrona tuis, frondetque superstes
spes domui, pueroque parens in Caesare Caesar.

GVLIELMVS DUNKIN, A. S. 1741

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67 *IN APEM SPECIMEN INDVSTRIAE*

SOLIBUS aestivis uti bene docta diurnum
  flore mel ex omni sedula libat apis;
aedificat tenues qua cellas arte perita,
  cerea quam dextre fingere tecta solet!

How skilfully she builds her cells,
  how neat she spreads her wax,
and labours hard to store it well
  with the sweet food she makes!

In works of labour or of skill
  I would be busy too,
for Satan finds some mischief still
  for idle hands to do.

In books or work or healthful play
  let my first years be past,
that I may give for every day
  some good account at last.

I. WATTS

68

Freedom

YOU ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
    within this region I subsist,
    whose spirits falter in the mist
and languish for the purple seas?

it is the land that freemen till,
  that sober-suited Freedom chose;
  the land, where girt with friends or foes
a man may speak the thing he will;

a land of settled government,
  a land of just and old renown,
  where freedom broadens slowly down
from precedent to precedent:

where faction seldom gathers head,
  but by degrees to fulness wrought,
  the strength of some diffusive thought
hath time and space to work and spread.

quantum illa impendens cavet indeféssa laboris,
  ut dulci crescant septa referta cibo.
Me quoque sic operam navare laboribus aut quis
  dextera sit rebus mens opus arsque iuvet;
quippe monet Satanas ad fraudem semper acutus,
  quae mala suscipiat desidiosa manus.
libris aut operi detur ludisve saluti
  utilibus vitae ver geniale velim;
ut cuiusque die rationem reddere possim,
  Quaesitor summa quam probet Ipse die.

A. H. W.

---

68 *IN LIBERTATEM*

CUR desiderio purpurei rogas
  languens oceani sedibus his morer
quas nox crassa tegat, sustineam et iovem
    aegro pectore frigidum:

quippe haec arva colit libera gens: colit
libertas propriam hanc simplicior domum:
hic vir, seu faveat turba vel obstrepat,
    audet quae velit eloqui.

Hic sedes stabilis figitur imperi;
hic laus prisca manet debita nominis;
hic antiqua novis ordine fontibus
    libertas fluit auctior.

Hic vix fraude gravis seditio tumet:
at fecunda animi vis ubi per vices
confirmata viget, tempus habet datum
    et coeptis spatium suis.

26

Should banded unions persecute
  opinion, and induce a time
  when single thought is civil crime,
and individual freedom mute;

tho' Power should make from land to land
  the name of Britain trebly great—
  tho' every channel of the State
should almost choke with golden sand—

yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
  wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
  and I will see before I die
the palms and temples of the South.

A. TENNYSON

---

69 NOW gentle sleep has closéd up those eyes
  which waking kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
and free access unto those sweet lips lies
from whence I long the rosy breath to draw.

Methinks no wrong it were if I should steal
from those two melting rubies one poor kiss:
none sees the theft that would the thief reveal,
nor rob I her of ought that she can miss:

nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
there would be little sign I had done so.
Why then should I this robbery delay?
oh, she may wake and therewith angry grow!

Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
and twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

G. WITHER

Quod si mente vetet quae placeat sequi
coniurata cohors; si fuerit modo
in commune nocens qui nova consulit,
    et cives sileant metu:

quamvis per populos magna Britanniae
vis ter clara magis nomina proferat;
quamvis paene vias obstruat influens
    moles aurea civicas:

portus me zephyrus pellat ab ostiis,
qua ridente polo sol melior nitet:
palmeta Hesperiae, sic animo sedet,
    et templa ante obitum petam.

E. C. W.

---

69 *IN DOMINAM SOPITAM*

QVOS audax dominae metui vigilantis ocellos
  edomuit clausos in mea vota sopor:
iamque ad mellea labra viam patefecit aventi
  carpere quae vernis digna sit aura rosis:
numquid enim, si basiolum furabimur unum,
  gemmarum roseum par feret inde mali?
nil ego surripiam, quo nesciat illa carere,
  furis et indicium quis mea furta videt?
oscula quin etiam fac me bis dena tulisse,
  vix his indiciis fur manifestus ero.
Quo pudor hic ergo? quid dulcia furta moramur?
  excita ne somnis saeviat illa, cave:
nil moror; iratae sed fenore furta rependam,
  basioli et pretium milia dena dabo.

T. G.

---

70 *Prince Arthur—Hubert*

A. HAVE you the heart? when your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(the best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
and I did never ask it you again:
and with my hand at midnight held your head;
and, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
or, What good love may I perform for you?
many a poor man's son would have lain still,
and ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
but you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
and call it cunning; do, an if you will:
if heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
why then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
these eyes that never did nor never shall
so much as frown on you?
H. I have sworn to do it,
and with hot irons must I burn them out.

W. SHAKESPEARE

---

71 *Diaphenia*

DIAPHENIA like the daffadowndilly,
white as the sun, fair as the lily,
heigh ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
are belovéd of their dams:
how blest were I if thou wouldst prove me.

70 'ΑΡΤΟΥΡΟΣ: 'ΟΥΒΕΡΤΟΣ

ΑΡ. *Τλαίης δὲ πῶς ἄν; σοὶ γὰρ εὖτ' ἤλγει κάρα,*
ζώνην κόμαισι σαῖς ἐπιζεύξας ἐμὴν,
ἐμῶν γ' ἀρίστην, βασιλίδος δ' ἔργον χερὸς,
εἶτ' οὐκ ἀπήτουν· καὶ τὸ σὸν χεροῖν ἐμαῖν
κάρα μεσούσης εὐφρόνης ἐβάστασα·
γνώμων γὰρ ἕρπονθ' ὡς βάδην τηρεῖ χρόνον
ἐγερτὶ πικρὰν ὧδ' ἐκούφιζον τριβὴν,
λέγων, τί χρῄζεις; πῇ δὲ τἄλγος ἵζάνει;
ποίας δὲ δεῖ σε φιλτάτης ὑπουργίας;
φαύλου μὲν εἰσὶ πατρὸς οἷς βρίζειν παρὸν
οὐκ ἠξίωσάν σ' οὐδ' ἂν εὖ προσεννέπειν·
σοὶ δ' αὖ νοσοῦντι πρόσπολος παρῆν ἄναξ·
ἀλλ' οὐ φιλοῦντα δῆθεν εὐπρεπὴς δόλος
προσῄκασεν φιλοῦντι· φάσκ', εἴ σοι χάρις·
εἰ δ' οὖν μολεῖν σὲ τοῦδε λυμαντήριον
θεοῖς δέδοκται, τοὔργον ἔστ' ἐργαστέον.
τλήσει σὺ τῶνδέ μ' ὀμμάτων τητώμενον,
τῶν οὔτε πρόσθεν οὐδ' ἐπισχόντων γε σοὶ
σκίθρωπον ὄψιν, οὔτ' ἐφεξόντων ποτε;
ΟΥ. *ἐνώμοτος γάρ εἰμι ποιήσειν τάδε,*
ἀκμαῖς δὲ χρή σοι μ' ἐμπύροις φθείρειν κόρας.

R. C. J.

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71 *IN LYDIAM*

ALBAE par violae, magis
puro sole, magis candida liliis,
eheu, Lydia, qui meum
pertemptans animum fervet amor tui!

hoc te, quo subolem gregis
matres lacteolam, pectore prosequor:
quis felicior audiat,
tu spectare fidem si properes meam?

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
that in thy sweet all sweets encloses,
fair sweet, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
loves the sun's life-giving power;
for dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blesséd,
if all thy praises were expresséd,
dear joy, how I do love thee!
as the birds do love the spring,
as the bees their careful king;
then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!

H. CONSTABLE

72

The King of Denmark

O, MY offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
it hath the primal eldest curse upon it,
a brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
though inclination be as sharp as will;
my stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
and, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
and both neglect. What if this cursed hand
were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
to wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy
but to confront the visage of offence?

O lactae similis rosae,
o quaecunque vigent unica continens
in te suavia, quam places
semper pulchra mihi, semper amabilis!

Flores ut teneri iubar
almum solis amant, sic ego Lydiam:
lucis scilicet exsuli
adspirans animam tu mihi suscites.

O dicenda quod uspiam
fausti, tot veneres si foret eloqui,
omnes o mihi gaudium
praeter delicias, gratior enites

quam ver est avibus novum,
quam prudens populis, Lydia, rex apum:
cessas, quin face mutua
mollescens referas, lux mea, gratiam?

R. C. J.

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72 *Οἴμοι, μίασμ᾽ ἔχθιστον, οὐρανοῦ μύσος,*
ἥμαρτον ἀμπλάκημα, πρωτάρχου δ᾽ ἀρᾶς
κληροῦχον, αὐτάδελφον αὐθέντην φόνον·
καὶ προστροπαῖς μὲν οὐδ᾽ ἐὰν τεθηγμένη
φρὴν συνθέλῃ τὸ δόξαν ἐγκεῖσθαι σθένω·
σπεύδοντα γὰρ τὸ κρεῖσσον ἀντισπᾷ κακόν·
ὁρμὰς δὲ δισσὰς εἷς ὅποι ὡρμημένος
πότερον προτίσω χρῆμ᾽ ἀμηχανῶν λόγῳ
οὐδέτερον ἔργοις ἐκφέρω. καὶ δὴ φόνῳ
πανώλεθρος χεὶρ ἥδε διπλάσιον πάχος
πέπηγ᾽ ὁμαίμῳ· χερνίβων διόσδοτον
οὐ ῥεῦμα παγκαίνιστον ὥστε κἂν ἴσην
χιόνι καθαίρειν; ἢ θεῶν τί βούλεται
οἶκτος μὲν εἰ μὴ σφάλματ᾽ ἀντίπρῳρ᾽ ὁρᾶν·

and what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
to be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up;
my fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
can serve my turn? forgive me my foul murder!
that cannot be; since I am still possessed
of those effects for which I did the murder,
my crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

W. SHAKESPEARE

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73 DOST thou look back on what hath been,
as some divinely gifted man,
whose life in low estate began
and on a simple village green;

who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
and grasps the skirts of happy chance,
and breasts the blows of circumstance,
and grapples with his evil star:

who makes by force his merit known,
and lives to clutch the golden keys,
to mould a mighty state's decrees,
and shape the whisper of the throne:

and moving up from high to higher,
becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
the pillar of a people's hope,
the centre of a world's desire;

yet feels as in a pensive dream,
when all his active powers are still,
a distant dearness in the hill,
a secret sweetness in the stream,

τί δ' ἄλλο κέρδος πλὴν τόδ' ἐν λιταῖς διπλοῦν,
τὸ μὲν φθάνειν σώζοντας ἀσφαλῶς θεούς,
τὸ δ' αὖ νέμειν πταίσασι σύγγνοιαν βροτοῖς;
πρὸς ταῦτά τοι κατηφὲς ὀρθώσω βλέπος
ὡς ἐκπεφευγώς. εἶτ' ἐγὼ ποίας λέγων
εὐχὰς τύχοιμ' ἄν; τῷ παλαμναίῳ, θεοί,
συγγνῶτε· πῶς γάρ, κτήμαθ' ὅς γ' ἔθ' ὧντινων
ἕκατι κἀφόνευσα τοὺς θρόνους ἔχω
καὶ τὴν δάμαρτα καὶ τὸ φιλότιμον ξυνόν;

R. C. J.

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73 TERRAENE caelo perfrueris memor,
pollentis instar consilio viri
quem sortis eduxit malignae
gramineus sine dote pagus;

qui vincit obstans immerito genus,
fortuna quamvis parca quod obtulit
amplexus, et fato repugnat
sideris impatiens iniqui:

vim donec ultro prodidit insitam,
aurumque nactus clave potentius
stat Roma quid decernat auctor,
quo patribus sonet ore Caesar:

mox arce rerum semper in altius
tendens potitur, publica civium
tutela, quem sperans in uno
sollicitus veneratur orbis:

idem remissis est ubi viribus
collem quieta deses imagine
requirit Arpinum, requirit
dulcis adhuc saliceta rivi,

the limit of his narrower fate,
  while yet beside its vocal springs
  he play'd at counsellors and kings,
with one that was his earliest mate;

who ploughs with toil his native lea,
  and reaps the labour of his hands,
  or in the furrow musing stands;
'Does my old friend remember me?'

A. TENNYSON

---

74 *Remonstrance with Levellers*

IF riches offend you, because ye would have the like, then think that to be no commonwealth, but envy to the commonwealth. Envy it is to appair another man's estate, without the amendment of your own; and to have no gentlemen, because ye be none yourselves, is to bring down an estate, and to mend none. Would ye have all alike rich? That is the overthrow of all labour, and utter decay of work in this realm. For, who will labour more, if, when he hath gotten more, the idle shall by lust, without right, take what him list from him, under pretence of equality with him? This is the bringing in of idleness, which destroyeth the commonwealth, and not the amendment of labour, which maintaineth the commonwealth.

SIR J. CHEEKE

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75 *Misfortune the School of Fortitude*

HE shall not dread misfortune's angry mien,
  nor feebly sink beneath her tempest rude,
whose soul hath learned, through many a trying scene,
  to smile at fate and suffer unsubdued.

angustiorum limitis artium,
donec canoris accola fontibus
  reges senatoresque primi
    cum socio simulabat aevi:

sudore victum patria quaeritat
hic arva findens, aut patitur boves
  cessare, dum secum: *Meine*
    fors vetus et meminit sodalis?

R. C. J.

---

74 Μέμφει σὺ πλοῦτον αὐτὸς ἱμείρων ἔχειν.
καίτοι τόδ' ἡγοῦ μηδαμῶς καθεστάναι
τὸ πᾶσι κοινὸν ἀλλὰ τοῦ κοινοῦ φθόνον.
φθόνος γὰρ οὖν τἀλλότρια μὴ προσκτώμενον
φθείρειν· τὸ δ' αὐτὸν οὐδέν' ὄντ' ἐξ οὐδενῶν
τοὺς εὖ φύσει γεγῶτας ἐκβαλεῖν πόλεως
τοὺς μὲν καθεῖλεν οὐδ' ἐπήρκεσ' οὐδενί.
ἦ γάρ συ πάντας ἐξ ἴσου πλουτεῖν θέλεις;
πῶς δ' οὐχὶ τοῦτο φιλοπόνων φθορὰ τρόπων
ἀνάστασίς τε τῶν τεχνῶν ἐν τῇ πόλει;
ἐπεὶ φέρ' εἰπὲ, τίς ποτ' αἰνέσει πόνον,
ἐὰν πλέον κτησάμενον ἐν χειρῶν νόμῳ
συλᾷ τις ἀργὸς, ἂν θέλῃ, δίκης ἄτερ,
ὡς δῆθεν ἀστὸς εἰς ἴσους ἀστοὺς τελῶν;
οὐκοῦν τόδ' αἰσχρᾶς ἀργίας κατάρχεται,
ἣ δὴ τὸ κοινὸν ὤλεσ', οὐδ' ἐπωφελεῖ
ὀργὴν φίλεργον, ἣ μόνη σώζει πόλεις.

J. L. H.

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75 *EXPLORANT ADVERSA VIROS*

QVICVMQVE callet mille vexatus malis
  temnere ludibrium fortunae et invictus pati
nec frons atrox terrebit infensae deae
  nec timidum obruerit adversa tempestas aquis.

In the rough school of billows, clouds and storms,
  nursed and matured, the pilot learns his art:
thus Fate's dread ire, by many a conflict, forms
  the lofty spirit, and enduring heart.

F. HEMANS

---

76 *Eloisa to Abelard*

I COME, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers:
thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow:
thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
and smooth my passage to the realms of day:
see my lips tremble and my eyeballs roll,
watch my last breath and catch my flying soul!
Ah! no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
the hallowed taper trembling in thy hand,
present the cross before my lifted eye,
teach me at once, and learn of me, to die.
Ah! then, thy once-loved Eloïsa see!
it will be then no crime to gaze on me:
see from my cheek the transient roses fly,
see the last sparkle languish in my eye!
till every motion, pulse and breath be o'er;
and even my Abelard be loved no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
what dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

A. POPE

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77 *The Traveller*

VAIN, very vain my weary search to find
  that bliss which only centers in the mind:

Maturus artem nauta perdiscit suam
  fluctibus in tumidis inter procellarum minas:
sic ira fati dat reluctando viris
  indomitos animos et non movenda pectora.

J. L. H.

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76 *ELISSA ABELARDO*

HAUD mora: diva, sequor. tu necte perennia serta,
  tu propera palmas sidereamque domum:
itur ubi concessa quies mortalibus aegris
  et facibus castis pectora sancta calent.
tuque, Abelarde, mihi tu solve novissima iusta;
  triste opus—at facilem reddet ad astra viam.
asta dum marcent oculi, dum labra tremescunt,
  extremamque animam, cum fugit, ore lege.
Haud ita—sollemni potius velatus amictu
  taedam rite sacram fer trepidante manu:
in crucis effigiem resupinos da mihi voltus
  figere; tuque idem disce doceque mori.
tum dilectam olim tum demum impune videbis;
  non conspecta tibi crimen Elissa feret.
cum fessi languent oculi fulgore supremo,
  cum brevis incerto labitur ore color:
cum venae sensusque rigent et spiritus artus
  linquit et e nostra tu quoque mente cadis.
Eheu! mors facunda nimis, tu sola fateris
  quam nihili cineres constet amantis amor.

J. L. H.

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77 *EST VLVBRIS ANIMVS SI TE NON DEFICIT AEQVVS*

EHEU! iam fessus queror effudisse laborem,
  dum bona sectabar tacita quae in mente reposta

why have I strayed from pleasure and repose
to seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
how small, of all that human hearts endure,
that part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consigned
our own felicity we make or find:
with secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown and Damiens' bed of steel,
to men remote from power but rarely known,
leave reason, faith and conscience all our own.

O. GOLDSMITH

---

78 *Counsel to Girls*

GATHER ye rose-buds while ye may,
  old Time is still a-flying;
and this same flower that smiles to-day
  to-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
  the higher he's a-getting;
the sooner will his race be run,
  and nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
  when youth and blood are warmer;
but being spent, the worse, and worst
  times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
  and while ye may, go marry:
for having lost but once your prime,
  ye may for ever tarry.

R. HERRICK

me fugere ipsum. Quid enim iuvat otia vitae
quidve voluptatem procul ablegasse petentem
quod praesto in quavis fas est attingere terra.
quippe licet cunctis Terror dominetur in oris
et saevi reges et iniquae iniuria legis
officiant, tamen humani quota quaeque doloris
pars quam inferre valent aut quam depellere menti
seu reges seu iura? Penes nos scilicet ipsos
felicem sortem, terrarum ubicumque vagamur,
aut rapere oblatam aut effingere. labitur aestu
composito nullisque frementibus acta procellis
dulcedo quam Pax novit castique Penates.
Illi non adeo notast adducta securis,
non Ixioneae poenae, non saeva Perilli
machina nec lacerus ferratis Regulus hamis,
cui rebus procul amoto manet integra mentis
vis cultusque Dei neque conscia pectora culpae.

J. L. H.

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78 COLLIGE, VIRGO, ROSAS DVM FLOS NOVVS

DUM licet, Asterie, flores age carpe recentis,
  pergit iter freno non remorante dies.
quaeque novos hodie pandit festiva colores
  crastina marcentem viderit hora rosam.
Sol quoque, qui caelum praeclara lampade lustrat,
  quanto flammantis altior urguet equos,
adproperat tanto ingratam contingere metam
  ocius et laetum condere nocte iubar.
Praestat lux oriens vitae, lasciva iuventas,
  sanguine cum venae fervidiore micant;
deterior subiit aetas: deterrima quaeque
  trudit et alterna truditur ipsa vice.
Tu vero, Asterie, fastus depone superbos,
  dumque licet zonam solvere, carpe diem:
mox ubi praeteriit tenerae praestantia formae
  intempestivam spernet amator anum. J. L. H.

79 *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood*

EARTH fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
and, even with something of a mother's mind,
and no unworthy aim,
the homely Nurse doth all she can
to make her Foster-child, her Inmate man,
forget the glories he hath known,
and that imperial palace whence he came.
O joy! that in our embers
is something that doth live,
that nature yet remembers
what was so fugitive!
the thought of our past years in me doth breed
perpetual benediction: not indeed
for that which is most worthy to be blest;
delight and liberty, the simple creed
of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
with new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
not for these I raise
the song of thanks and praise;
but for those obstinate questionings
of sense and outward things,
fallings from us, vanishings;
blank misgivings of a Creature
moving about in worlds not realised,
high instincts before which our mortal nature
did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
but for those first affections,
those shadowy recollections,
which, be they what they may,
are yet the fountain light of all our day,
are yet a master light of all our seeing;
uphold us, cherish, and have power to make

79 'Ανάμνησις

IPSA suis scatet inlecebris malesuada ministra
terra voluptatum, genetricis et instar amorem
concilians uni nutrix sibi prolis alumnae
nimirum immemorem sortis fecisse prioris
nititur augustaeque domus et originis altae.
At superest aliquid, quare mihi gratuler ipsi;
ignis enim sancti vivit scintilla, cinisque
gliscit adhuc volucrisque refert primordia vitae.
hinc tibi, Summe Pater, semper persolvere gratis
fert animus, quotiens aevom puerile recordor;
non quia securo licuit discurrere passim
pectore deliciisque frui curisque vacare
dulcibus, usque novo primae oblectamine vitae;
quae licet imprimis nostra dignissima laude,
non tamen hinc tantum mihi gratia lausque redundat,
quam cum captaret simulacra fugacia rerum
purior in sese fugiens et libera vinclo
mens mea corporeo, quam cum formidine plena
ancipiti procul amotas migraret in oras
astra super, cum suspirans sublimia sordem
ipsa suam excuteret tremibunda et victa pudore,
ceu rea delicti, priscumque rediret in aevom.
scilicet haec animis angusta crepuscula lucis
sufficiunt quodcumque tamen: sensumque futuri
non aliunde datur capere; hoc suffulta bacillo
ultima praetemptat mens, hinc solacia carpit,

our noisy years seem moments in the being
of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
to perish never;
which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
nor man nor boy,
nor all that is at enmity with joy,
can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
though inland far we be,
our souls have sight of that immortal sea
which brought us hither,
can in a moment travel thither,
and see the children sport upon the shore,
and hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

W. WORDSWORTH

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80 *Christ amid the Storm in the Wilderness*

OUR Saviour, meek and with untroubled mind
after his aery jaunt, though hurried sore,
hungry and cold, betook him to his rest,
wherever, under some concourse of shades,
whose branching arms thick-intertwined might shield
from dews and damps of night his sheltered head;
but, sheltered, slept in vain; for at his head
the Tempter watched, and soon with ugly dreams
disturbed his sleep. And either tropic now
'gan thunder, and both ends of heaven; the clouds,
from many a horrid rift, abortive poured
fierce rain with lightning mixed, water with fire
in ruin reconciled: nor slept the winds
within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
from the four hinges of the world, and fell
on the vexed wilderness, whose tallest pines,

hinc conferre potest aeterna silentia mundi
annorumque brevis turbas, praelonga vel uni
momento spatia exaequans. hac lege prioris
eruere ex animo nequeunt vestigia sortis
nec labor insanus nec desidis otia vitae
nec dolor: haerebit semper puerisque virisque
spes ea caelestis patriae; quotiesque fugatis
immortale procul nimbis mens prospicit aequor,
quo devecta huius petiit commercia terrae,
fas illuc dicto citius migrare solutam
corpore, fas pueros ludentis visere ripa,
fas audire undam maris inrequieta sonantem.

H. A. H.

ΤΟΝΔ᾽ οὖν ἀταρβῆ κοὐδὲν ἐπτοημένον,
καίπερ δι᾽ αἰθέρ᾽ οὐ πρὸς ἡδόνην φρενὸς
σπεύσαντ᾽ ἄνωθεν, νῆστιν ἐξορμᾷ κρύος
ζητεῖν χαμεύνην, εἰ σκιῶν περιπτυχαῖς
δένδρων ὀρέγματ᾽ οὐράνιον εἴργοι κάρᾳ
ὕπερθεν ὄμβρον καὶ δρόσους λειμωνίους·
εὕδοντα δ᾽ οὐδὲν ὠφελεῖ. δαίμων ἐπεὶ
ἐγγὺς παραστὰς χθόνιος αἰσχίστοις ὕπνον
ἐνυπνίοις ἀπήλασ᾽. ἐκ δ᾽ ἀμφοῖν πόλοιν
ἔρρηξε βροντή, κατέπεσέν τ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ὀκρίδων
τυφὼς φαράγγων σὺν κεραυνίᾳ φλογί·
ξυνώμοσαν γὰρ ὄντες ἔχθιστοι τὸ πρὶν
ὄμβρος τε καὶ πῦρ· οὐδὲ πετραίοις μυχοῖς
σκιρτήματ᾽ ἀνέμων ηὗδεν, ἀλλ᾽ ὁρμώμενα
πάσης ἀπ᾽ αἴας ἄλλοτ᾽ ἄλλ᾽ ἐρημίαν
θείνει στένουσαν, ἔνθα μηκίστη πίτυς
ὁμοῖα μήκει γῆθεν ἐρριζωμένη,
δρύες θ᾽ ὅσων μέγιστον αὐχεῖται σθένος,

though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks
bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts
or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
O patient Son of God, yet only stoodest
unshaken! Nor yet stayed the terror there;
infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
environed thee; some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,
some bent at thee their fiery darts, while thou
satest unappalled in calm and sinless peace.

J. MILTON

81

In Memoriam

O SOUND to rout the brood of cares,
the sweep of scythe in morning dew,
the gust that round the garden flew
and tumbled half the mellowing pears!

O bliss, when all in circle drawn
about him, heart and ear were fed
to hear him, as he lay and read
the Tuscan poets on the lawn:

or in the all-golden afternoon
a guest or happy sister sung,
or here she brought the harp, and flung
a ballad to the brightening moon:

nor less it pleased in livelier moods
beyond the bounding hill to stray,
and break the livelong summer day
with banquets in the distant woods.

A. TENNYSON

νεύουϲιν αὐχέν' ἀγρίαιϲ ἰπούμεναι
πνοαῖϲιν, αἱ δ' αὖ πρέμνοθεν κεῖνται πέδῳ·
φεῦ φεῦ· μεγίϲτου τέκνον εὔτολμον Θεοῦ,
φρουρᾶϲ γὰρ οἵαϲ ἔτυχεϲ· ἀλλ' ὅμωϲ τότε
ἄφοβοϲ κάθηϲαι μοῦνοϲ, οὐδὲ παύεται
οὕτω τὰ δείματ', ἀλλὰ δαιμόνων ϲτάϲιϲ
ἀλάϲτορέϲ τε νέρτεροι περιϲταδὸν
κυκλοῦϲί ϲ', οἱ μὲν ἀγρίωϲ τετριγότεϲ,
οἱ δ' αὖ γόοιϲ ἐχρῶντο παμμίκτου βοῆϲ,
ἄλλοι πυρωθένθ' ἵεϲαν βέλη· ϲὺ δὲ
ἅγιοϲ καθῆϲο κάρτ' ἀταρβήτῳ φρενί.

A. W. P.

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81 O QVI fugaret sollicitas sonus
curas metentis gramina rosida
spirante cum vento per hortum
flavaque decutiente mala:

sors laeta circum rite vacantibus
haurire vocem, dum medius legens
fundebat attentas in auris
verba lyrae sociata tuscae:

hora aut serena post medium diem
hospesve felix vel caneret soror,
iam iam resurgentem salutans
voce simul citharaque lunam.

necnon iuvabat desipere in loco,
ultraque montis scandere devios,
fregisse et astutis morantem
rite diem dapibus sub umbra.

W. D.

---

82 WHILE thro' this pathless waste we stray,
are there no flowers to cheer the way?
and must we still repine?
no; heaven, in pity to our woes,
the gentle-soothing balm bestows
of music love and wine.

Then bid your Delia wake the lyre
attuned to love and soft desire,
and scorn ambition's strife:
around let brilliant fancy play
to colour with her magic ray
the dreary gloom of life.

But man has social dues to pay;
reason and science claim their sway
and truths sublime dispense:
for pleasure's charms we feebly taste,
if idly every hour we waste
the abject slaves of sense.

ANON.

---

83 *The Priests of Bel to the Jewish maid*

SPOTLESS virgin! thee alone
the great god of Babylon
from his starry seat above
hath beheld with looks of love.

83 Herodotus, *Clio*, c. 181

82 DUM viam vitae per inhospitalem
imus, an nulli pedibus sub aegris
enitent flores et iniqua semper
fata queremur?
quin Deus nostros miserans doloris
dulce lenimen tribuit malorum,
additam musae venerem et potentis
pocula bacchi.
Deliam quare iubeas amoris
excitet pulsans citharam canoram,
neve te ducat popularis aurae
vana cupido.
ludat et circum geniale lumen
ingeni, et mittens magicos coloris
dissipet si quae tenebrosa foedant
nubila vitam.
obligat sed lex socialis omnis;
vindicant artis ratioque regnum,
quaeque caelesti documenta tradit
ore Minerva:
ipsa non ultra placuit voluptas,
otio si quis nimio fruatur
semper indulgens sibi corporique
deditus uni.

W. D.

---

83 *CHORVS SACERDOTVM AD BELI DEI NOVAM NVPTAM*

ΠΑΡΘΕΝ' ἀμύμων, πασῶν σὲ μόνην
κρατερὸς δαίμων, Βαβυλῶνος ἄναξ,
θάσσων ἕδραν ὕψος ἐν ἄστροις
εὐθὺς κατιδὼν εἶτ' ἠράσθη·
μὴ δὴ τέγξῃς ὄμμα κατηφὲς
δακρύοις, νύμφη
τοῦ τὸν μέγαν αἰθέρ' ἔχοντος.

Bride of him that rules the sky,
cast not down thy weeping eye!
Daughter of the captive race!
for thine high and blissful place,
in the heaven-hung chamber laid,
many a Babylonian maid
to the voiceless midnight air
murmurs low her bashful prayer.
With enamoured homage, see,
round and round we circle thee,
round and round each dancing foot
glitters to the breathing lute.

H. H. MILMAN

---

84 *The Temple of Mars*

A STRAIT long entry to the temple led,
blind with high walls, and horror over head;
thence issued such a blast and hollow roar,
as threatened from the hinge to heave the door.
The door was adamant; eternal frame!
which hewed by Mars himself from Indian quarries came,
the labor of a god; and all along
tough iron bars were clenched to make it strong.
In midst of all the dome Misfortune sat
and gloomy Discontent and fell Debate:
loud menaces were heard and foul Disgrace
and bawling Infamy in language base;
till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled the place.
The slayer of himself yet saw I there;
the gore congealed was clotted in his hair:
with eyes half dead and gaping mouth he lay
and grim, as when he breathed his sullen soul away.

J. DRYDEN

θύγατερ γέννας δουριαλώτου,
μοῖραν σεμνὴν ὥστε λαχεῖν σήν,
λέχος ἐν θαλάμοις τοῖς οὐρανίοις,
ἀνὰ τὴν νυχίαν ἄψοφον αὔραν
πολλαὶ τῶν ἐν Βαβυλῶνι κορῶν
ἱεῖσ' αὐδὴν αἰδοιοτάτην
πολλαῖς εὐχαῖς ἱκετεύουσαι.
καὶ νῦν ἐσορᾷς ὥς σ' ἁζόμενοι
φιλότητι φρένας καταπληχθέντες
περιδινοῦμεν κυκλίοισι χοροῖς
ἔνθεν κἄνθεν πάλιν ἀρχόμενοι·
πάντων δὲ ποδῶν αἱ μαρμαρυγαὶ
    γλυκέων στίλβουσιν ὑπ' αὐλῶν.

W. D.

---

84 *TEMPLVM MARTIS*

LONGUS templi aditus sed et arto tramite clausus;
parietibus textus caecis: super ingruit Horror.
inde exaudiri flatus et rauca sonare
murmura, quae possent divellere cardine postis.
porta aeterna ingens solidoque adamante rigebat:
hanc Mars ex indis exciderat ipse metallis,
divom opus: obicibus crebris vis improba ferri
constrinxit valida ut starent compagine lamnae.
at media in templi sedit testudine Luctus
et voltu Rabies aegro et Discordia demens;
diraeque infremuere minae specieque probrosa
Squalor et obscenis Infamia vocibus audax:
clangor iit caelo insanusque silentia ab antris
expulit horrisonis. hic vidi qui sibi letum
ipse manu peperit: sanie concreta rigescit
caesaries: patulo fauces solvontur hiatu,
semianimisque micant oculi: frons torva iacenti,
ceu quondam vitalem atrox cum efflaverat auram.

J. L. H.

85 *The Knight of the Redcrosse and Sans Foy*

AS when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
fight for the rule of the rich-fleecéd flock,
their hornéd fronts so fierce on either side
doe meete, that with the terror of the shocke
astonied both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
forgetfull of the hanging victory:
so stood these twaine, unmovéd as a rocke,
both staring fierce and holding idëly
the broken reliques of their former cruelty.
The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
snatcheth his sword and fiercely to him flies;
who well it wards and quyteth cuff with cuff:
each others equall puissaunce envies;
and through their iron sides with cruell spies
does seeke to perce: repining courage yields
no foot to foe: the flashing fier flies,
as from a forge, out of their burning shields;
and streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

E. SPENSER

---

86 *Portrait of old Age*

REMEMBER now thy Creator
in the days of thy youth:
while the evil days come not,
nor the years draw nigh,
when thou shalt say,
'I have no pleasure in them;'
while the sun or the light
or the moon or the stars
be not darkened,
nor the clouds return after the rain
in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble,

85 ϹΥΝΊΤΗΝ ΜΕΜΑῶΤΕ ΜΆΧΕϹΘΑΙ

QVALIS ubi arietibus pugna imperiosa duobus
intercessit uter gregibus dominetur opimis;
cornua certatim contraria cornibus ambo
collisere: pari flictu concussus uterque
stat sine mente pavens, stat bruti codicis instar,
pendentis palmae oblitus: non secius olli
ceu rupes solidi stabant truculenta tuentis
alter in alterius voltum, manibusque tenebant
irae reliquias infectae et futile ferrum.
turbatus primo incursu Saracenus in hostem
correpto subit ense ruitque infensus: at ille
defenditque vafer volnus martemque retorquet
aequo marte. paris animos, paria arma viro vir
invidet adversique petens latera ardua ferro
rimatur loricam oculis, qua impulsa fatiscat.
id menti sedet ambobus, non cedere pugna
nec fessum revocare gradum. micat ignea rima
conflictu clipeorum ut ruptis flamma caminis;
purpureumque bibere virentia prata cruorem.

T. S. E.

---

86 *SENECTVTIS EFFIGIES*

MENTE Deum memori supplex venerare parentem,
dum licet et turgent vernanti sanguine venae;
dum nondum adversis urgens angustia rebus
instat et annosi revolutis orbibus aevi
tempora decrepitam nondum adduxere senectam,
qua nequeas ullo decerpere gaudia sensu:
ante oculis senio quam caligantibus igni
deficere extincto sol aureus, astra latere,
lunaque per claram videatur hebescere noctem:
ante oculis piceo quam restagnantibus imbre
in nebulam sese concretus colligat umor;

and the strong men shall bow themselves,
and the grinders cease
because they are few,
and those that look out of the windows be darkened:
and the doors shall be shut in the streets,
when the sound of the grinding is low,
and he shall rise up
at the voice of the bird,
and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;
also when they shall be afraid of that which is high,
and fears shall be in the way,
and the almond-tree shall flourish,
and the grasshopper shall be a burden,
and desire shall fail:
because man goeth to his long home,
and the mourners go about the streets;
or ever the silver cord be loosed,
or the golden bowl be broken,
or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
or the wheel broken at the cistern.
Then shall the dust return to the earth
as it was;
and the spirit shall return unto God
who gave it.

ECCLESIASTES

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custodesque domus veluti, circum ilia costae
luxata molis tremulae compage dehiscant,
cruraque deficiant, rarique per ora molaris
iam quassata tremant, clausisque hebetata fenestris
lumina detrectent acceptam reddere lucem:
ante vel angusti obstructu quam faucibus oris
attritu dentis crepitum maxilla recuset
edere; vel paene insomni quam nocte peracta
ad matutinae vix orto sole volucris
consurgas cantus: cum surdas nablia ad auris
nequiquam argutos referent pulsata sonores:
cum loca celsa senex cerebro trepidabit adire
perculso metuetque viae se credere longae.
cum sub vere novo ceu floret amygdalus alba
conspicienda coma, sic toto vertice canos
induet, atque levis locustae ferre nequibit
pondus ut infirmis umeris ac viribus impar;
sumendique cibi potusque amittet orexim
paulatim: quippe illi aeternum habitanda locatur
iam domus et tristi totam bacchata per urbem
praefica multa gemens implevit compita cantu:
ante etiam exhausta quam se vertebra medulla
contrahat, incurvo quae tamquam argentea dorso
porrigitur costasque secat lumbosque catena;
quaeque tegit summas velut aurea capsula partis
corrupto displosa crepet membrana cerebro.
sis memor usque Dei, per florem puberis aevi
dum licet, ante tibi quam margine fontis in ipso
hydria frangatur, fractoque volubilis axe
optatos stagnantis aquae rota desit ad haustus;
pulvis et in terram solvatur, ut ante, soluto
corpore, natalem repetens cum spiritus ortum
protinus aetherias liber migrabit in arces.

IACOBVS AVGVSTVS THVANVS, *A. S.* 1599

87 *Song of Deborah*

AWAKE, awake, Deborah:
awake, awake, utter a song:
arise, Barak,
and lead thy captivity captive,
thou son of Abinoam.
Blessed above women shall Jael be,
the wife of Heber the Kenite,
blessed shall she be above women in the tent.
He asked water, and she gave him milk;
she brought forth butter in a lordly dish.
She put her hand to the nail,
and her right hand to the workman's hammer;
and with the hammer she smote Sisera,
she smote off his head,
when she had pierced
and stricken through his temples.
At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down:
at her feet he bowed, he fell:
where he bowed, there he fell down dead.
The mother of Sisera looked out at a window,
and cried through the lattice,
Why is his chariot so long in coming?
why tarry the wheels of his chariots?
Her wise ladies answered her,
yea, she returned answer to herself,
Have they not sped?

87 CANTICVM DEBORAE

SUSCITARE, Dobura, te
suscitare soporibus,
carmen edere tempus est:
surgat Abinoemides
ac domet domitorem.
iam beatior omnibus,
contubernia quot tenent
omnia undique, feminis
Caenitae perhibebitur
Dellia uxor Heberi:
illa, dux ubi simplicem
depoposcit aquam, dedit
lac et insuper optulit
lactis, egregia gerens
in parapside, florem.
clavum ibi arripuit manus,
dextra malleolum fabri;
perforataque Sisarae
fissa tempora contudit,
discidit caput ictu.
sidit occidit ad pedes,
se posivit is: illius
sidit occidit ad pedes;
quaque sidit, ibi ilico
procidit moribundus.
Sisareia ab aedibus
mater exeruit caput,
per fenestram ita clamitans
'cur morantur equi diu,
cur rotae retinentur?'
tum catae comites: sibique
ipsa talia reddidit:
'nonne res bene cesserit?

have they not divided the prey;
to every man a damsel or two;
to Sisera a prey of divers colours,
a prey of divers colours of needlework,
of divers colours of needlework on both sides,
meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?
So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord:
but let them that love him be as the sun
when he goeth forth in his might.

---

88 *The Burden of Babylon*

HOW hath the oppressor ceased!
the golden city ceased!
The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked,
and the sceptre of the rulers.
He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke,
He that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted
and none hindereth.
The whole earth is at rest and is quiet:
they break forth into singing:
yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee
and the cedars of Lebanon, saying,
'Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us.'
Hell from beneath is moved for thee
to meet thee at thy coming:
it stirreth up the dead for thee,
even all the chief ones of the earth;
it hath raised up from their thrones
all the kings of the nations:
all they shall speak and say unto thee,
'Art thou also become weak as we?

praeda contigerit, duae
  cuique tresve puellae?
praeda praeterea duci
mille praeda coloribus,
picta vestis et hinc et hinc
utilis spoliantium
  colla condecorare?'
sic, Deus, pereat, tibist
quisquis invidiosior;
quique te bene diligunt,
floreant quasi sol, ubi
  vi sua parat ire.

H. A. J. M.

---

88 *BABYLON OPPRESSA*

UT domitor populorum, ut finem urbs aurea nactast!
  ipse profanorum fasces Deus, ipse potentum
fregit sceptra ducum. populos qui contudit ira,
qui domuit gentes aeterno verbere vexans,
vindice dat poenas nullo. passim otia tellus
tranquillo peragit, prorumpunt carmina passim:
ipsa adeo picea et Libani tibi filia cedrus
irridet: 'tali postquam consternere casu,
nulla in nos molitur' ait 'iam dextra bipennem,'
quin inferne tibi Dis obvius ipse cietur
adventuque tuo; simulacraque luce carentum
sollicitat, reges cunctos rerumque potentes
deturbans soliis. omnes uno ore loquentur
'tene etiam in tenuem, ceu nos, mutarier umbram!

art thou become like unto us?'
Thy pomp is brought down to the grave,
and the noise of thy viols:
the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.
How art thou fallen from heaven,
O Lucifer, son of the morning!
how art thou cut down to the ground,
which didst weaken the nations!
for thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven,
I will exalt my throne above the stars of God:
I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation,
in the sides of the north:
I will ascend above the heights of the clouds;
I will be like the most High.
Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell,
to the sides of the pit.
They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee,
and consider thee, saying,
'Is this the man that made the earth to tremble,
that did shake kingdoms;
that made the world as a wilderness,
and destroyed the cities thereof;
that opened not the house of his prisoners?'
All the kings of the nations,
even all of them, lie in glory,
every one in his own house.
But thou art cast out of thy grave
like an abominable branch,
and as the raiment of those that are slain,
thrust through with a sword,
that go down to the stones of the pit;
as a carcase trodden under feet.
Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial,
because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people:
the seed of evildoers shall never be renowned.

ISAIAH

tene parem fieri nobis!' tibi luxus ad Orcum
cum fremitu cithararum abiit; vermisque ministrat
strata torum supter, supra tibi vermis amictum.
Lucifer, aurorae suboles, ut ab aethere casu
infando cecidisti! ut humum succisus ad ipsam!
qui gentes pessum ante dabas. nam talia dixti
corde tuo 'caelum aggressus super ardua tollam
astra dei solium; clivoque, ubi vergit in Arcton,
quo populus coit, insidens tum nubila ponam
sub pedibus, regis regum aemulus ipse supremi.'
sic ais: at tradere tamen sub Tartara leti,
at barathri sub claustra; at qui te cumque videbit,
figet is obtutum atque aciem contendet acutam,
'hic vir hic' exclamans 'est qui tremefecerat orbem
regnaque commorat desolatamque rapinis
vastarat terram ac terrai straverat urbes
et reserare fores nolebat carcere clausis?'
quicumque imperio populos rexere, tyranni
quisque suis recubant in sedibus, incluta turba.
tu vero, obscenum veluti ramale, sepulcro
eiceris, vestesve cadaveris ense forati,
cum barathri saxa obruerint, ipsumve cadaver
protritum pedibus: communi sorte carebis
funeris, eversam ob patriam atque indigna tuorum
excidia: incesti numquam stirps nomen habebit.

H. A. J. M.

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89 *The Apple of Discord.*

ENVY of preeminence is universal and everlasting. Little men, whenever they find an opportunity, follow the steps of greater in this dark declivity. The apple of discord was full grown soon after the creation. It fell between the two first brothers in the garden of Eden: it fell between two later on the plain of Thebes. Narrow was the interval, when again it gleamed portentously on the short grass of Ida. It rolled into the palace of Pella, dividing Philip and Philip's godlike son. It followed that insatiable youth to the extremities of his conquests and even to his sepulchre; then it broke the invincible phalanx and scattered the captains wide apart. It lay in the gates of Carthage, so that they could not close against the enemy.

J. C. HARE

---

90 *Speak gently*

SPEAK gently! it is better far
  to rule by love than fear;
speak gently!—let not harsh words mar
  the good we might do here.

89 *IN POMVM DISCORDIAE*

Ἁπανταχοῦ μέν, ὅστις ᾖ χείρων βροτός,
ἀεὶ πέφυκε τοῖς ἀμείνοσιν φθονεῖν·
σμικροὶ δ᾽ ἐάνπερ τῇδε δὴ καιρὸς ῥέπῃ
τοὺς μείζονας σφῶν τοῦτο μιμοῦνται, βάσεις
ἰχνοσκοποῦντες ἄντρον ἐς μελαμβαθές.
ἤδη κτίσαντος τοῦ θεοῦ τὸ πᾶν, χρόνος
σμικρὸς διῆλθε, καὶ τὸ μῆλον αὐτίκα
ἔριδος κακῆς παχυνθὲν ηὐξήθη μέγα.
πρώτη ξυνωρὶς ἥπερ ἦν ὁμαιμόνων
ναίουσα κήποις ἐν μακαρτάτοις τότε,
μεταξὺ τούτων ἔπεσεν· εἶτ᾽ ἄλλοιν δυοῖν
ποδῶν πάροιθ᾽ ἔσκηψεν ἐς Τρυίας πέδον·
πάλιν δέ, κοὐκ ἐς μακρόν, Ἰδαίας ἔπι
λείας πόης ἔλαμψε δυσμενέστατα·
πέλλης ἔπειτ᾽ ἐς μέλαθρον ἐσκυκλούμενον
τὰ τοῦ Φιλίππου καὶ τα τοῦ θεοῖς ἴσου
παιδὸς Φιλίππου πολεμίως διέσχισε.
νίκης δ᾽ ἄπληστον ὄντα τον νεανίαν
ὅσης ἐπῆλθε γῆς ἐπ᾽ ἐσχάτους ὅρους
ὁμοῦ διώξαν οὐδὲ τυμβήρη λιπόν,
φάλαγγα δεινήν, οὖσαν ἄρρηκτον τὸ πρίν,
ἔρρηξε, ταγοὺς ῥίψαν ἀλλήλων δίχα.
πύλας διεῖργεν εἶτα τας Καρχηδόνος
ἐχθρῶν ἀπωθεῖν ὥστε μηδ᾽ εἶναι στρατόν.

W. D.

---

90 γλώσσῃ δὲ τὸ μείλιχον αἰὲν ἐπέστω

NE saevi; doleas quidquid, amantibus
quam qui te metuant rectius imperes:
ne saevi nimium; deterere asperis
quae nos possumus incluta

Speak gently to the little child,
its love be sure to gain;
lead it to God in accents mild;—
it may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
will have enough to bear;
pass through this life as best they may,
they'll find it full of care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
grieve not the care-worn heart;
his course in life is nearly run,
let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring,—know
they may have toiled in vain;
perchance unkindness made them so,
oh! win them back again!

ANON.

---

91 *The Vanity of human Nature*

OUR revels now are ended. These our actors,
as I foretold you, were all spirits, and
are melted into air, into thin air:
and, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
the cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
the solemn temples, the great globe itself,
yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
and, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
as dreams are made on; and our little life
is rounded with a sleep.

W. SHAKESPEARE

---

verbis crede nefas. lenibus allici
ad Christum cupiat blanda puellula,
te dicente, sonis; quis scit an annuat
cunctandi spatium Deus?

lenitis iuvenem vocibus increpa,
annos plus nimio heu sentiet asperos;
vitae quod datur utcumque peregerit,
linguae si taceant malae,

quod vexet satis est. parcius arripe
confectos senio, neu sine conteri;
ad metam properant, aufer ab ultima
dementem strepitum via.

leni quae loqueris verba nocentibus;
non, etsi male nunc, sic fuit antea;
fors et durities expulit in viam
quos tu restituas amans.

H. K.

---

91 *SPECIES EVANIDA RERVM*

TERMINUS hic ludorum: abiit, ceu spiritus, actor
quicumque intererat, (monui prius illud) in auras,
auras in tenues; et uti fundamine cassa
haec rerum simulacra, palatia fulgida luxu,
nube coronatae turres augustaque fana,
orbis et ipse ingens, quique hunc colit, omnis ad unum
dissoluetur: ut haec levis atque evanida pompa,
diffugient res una ipsae rerumque ruinae.
gens sumus imbecilla merisque simillima visis;
parvaque utrimque secus finitur vita sopore.

H. A. J. M.

---

92 *Cradle Song*

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
  wind of the western sea,
low, low, breathe and blow,
  wind of the western sea!
over the rolling waters go,
come from the dying moon, and blow
  blow him again to me;
while my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
  father will come to thee soon;
rest, rest, on mother's breast,
  father will come to thee soon;
father will come to his babe in the nest,
silver sails all out of the west
  under the silver moon:
sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

A. TENNYSON

---

93 *The Wanderers*

NOW the world is all before us,
  outcasts we from hearth and home;
west to Andes, east to Taurus,
  still together will we roam.

Weep not thou for sire or mother,
  nor for broken duty grieve;
they had given to another
  that which was not theirs to give.

92 *LALLI SOMNIFERI MODI*

DULCIS aura quietaque,
  flans ab occiduo mari,
affer huc mihi coniugem,
flans ab occiduo mari
  blandiente susurro.
salsa per vada languidam
Cynthiam fuge; floridus
dormit en! puer in sinu,
parvulo puero patrem
  redde, blande Favoni.
suave sit tibi somnium
matris in gremio, puer;
mox domum veniet pater
nidulum ad placitum, leves
  carpe, parvule, somnos:
luce lintea Cynthiae
tincta pallidula nitent;
litore en genitor redit
missus Hesperio; leves
  carpe, parvule, somnos.

F. W. F.

---

93 NOS vocat in medium quantus patet ambitus orbis,
  nos Laribus profugos hospitioque domus:
Hesperios Andes seu Caspia regna petamus,
  una tamen comites quae via ducat erit.
noli flere patrem, neu mater maceret absens
  neve animum pietas angat omissa tuum:
illi tradiderant alieni iuris habendum
  hoc quod non poterant tradere iure suo.

Wintry be our sky, or vernal,
  love shall bloom in any clime—
love almighty, love eternal,
  laughs to scorn the might of time.

Cold though be the road before us,
  all the closer we will cling;
dark though be it, hovering o'er us,
  love shall spread his sunlit wing.

W. G. CLARK

---

94 *The Dying Lover*

GO tell Amynta, gentle swain,
  I would not die, nor dare complain;
thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls opprest and dumb with grief,
the gods ordain this kind relief;
that music should in sounds convey,
what dying lovers dare not say.
A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give,
but love on pity cannot live.
Tell her that hearts for hearts were made,
and love with love is only paid.
Tell her my pains so fast increase,
that soon they will be past redress;
but ah! the wretch, that speechless lies,
attends but death to close his eyes.

J. DRYDEN

---

95 WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
  so full of hope and joy and light,
as if no cloud could ever rise
  to dim a heaven so purely bright;

nos ubi saevit hiemps, nos ver ubi ridet eamus;
  quodlibet ad caelum germina trudet amor.
omnipotens amor est, amor est aeternus, et aevi
  ludibrio vires imperiosus habet.
frigida nos via ducet? at ambitiosior ultro
  copula constringet bracchia lenta gelu.
per tenebras erratur? euntibus imminet alas
  lumine purpureas expliciturus Amor.

T. S. E.

---

94 *AMATOR MORIBVNDVS*

FACUNDE pastor, vade Deliae narra
  nec emori me velle nec queri posse:
vocem canoram versibus maritato,
nam plus habebit illa ponderis nostra.
febriculoso et aegrimonia muto
haec allocutio adfluit deum dono,
furtim indicare posse carmen auditum
quae macer amator autumare non ausit.
suspiret illa, forsitan fleat: sed iam
nescit cupido misericordia vesci.
narra cor ut sit alterum alteri natum,
utque amor amore par pari rependatur.
narra meum adeo vulnus exacerbari,
iam nunc ut extra remedium recrudescat;
qui iaceat infans, iaceat aeger, heu tantum
clausuram ocellos opperirier mortem.

T. S. E.

---

95 *AD STELLAM*

STELLA, tuos quoties video ridentis ocellos,
  laetitia quantum speque iocoque micent,
huic neque posse reor nubes insurgere caelo,
  nec tam clara nigra lumina nocte tegi.

I sigh to think how soon that brow
  in grief may lose its every ray,
and that light heart, so joyous now,
  almost forget it once was gay.

For time will come with all its blights,
  the ruined hope, the friend unkind,
and love, that leaves, where'er it lights,
  a chilled or burning heart behind:—
while youth, that now like snow appears
  ere sullied by the darkening rain,
when once 'tis touched by sorrow's tears,
  can never shine so bright again.

T. MOORE

---

96 EARTH'S Children cleave to earth—her frail
  decaying children dread decay.
Yon wreath of mist that leaves the vale,
  and lessens in the morning ray:
look how by mountain rivulet
  it lingers as it upward creeps,
and clings to fern and copsewood set
  along the green and dewy steeps:
clings to the fragrant kalmia, clings
  to precipices fringed with grass,
dark maples where the wood-thrush sings,
  and bowers of fragrant sassafras.
Yet all in vain—it passes still
  from hold to hold, it cannot stay,
and in the very beams that fill
  the world with glory wastes away,
till, parting from the mountain's brow,
  it vanishes from human eye,
and that which sprung of earth is now
  a portion of the glorious sky.

J. BRYANT

mox reputo mecum tristis, nitor omnis honestae
  quam cito depereat frontis et omne decus:
quam cito corda, nova nuper laetantia vita,
  laetitiae possint vix meminisse suae.
cuncta mala tanget robigine tempus, amici
  destituent, fallet spes male tuta fidem.
tum fugiet, constricta gelu qui linquit acerbo
  pectora vel saevis ignibus urit, Amor.
et nive si posita fulget tua purior aetas,
  illa tamen pluviae tabe nigrescet aquae,
et simul haec fuerit lacrimis imbuta iuventas,
  lux oculis fugiet non reditura tuis.

E. H. G.

---

96 HAERENT telluris gremio telluris alumni,
  brevisque gens caduca ne cadat pavet:
ille cavam vallem tenuis qui deserit umor,
  trahitque sole prodeunte cornua,
ecce fluentisoni scandens latera ardua montis
  ut ociatur in liquore lubrico,
in filice ut cessat, dumeti cessat in umbra
  virente saxa quae coronat uvida;
nunc thyma circum haeret fragrantia, nunc ubi summam
  amicit herba rupium crepidinem:
tum vel quod resonat turdis acer ambit opacum
  vel attrahens odore myrteum nemus.
omnia nequiquam; nam protinus ille vireta
  ad altiora corripit gradum, inscius
stare loco: mox in radiis, quibus omnia rident
  lepore plena, dissolutus interit,
donec ab humanis oculis evanidus idem
  suprema montis exiit cacumina,
et quem prima parens summiserat aëra tellus
  ad astra fusus aurei fit aetheris.

T. S. E.

97 THE rose with fond delight
gazing at her own beauty hung
over a stream that, swift and bright,
her image upward flung:
when lo! a zephyr's blustering power
of every petal robs the flower,
and the spoils fall in the river,
which, hurrying, bears them off for ever!
Thus, even thus, perceive we may,
well-a-day!
how swiftly Beauty passeth away.

C. L. SMITH

---

98 YE Mariners of England
that guard our native seas!
whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
the battle and the breeze!
your glorious standard launch again
to match another foe:
and sweep through the deep,
while the stormy winds do blow;
while the battle rages loud and long
and the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
shall start from every wave—
for the deck it was their field of fame,
and Ocean was their grave:
where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
your manly hearts shall glow,
as ye sweep through the deep,
while the stormy winds do blow;
while the battle rages loud and long
and the stormy winds do blow.

97 IMMINENS rivo rosa, qui rubentem
lucida velox referebat unda,
dum sui defixa tuens coloris
deperit umbram;
omnibus raptim foliis inermem
exuit maior solito favoni
flatus, et floris spolia inciderunt
fusa fluento
usque deportanda liquore prono,
sic, reor, sic heu licet augurari
quam sit elapsura brevi puellis
vana venustas.

T. S. E.

---

98 NAUTAE, finitimi praesidium maris,
o et progenies et decus Angliae!
quae per mille hiemes Martis et Aeoli
duravere licentiam,
nunc vexilla, viri, pandite militem
impulsura novum: dumque frement noti,
dum Bellona fremet ferrea, classibus
vastos verrite vortices.
ecce umbrae proavorum arma parantibus
omni subsilient gurgite; quis fori
virtutum spatium, quis tumuli dedit
ingens oceanus locum.
Flaccus qua cecidit, qua pelagi potens
Nelso procubuit, corda virilibus
ardescent animis vestra volubiles
per fluctus equitantium:
quamvis et boreas imperiosior
portum flaminibus verberet et minax
armis mars rabiemque et strepitum trahat
tempestatibus acrior.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
no towers along the steep;
her march is o'er the mountain waves,
her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
she quells the floods below—
as they roar on the shore,
when the stormy winds do blow;
when the battle rages loud and long,
and the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor-flag of England
shall yet terrific burn;
till danger's troubled night depart
and the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
our song and feast shall flow
to the fame of your name,
when the storm has ceased to blow;
when the fiery fight is heard no more,
and the storm has ceased to blow.

T. CAMPBELL

---

99 *Love and Duty*

COULD Love part thus? was it not well to speak,
to have spoken once? It could not but be well.
The slow sweet hours that bring us all things good,
the slow sad hours that bring us all things ill,
and all good things from evil, brought the night
in which we sat together and alone,
and to the want, that hollowed all the heart,
gave utterance by the yearning of an eye,
that burned upon its object thro' such tears
as flow but once a life. The trance gave way
to those caresses, when a hundred times

muri praesidio non eget Albion,
non in praecipiti turribus editis;
insultat liquidis montibus et mari
    mansuram posuit domum.
fulmen roboribus missile de suis
torquens inferiorem oceanum domat,
tundentem adsiduis saxa sonoribus,
    ventis dum freta murmurant,
belli dum strepitum Mars agit efferum.
at, crinita velut stella, minaciter
flagrabunt iterum signa Britanniae,
    donec saeva periculis
nox dilapsa iubar mite reduxerit
pacis luciferae. tunc quoque, milites
invicti pelago, laudibus adfluet
    vestris multus honos lyrae
non cessante epulis in popularibus,
venti compositum cum dederint mare,
mars cum fulmineus desierit comes
    pacatis aquilonibus.

T. S. E.

---

99 *DIVELLIMVR INDE*

SIC fuerit divolsus amor? quae culpa loquentum?
  crimen erat quantum non tacuisse semel?
crimen erat nullum. sed tempora tarda moventur
  dum portant homini quae bona cumque iuvant;
quae mala cumque angunt portantia tarda moventur,
  dumque bonas referunt post mala longa vices.
et noctem nobis, qua soli sedimus una,
  haec eadem, quamvis tarda, tulere tamen,
cum desiderium, quod pectore surgit ab imo,
  prodidit obtutu voltus uterque suo,
prodidit et lacrimis: nulli bis contigit ardor
  iste, neque hoc fletu bis maduere genae.

in that last kiss, which never was the last,
farewell, like endless welcome, lived and died,
then follow'd counsel, comfort, and the words
that make a man feel strong in speaking truth;
till now the dark was worn, and overhead
the lights of sunset and of sunrise mix'd
in that brief night; the summer night, that paused
among her stars to hear us; stars that hung
love-charm'd to listen; all the wheels of Time
spun round in station, but the end had come.

O then like those, that clench their nerves to rush
upon their dissolution, we two rose,
there—closing like an individual life—
in one blind cry of passion and of pain,
like bitter accusation ev'n to death,
caught up the whole of love and utter'd it,
and bade adieu for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON

---

100 *Light shining out of Darkness*

GOD moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  and rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
  of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
  and works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
  the clouds ye so much dread
are big with mercy and shall break
  in blessings on your head.

oscula succedunt; quaeque ultima, prima videntur:
  et dictura 'vale' lingua susurrat 'have.'
consilium sequitur, solamina qualia vere
  dicta viri firmant pectus ad omne bonum.
at, primo iam mane breves pellente tenebras,
  sol oriens tinctus sole cadente redit;
nox aestiva moras inter sua sidera nectit,
  addiderant auris sideraque ipsa suas;
stare cupit motu nobis attentus in omni
  circuitus mundi; sed prope finis erat.
ut miseri quondam firmati robore nervos
  dant se praecipites in sua fata viri,
sic nos erigimur simul et consurgimus ambo,
  una quod haec rerum meta duobus adest:
protinus ingentem promit vox rupta dolorem,
  ceu furit in sontes cum gravis ira reos;
alter enim simili perculsus et altera sensu
  dixit 'amo,' 'tempus' dixit 'in omne vale.'

B. H. K.

---

100 *LVX E TENEBRIS*

NON usitatas ingreditur vias
  miranda sollers cum peragit Deus;
 vestigia in fluctu marino
  figit et invehitur procellis.

Idem, ut metallis terra feracibus
occultat aurum, splendida providus
 decreta componit suumque
  consilium movet inrepertus.

audete, sancti; cornua sumite;
nimbum pavetis? munera parturit
 caelestia et se rumpet almo
  rore bonorum opulentus imber.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
  but trust Him for His grace:
behind a frowning providence
  He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  unfolding every hour;
the bud may have a bitter taste,
  but sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  and scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
  and He will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER

---

101 *Hymn to Light.*

WHEN, Goddess, thou lift'st up thy wakened head
  out of the morning's purple bed,
  thy quire of birds about thee play,
and all the joyful world salutes the rising day.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st;
  a crown of studded gold thou bear'st,
  the virgin lilies in their white
are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

The violet, spring's little infant, stands
  girt in thy purple swaddling-bands:
  on the fair tulip thou dost dote;
thou cloth'st it in a gay and party-coloured coat.

With flame condens'd thou dost the jewels fix,
  and solid colours in it mix:
  Flora herself envies to see
flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

non aestimandus sic temerest Deus:
donare largo credite: sortium
  qui fila dispensat severa
    fronte, supercilium resolvet
voltu sereno. Quod voluit dies
maturat omnis: germen acerbius
  mitescit in flores rosarum:
    triticeam feret herba messem.
incredulum cor fallitur intuens
quid moliatur maximus artifex:
  qui struxit interpres suorumst
    idem operum expedietque nodos.

T. S. E.

101

AD LVCEM

CUM tu purpureo caput
  aurorae explicitum, diva, levas toro,
  alludit volucrum cohors,
et laetans reduci terra salit die.
  gaudes puniceam tuae
vestem ferre rosae: complicitis micas
  auro crinibus illito:
et quae virgineis pura nitoribus
  candent textile lilia
nuda luce tegit vixque tegit iubar.
  compacto facis adligas
gemmas cum solidis igne coloribus:
  flores ipsa tuas minor
pallet Flora videns nec diuturnior:

Ah Goddess! would thou could'st thy hand withhold
  and be less liberal to gold;
  didst thou less value to it give
of how much care alas! might'st thou poor man relieve!

---

102 *La Feuille*

'DE ta tige détachée,
  pauvre feuille desséchée,
où vas tu?' 'Je n'en sais rien;
l'orage a brisé le chêne
qui seul était mon soutien;
de son inconstante haleine
le zéphyr ou l' aquilon
depuis ce jour me promène
de la forêt à la plaine,
de la montagne au vallon.
Je vais où le vent me mène,
sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer;
je vais où va toute chose,
où va la feuille de rose,
et la feuille de laurier.'

V. A. ARNAULT

---

103 *Inscription on an Æolian Harp*

HAIL heavenly harp, where Memnon's skill is shewn,
  that charm'st the ear with music all thine own,
which though untouched can'st rapturous strains impart!
O rich of genuine nature, free from art!
such the wild warblings of the sylvan throng,
so simply sweet the untaught virgin's song.

C. SMART

---

104 *The Dew-Drop*

A PEARLY dewdrop see some flower adorn
  and grace with tender beam the rising morn;

O si corripias manum
auro nec propera tam faveas manu!
quod si vilius aestimes,
curis quot releves pectora pauperum.

C. W. M.

102 *AD FOLIVM*

AVOLSO sitiens stipite quo fugis,
infelix folium? dicere nescio;
quae me sustinuit sola valentibus
ramis diffidit ilicem
tempestas; zephyris aut aquilonibus,
crebrescens quoties halitus impulit,
ex illo trucibus, quo ferar inscium,
ventis ludibrium volo:
a convallibus ad culmina montium,
ad rura a siluis usque patentia,
huc illuc fugio, quidlibet impotens
quo me proripiunt pati.
vado nec metuens fata nec ingemens;
vado quo properant omnia vadere,
quo frons occubuit laurea militis,
quo lapsae pereunt rosae.

H. K.

103 *IN CITHARAM AEOLIAM*

SALVE quae fingis proprio modulamine carmen,
salve Memnoniam vox imitata lyram!
dulce o divinumque sonans sine pollicis ictu
dives naturae simplicis, artis inops!
talia quae incultae dant mellea labra puellae,
talia sunt faciles quae modulantur aves.

C. SMART, *A. S.* 1750

104 *IN RORIS GVTTAM*

NONNE vides, luci quo pulchrior adsit origo,
rosidus ut violae suave renidet honos?

but soon the sun permits a fiercer ray,
and the fair fabric rushes to decay:
lo, in the dust the beauteous ruin lies;
and the pure vapour seeks its native skies.
a fate like this to thee, sweet boy, was given:
to sparkle, bloom and be exhaled to heaven.

LORD BYRON

105

Sprüche

Wenn dir in Zornesgluth dein sterblich Herz will wallen
Sag ihm 'Weißt du, wie bald du wirst in Staub zerfallen?'

Den Wanderer freut die Nacht, nur wenn er ist am Ziel,
auf halbem Wege nicht, wenn sie ihn überfiel.

O bitt, um Leben noch! Du fühlst mit deinen Mängeln
Daß du rasch wandeln kannst nicht unter Gottes Engeln.

Die meisten fürchten sich darum vorm Tod vielleicht
Weil sie des Lebens Ziel noch haben nicht erreicht.

F. RÜCKERT

106

Segen

Du bist wie eine Blume
so hold und schön und rein;
ich schau dich an, und Wehmuth
schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist als ob ich die Hände
auf's Haupt dir legen sollt'
betend, daß Gott dich erhalte
so rein und schön und hold.

H. HEINE

mox, simul indulget nimio sol fervidus igni,
  candida festinat veris alumna mori.
sternitur a media quam non inhonesta ruina!
  halitus in caelum fragrat abitque suum.
par tibi sors, miserande puer: sic gratia fulsit,
  mellea sic animae redditur aura Iovi.

R. C. J.

105

CUM tibi cor mortale tumens exaestuat ira,
  ipse refer 'demens, tu modo pulvis eris?'

Grata viatori nox est iam limite tacto,
  non media capiat si necopina via.

Posce Deum vitam: culparum conscius aegro
  pectore caelicolis non potes ire comes.

Pluribus hinc forsan mors formidanda videtur
  quod vitae finem non tetigere suae.

B. F. W.

---

106 *QVAE PRECAMVR TEMPORE SACRO*

UT flos lucet agris, tibi venustus
  vitae lucet honos decusque purum;
a! sub corde mihi tot intuenti
dotes nescio quid subest doloris:
donec visus amor iubere dextra
imposta capiti Deum precari,
ut purum tibi sic per omne tempus
conservet decus integrumque honorem.

B. F. W.

107 *The Snow-Drop*

BENEATH the chilling air when I behold
thee, lovely flower, recline thy languid head:
when I behold thee drooping, pale and cold,
and sorrowing for thy vernal sisters dead;
methinks I mark in thee the child of woe,
exposed to hardship from his earliest birth,
bending beneath the wintry storms that blow,
his only portion a rude spot of earth;
yet sure, like thine, meek flower, his spring draws near,
and heaven's sweet sunshine shall inhale each tear.

W. SCROPE

---

108 *To a Lady with a Present of a Pair of Drinking-Glasses*

FAIR Empress of the Poet's soul,
and Queen of Poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
this humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
as generous as your mind;
and pledge me in the generous toast—
'The whole of human kind!'

'To those who love us!'—second fill;
but not to those whom we love;
lest we love those who love not us;
a third—'To thee and me love!'

R. BURNS

---

109 *May*

NOW May with life and music
the blooming valley fills,
and rears her tender arches
o'er all the little rills.

107 *VERIS PRIMITIAE*

FRIGORE sub rigido te, veris floscule, cerno
nutantem tenerum languidulumque caput,
atque ita pallentem, tumulatas sola sorores
ceu plores tempus quas hiemale premit.
'sic pallet' dixi 'deserta orbata iuventas,
dum iam tempestas desuper atra fremit;
sic caput inclinat, rudis inclementia venti
dum ferit et solo in tramite maesta nitet:
a! cito ver veniet, veniet cito mitior aura,
hauriet et lacrimam lux rediviva brevem.'

W. L. BOWLES, *A. S.* 1785

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108 *FEMINAE CYATHOS DUO MUNERI MITTIT*

QVAE regis, Virgo, mea corda vatis,
quae puellarum superas catervam
docta doctarum, Nemesi, o benigne
respice parvom
munus. En binos cyathos! liquores
nobiles huc funde tuoque dignos
spiritu et 'terrae bene' dic 'colentes.'
nobile votum!
Poculo 'si nos quis amat' secundo;
non tamen 'queis nos amor illigavit,'
nequis aversetur: at o supremum
sit mihi tecum!

A. H. W.

---

109 *IN MAIVM MENSEM*

MAIUS adest; ruri rediit sua gratia; passim
flos iterum summas pendulus ornat aquas:

The minstrel bird of evening
  comes back on joyous wings,
and, like the harp's soft murmur,
  is heard the gush of springs;
the rugged trees are mingling
  their flowery sprays in love,
the ivy climbs the laurel
  to clasp the boughs above—
they change; but thou Lisena
  art cold when I complain:
why to this lover only
  does Spring return in vain?

W. C. BRYANT

---

110 *Joan of Arc*

HIGH on her stately steed the martial maid
rode foremost of the war, her burnished arms
shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled course
runs glittering gaily to the noontide sun.
The foaming courser, of her guiding hand
impatient, smote the earth, and tossed his mane,
and reared aloft with many a forward bound,
then answered to the rein with such a step
as in submission he were proud to shew
his spirit unsubdued. Slow on the air
waved the white plumes that shadow'd o'er her helm.
E'en such, so fair, so terrible in arms,
Pelides moved from Scyros, where concealed
he lay obedient to his mother's fears
a seemly damsel: thus the youth appeared
terribly graceful, when upon his neck
Deidameia hung, and with a look
that spake the tumult of her troubled soul
gazed on the father of her unborn babe.

R. SOUTHEY

venit ovans quae cantat avis surgentibus astris,
  utque lyrae laticum murmur ubique sonat.
nectit amor varios quos dant arbusta colores;
  visque hederae lauri culmina summa petit.
norunt illa vices; tu flecti, Lydia, nescis;
  cur mihi ver soli gaudia nulla parit?

J. F. I.

---

110 *PVELLA AVRELIANENSIS*

AT sublimis equo generoso bellica virgo
  emicat ante acies primas, cui levia fulgent
arma procul, ceu cum medio sub sole coruscans
laeta salit rivi lapidoso in tramite lympha.
vix patiens fraeni sonipes dextraeque regentis
ungue ferit terram, iactatque comantia colla,
nunc petulans crebro saltu se tollit in auras,
nunc facilis fraeno obsequitur glomeratque superbos
haud aliter gressus, quam si parere lupatis
quamlibet assuetus, tamen ostentare vigorem
gestiat indomitum. quo se movet ille, puellae
umbrantes galeam nant albae in flamine cristae.
Talis erat tamque ore decens tamque acer in armis,
Scyron ubi latebrasque puer linquebat Achilles,
anxia qua mater dudum celaverat inter
virgineos coetus formosae virginis instar:
tanta fuit iuveni metuendo gratia, collo
Deidameia ubi pendebat, maestoque tumultus
infandos animi voltu testata, parentem
amplexast oculis iam clausi in corpore nati.

F. B.

111 *Ida*

SO she low-toned; while with shut eyes I lay
listening; then looked. Pale was the perfect face;
the bosom with long sighs laboured; and meek
seemed the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,
and the voice trembled and the hand. She said
brokenly, that she knew it, she had failed
in sweet humility; had failed in all;
that all her labour was but as a block
left in the quarry; but she still were loth,
she still were loth to yield herself to one,
that wholly scorned to help their equal rights
against the sons of men, and barbarous laws.
She prayed me not to judge their cause from her
that wronged it, sought far less for truth than power
in knowledge: something wild within her breast,
a greater than all knowledge, beat her down.

A. TENNYSON

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112 *The Exequies*

DRAW near,
you Lovers that complain
of Fortune or Disdain,
and to my ashes lend a tear;
melt the hard marble with your groans,
and soften the relentless stones,
whose cold embraces the sad subject hide
of all Love's cruelties and Beauty's pride.

No verse,
no epicedium bring,
nor peaceful requiem sing,
to charm the terrours of my hearse;
no profane numbers must flow near
the sacred silence that dwells here.

111 *IDA*

SIC illa exili recitabat voce: iacebam
intentus, clausisque oculis audire paratus:
tum vix suspicio. egregius pallescere voltus,
pectora anhela gravi ceu turgescentia motu
visa laborare, et plenis insidere labris
ingenuus pudor: ipsa manus cum voce tremebat
et mites oculi radiabant luce serena.
tum fracta sic voce loqui: se scire fateri
omnia: femineum sibi defecisse pudorem,
recte egisse nihil; verum imperfecta relinqui
quae fecisse velit; ceu nondum effossus in agro
stat lapis, informis moles et inutile pondus.
at se nolle tamen cuiquam spondere marito,
qui spernat secum muliebria iura tueri
barbaricas contra leges et mascula contra
imperia. ut nollem causam cognoscere ab ipsa
quae male defendat; neque enim se voce valere,
ac magis egregias quas det sapientia vires
quam veri studio verum petere: intus obortum
nescio quid vehemens, multo pollentius omni
doctrina, proprias animi devincere vires.

F. A. P.

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112 *EXEQVIAE*

CVI sors dura nocet, dominae cui fastus amanti,
huc ades et lacrimas in mea busta dato:
assiduo donec liquantur marmora luctu
saxaque sint gemitu mollia facta tuo,
amplexu quorum gelido iam victima dormit
fastus quem rapuit trux et inicus amor:
sed memores absint versus et funebre carmen,
nec placet manes naenia blanda meos:

Vast griefs are dumb; softly, oh! softly mourn,
lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew
upon my dismal grave
such offerings as you have,
forsaken cypress and sad yew;
for kinder flowers can take no birth
or growth from such unhappy earth.
Weep only o'er my dust, and say 'Here lies
to Love and Fate an equal sacrifice.'

T. STANLEY

---

113 *Hermes*

ALL night he worked in the serene moonshine—
but when the light of day was spread abroad
he sought again Cyllene's peaks divine.
On his long wandering, neither man nor god
had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine,
nor housedog had barked at him on his road:
now he obliquely through the keyhole passed,
like a thin mist or an autumnal blast.

Right through the temple of the spacious cave
he went with soft light feet—as if his tread
fell not on earth; no sound their falling gave;
then to his cradle he crept quick and spread
the swaddling-clothes about him; and the knave
lay playing with the covering of the bed,
with his left hand about his knees—the right
held his belovéd tortoise-lyre tight.—

The Goddess, his fair mother, unbeguiled
knew all that he had done, being abroad;
'Whence come you and from what adventure wild,
you cunning rogue, and where have you abode
all the long night, clothed in your impudence?

sint procul illa: nefas numeris temerare profanis
  haec loca, sacra tenet qua sua regna quies.
muti sunt qui magna dolent: compesce querellas;
  parce urnae pacem sollicitare meae:
sed tu, quae potis es, nostro fer dona sepulchro,
  consita sit tristi sola cupressus humo;
taxus et accedat; non hic alimenta benignis
  subderet infelix floribus ulla cinis:
neve neges lacrimam dum narras 'invida fati
  perdidit hunc pariter vis et iniquus amor.'

C. B. S.

---

113 *HERMES*

NOCTEM operabatur totam sub lumine puro;
at simul ac late lux est diffusa diei
Cyllenes rursus repetebat culmina sancta:
nemo hominum divumve occurrerat errabundo
ex quo Phoebeas mactarat tempore vaccas,
nec portae custos canis allatrarat euntem:
tum per claustra domus obliquum se insinuabat,
ceu tenues nebulae vel spiritus auctumnalis.
continuo per templum amplae sublime cavernae
it leviter gradiens, quasi non vestigia terrae
infigat, neque enim sonitum depressa dedere:
tum celer irrepit cunas et vestibus ultro
involvit sese: sic subdolus ille iacebat
ad genua alludens laeva velamina lecti:
dextera inhaerebat testudine semper amata.
non tamen illa deam genetricem facta latebant
quae clam patrarat puer, et sic ore locuta est
'Unde venis? quibus insidiis, qua fraude peracta,
mille instructe dolis? aut quo sub tegmine noctem
mansisti totam, mores exute pudicos?

what have you done since you departed hence?
Apollo soon will pass within this gate,
and bind your tender body in a chain
inextricably tight, and fast as fate,
unless you can elude the God again,
even when in his arms—ah, runagate!
a pretty torment both for gods and men
your father made when he made you!' 'Dear mother'
replied sly Hermes 'wherefore scold and bother?'

P. B. SHELLEY

---

114 *Caswallon*

EVEN as a flower,
poppy or hyacinth, on its broken stem,
languidly raises its encumbered head,
and turns it to the gentle evening sun,
so feebly rose, so turned that boy his face
unto the well-known voice: twice raised his head,
twice it fell back in powerless heaviness;
even at that moment from the dark wood came
his chariot coursers, heavily behind
dragging the vacant car. Caswallon knew
and he leaped up; the boy his bloodless lips
with a long effort opened. 'Was it well,
father, at this my first, my earliest fight,
to mock me with a baffled hope of fame?
well was it, to defraud me of my right
to noble death?'—and speaking thus he died.
—Awhile above him leaned the father, then
leaped up, within the chariot placed the corpse,
and with his lash fierce rent the steeds: swift on
as with their master's ire instinct they flew,
making a wide road through the hurtling fray.
Kinsman or stranger, friend or foe alike,

quid te egisse refers postquam lare discessisti?
ast has ille fores mox ingredietur Apollo
atque tuum corpus constringet molle tenaci
compede, fatorum qua vis non durior ulla,
ni manibus potes ex ipsis elabier: eheu,
improbe, te quantam dis et mortalibus edit
perniciem genitor!' Respondet subdolus Hermes
'Cara parens, quid me sic corripis obtundisque?'

J. C.

---

114 *CASVALLO*

VT flos saepe, caput fracta cervice gravatum,
sive papaver erat seu depressus hyacinthus,
vix tandem attollit solique obvertit amico,
sic lassa assurgens aegre puer ora reflexit
ad sonitum vocemque: caput bis tollere temptat,
bis ponit resupinus iners, silvaque nigrante
egrediuntur equi, vacui post terga trahentes
axis onus: sensit commotus et exsilit heros:
ora puer longo reserat pallentia nisu:
'hoc, pater, hoc dignum, primis me ludere in armis
spe decoris vana? dignum hoc, fraudare merentem
clarae laude necis?' sic fantem vita relinquit.
incubuit paulum nato pater: inde levat se
turbidus, inque axem corpus tulit, et gravis ictu
scindit equos: olli, velut ira accendat herilis,
effugiunt: fit per pugnam via lata sonantem:
cognato externus pariter cadit, hostis amico:

one undistinguishing lust of carnage filled
the master and the horses; so wild groans
followed where'er he moved, 'twas all to him,
slaughter dripped and reeked from the chok'd scythes.—
I' the eastern wars as under his broad tower
moves stately the huge elephant, a shaft
haply casts down his friendly rider, wont
to lead him to the tank: awhile he droops
affectionate his loose and moaning trunk:
then in his grief and vengeance bursts, and bears
in his feet's trampling rout and disarray
to either host, and shakes the sandy plain.

H. H. MILMAN

115

The Sailor Boy

HE rose at dawn, and fired with hope
  shot o'er the seething harbour-bar,
and reached the ship and caught the rope,
  and whistled to the morning star.

And while he whistled loud and long
  he heard a fierce mermaiden cry
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud
  I see the place where thou wilt lie.

'The sands and yeasty surges mix
  in caves about the dreary bay,
and on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
  and in thy heart the scrawl shall play.'

'Fool,' he answered 'death is sure
  to those that stay and those that roam,
but I will never more endure
  to sit with empty hands at home.

'My mother clings about my neck,
  my sisters crying 'stay for shame,'
my father raves of death and wreck—
  they are all to blame, they are all to blame.

caedis equos dominumque agit indiscreta libido,
dum, quocumque ruant gemitusque dolorque sequantur,
dum sudent spumentque repletae sanguine falces.
qualis ubi incedit bellis Oriente coortis
lata ingens sub turre elephas, si forte sagitta
exciderit deiectus eques, deducere suetus
ad potum, paulum studio demittit inani
anguimanum pondus, tristi moerore solutum,
tum luctu mixtaque ira prorumpit, utrisque
agminibus, quocumque gravis vestigia torquet,
cladem addensque fugam, quassaeque moventur arenae.

J. C.

---

115 *PVER NAVTICVS*

SURGIT mane novo, et votis iuvenilibus ardens
  transiluit portus spumea claustra puer:
iamque ratem attigerat, prenso iam nauta rudente
  cantum Luciferi iactat adusque iubar.
hic tamen arguto dum spargit ab ore canorem,
  Nereis horribiles est dare visa minas,
'Vae, puer audaci nimium confise iuventae,
  naufraga cui video quem struat unda torum:
ecce tenebrosas ut circumfusa cavernas
  gurgitis albenti spumet harena sale!
iamque vagae ludunt squillae praecordia circum,
  haeret et in costis improba testa tuis!'
Dixerat: inde puer 'Demens, quae tanta minaris?
  certa foris homini mors sua, certa domi:
ignavis hominum sint desidis otia vitae,
  nil moror ad patrios ipse vacare focos.
quid lacrimis mater collo quod inhaeret obortis?
  quod mihi dat vitio sic abiisse soror?
naufragium crepat usque pater certamque ruinam:
  et soror et genetrix, errat et ipse pater.

'God help me! save I take my part
of danger on the roaring sea,
a devil rises in my heart
far worse than any death to me.'

A. TENNYSON

---

116 *Comus*

THE star that bids the shepherd fold
now the top of heaven doth hold:
and the gilded car of Day,
his glowing axle doth allay
in the steep Atlantic stream,
and the slope Sun his upward beam
shoots against the dusky pole,
pacing toward the other goal
of his chamber in the East.
Meanwhile welcome Joy and Feast,
midnight Shout and Revelry,
tipsy Dance and Jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
dropping odours, dropping wine.
Rigour now is gone to bed,
and Advice with scrupulous head,
strict Age and sour Severity
with their grave saws in slumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
imitate the starry quire,
who in their nightly watchful spheres
lead in swift round the months and years.
The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,
now to the moon in wavering morrice move;
and on the tawny sands and shelves
trip the pert faeries and the dapper elves.
By dimpled brook and fountain brim,
the wood-nymphs decked with daises trim
their merry wakes and pastimes keep:

pro me equidem dicam—mihi sic deus adsit eunti—
  ni mala, ni ponti murmura passus ero;
est imo de corde minax quae surgat Erinnys,
  cui vel praetulerim funera mille pati.'

E. M. Y.

116

COMVS

IAM stella, clausi qua stabulant greges,
  caeli cacumen noctifer attigit,
  axemque flammantem diei
    praecipiti lavat amne pontus
Atlantis: et sol occiduus iubar
caliginosum subicit in polum,
  ut pergit eoos reverti
    in thalamos aliamque metam.
ergo procaces laetitiae chori
adeste, Baccho iuncta protervitas,
  dapesque nocturnique lusus,
    huc roseum properate florem:
vino et fluentes malobathro comas
crispate sertis: iam rigidus pudor
  sopitur et voltu severo
    canities et acerba cura:
nos puriorum est queis vigor ignium
caeli micantes subsequimur choros,
  quos semper insomnes rotari
    nocte libet, celerique gyro
mensis et annos ducere; iam freta
syrtesque et una squamigerum pecus
  moventur ad lunam meatu
    instabili; gracilesque Fauni
lustrant harenas et cava rupium;
quin fontis udo in margine ferias
  ludosque praecinctae decenter
    rore maris celebrant Napaae.

what hath night to do with sleep?
night hath better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.
Come let us our rites begin,
'tis only day-light that makes sin,
which these dun shades will ne'er report.
Hail Goddess of noćturnal sport,
dark-veil'd Cotytto, to whom the secret flame
of midnight-torches burns: mysterious dame,
that ne'er art call'd, but when the dragon womb
of Stygian darkness spits her thickest gloom,
and makes one blot of all the air,
stay thy cloudy ebon chair,
wherein thou ridst with Hecate, and befriend
us thy vow'd priests till utmost end
of all the dues be done, and none left out;
ere the babbling eastern scout
the nice Morn on th' Indian steep
from her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
and to the tell-tale Sun descry
our concealed solemnity.
Come, knit hands and beat the ground
in a light fantastic sound.

JOHN MILTON

---

117 *Hellas*

THOU beacon of love! thou lamp of the free!
guide us far, far away,
to climes where now, veiled by the ardour of day,
thou art hidden

quid nox sopori convenit invido?
nox suaviores delicias refert:
excussit en! somnos inertes
noctis amans Venus et Cupido.
eia! impudentes nos thiasi vocant:
lux sola crimen quod retegit facit;
non haec revelabit profundo
umbra sinu. Dea furva, salve
caecis Cotytto religionibus
colenda, taeda non sine mystica,
utcumque nox partus Averno
progenerat tenebrosiores;
totumque vasta polluit aethera
caligine; o si nunc Triviae comes
flectis per obscurum quadrigas,
nubiferos age siste currus:
nobisque praesens rite vocantibus
succurre, donec vota peregerint
fidi sacerdotes, omisso
ne careant tua sacra cultu:
ante ex eois garrula quam plagis
Aurora clivum scanderit Indicum,
ritusque vulgarit tacendos
e tenui speculata rima,
quos proditori non liceat Deo
spectare: iam iam nectite dexteras
mecum, sodales, et choreae
terra levi sonet icta pulsu.

J. C. W.

---

117 *Σὲ μὲν εὐσεβέων λαμπάδ' ἐρώτων,*
σὲ δ' ἐλευθερίας κήρυκα καλῶ
μακρὰν ἐπὶ γαῖαν ὁδηγεῖν,
μέσσαις ὅθι νῦν ἥματος αὔγαις

from waves on which weary noon
faints in her summer swoon,
between kingless continents, sinless as Eden,
around mountains and islands inviolably
prankt on the sapphire sea.
  Through the sunset of hope,
like the shapes of a dream,
what Paradise islands of glory gleam
  beneath Heaven's cope.
Their shadows more clear float by—
the sound of their oceans, the light of their sky,
the music and fragrance their solitudes breathe,
burst like morning on dreams, or like Heaven on death,
  through the walls of our prison;
  and Greece, which was dead, is arisen!

P. B. SHELLEY

Bel. GREAT griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
and though he came our enemy, remember
he was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
together, have one dust, yet reverence,
that angel of the world, doth make distinction

προκαλυπτομένα κύματα λήθεις
μαλακαῖς κοίταις,
θερίνας δμηθένθ' ὑπὸ νηνεμίας,
μετ' ὀρῶν νήσων τ' εὐαγήτων
μέσφ' ἀπείρων ἀτυραννεύτων
ἀλὶ κεκλιμένων ἐπὶ πορφυρέᾳ·
φαναὶ δ' ἐλπίδες, ὡς ἐπ' ὀνείρων,
νήσους τηλόθεν ἐμφαίνουσι
στιλπνὰς μακάρων
αἴθρας ὕπο μαρμαροέσσας·
καὶ μὴν ἤδη μᾶλλον ἐναργεῖς
ποτινισσόμεναι σκιαὶ ᾄσσουσιν,
καὶ νέος ἠχεῖ πόντου κέλαδος,
καὶ νέος ἆσσον πέπταται αἰθήρ,
ἀπὸ δ' οἰοπόλων χωρῶν ἁμῖν
φθόγγοι τ' ὀδμαί θ' ἁδὺ προσέπταν,
χὡς εὐδόντων ἐφάνη βλεφάροις
ἀώς, φθιμένοις τ' ἀθανατίζειν,
τοῖον ἐκεῖθεν φάος ἁμετέροις
δεσμοῖσιν ἔβα,
θανάτου δ' ἐξ Ἑλλὰς ἀνέστη.

D. B. M.

---

118 ΒΕΛ. Ἦ *ῥα τὰ μέσδον' ἄχη ποτ' ἐλάσσονα φάρμακ' ἔγεντο·*
τῶ γὰρ Κλωτενίω νῦν λαθόμεθ'· ἀλλὰ καὶ οὗτος,
ὦ κώρω, βασιλεῖος ἔην παῖς· ἄμμι δ' ἐπενθὼν
ἐχθρός, ὅμως ἔχθρας ἐπιτίμια τὶν ἀπέτισεν·
εἰ δὲ καὶ ἡρώων κρατερῶν ἀνδρῶν τε ταπείνων
πυθομένων μί' ἔγεντο κόνις ὅτε κεῖνται ἐν Αἵδᾳ,
ἀλλὰ τέτευκται ὅμως, Αἰδοῦς ὕπο κοιρανεοίσας,
εὐγενέων φαύλων τε διάκρισις εὐρυθμία τε,
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλο γέρας. καὶ μὰν βασιλῆα τὸν ἐχθρὸν

of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely:
and though you took his life, as being our foe,
yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax',
when neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
we'll say our song the whilst. Brother, begin.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;
my father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So. Begin.

W. SHAKESPEARE

---

119 *Una and the Lion*

NOW when broad day the world discovered has,
up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke;
and on their former journey forward pass,
in ways unknowne, her wandring knight to seek,
with pains far passing that long-wandring Greek
that for his love refused deitye:
such were the labours of this lady meeke,
still seeking him, that from her still did flye,
then furthest from her hope, when most she weenéd nye.

E. SPENSER

---

120 *Timon of Athens*

Tim. GET thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
thus would I eat it. [*eating a root.*

εἴχομες, ἐχθρὸν δ' ὄντα τὸ μέν πκα τὸν βίον
εἶλεν.
νῦν δ' ἀρ' ὅπως βασιλῆα πεφυκότα θάπτε τὸν
ἄνδρα.
ΓΥ. καὶ μὰν δεῦρο φέροις, ποτὶ τῶ σιῶ· ὡς τό γε
σῶμα
Θερσίτας Αἴαντι νεκρῷ νεκρὸς ἰσοφαρίσδει.
ΑΡ. κῆν τό γε δὴ μετὰ τῆνον ἴῃς, πάτερ, ἄμμες ἔπειτα
ἀμὸν ἀεισεύμεσθα μέλος· τὸ δ' ἄρ' ἄρχευ, ἄδελφε.
ΓΥ. ἀλλ' ἄγε τὰν κεφαλὰν θετέον, Κάδμαλε, ποτ' ἀῶ,
ὡς περὶ τοῦτο πάτηρ ἱερὸν λόγον εἶπεν.
ΑΡ. ἀλαθές.
ΓΥ. καὶ φέρε βαστάσδωμες.
ΑΡ. ἀοιδᾶς δ' ἀρχώμεσθα.

D. B. M.

---

119 Αὐτὰρ ὅτ' αἰγλήεσσα φαείνοις ὄμμασιν ἠὼς
πάντ' ἴδεν ἔκ τε κάλυψεν ἀνὰ ζείδωρον ἄρουραν,
δὴ τότ' ἄρ' ἐξ εὐνῆφιν ἀνέγρετο πάρθενος Οὔνη,
σὺν δὲ λέων οἱ ἀνέγρετ', ἐφωμάρτησε δ' ἰούσῃ·
οἱ δ' ἅμ' ἐπιπροθέουσιν ἀν' ἠερόεντα κέλευθα
παρθενίκη τε λέων τε κατὰ στίβον ἠϊθέοιο,
εἴ κεν ἀνεύρωσ' ἄνδρα πλανώμενον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα,
οὐδ' ἄρα τόσσα μόγησε πάλαι ταλάεργος Ὀδυσσεύς,
ὅστε θεῶν μακάρων ἄρ' ἀναίνετο δῦναι ὅμιλον
κουριδίην ποθέων ἄλοχον φιλότητος ἕκητι,
ὅσσα περ ἥδε πόνοις κατατρύχετο μειλίχιός περ,
αἰὲν ἐπειγομένη τὸν ἀεὶ φεύγοντα διώκειν,
ἶσσον δ' ἐγγύθεν εἶναι ὀΐσσατο κούρῃ ἀλήτου,
ἐλπωρῆς ὁ δὲ τόσσον ἀποπλαχθεὶς ἐλιάσθη.

ED.

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120 ΤΙ. διαρραγείης. εἴθ' Ἀθηνῶν ξυνελέγη
ζώης ἃ μετέχει τοῦτό γ' εἰς τὸ κρόμμυον
ἵν' ὧδ' ἔτρωγον.

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.
Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.
Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.
Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botched;
if not, I would it were.
Apem. What would'st thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.
Apem. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best and truest:
for here it sleeps, and does no hiréd harm.
Apem. Where ly'st o'nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that's above me.
Where feed'st thou o'days, Apemantus?
Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.
Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!
Apem. Where would'st thou send it?
Tim. To sauce thy dishes.
Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: when thou wast in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary.

W. SHAKESPEARE

ΑΠ. *τόδε δ' ἂν ἥδιον φάγοις.*
ΤΙ. *ἥδιον ὁμιλοίην γ' ἂν ἀποιχομένου γέ σου.*
ΑΠ. *ἐμοὶ μὲν οὖν τό γ' ἡδύ, σοῦ 'πηλλαγμένῳ.*
ΤΙ. *φλαυρὰ δ' ἂν εἴη κἀνδεής τις ἡδονή·*
εἰ μὴ γάρ, οὐδὲν μᾶλλον ἂν ἡσθείην ἰδών.
ΑΠ. *τί δ' εἰς 'Αθήνας φερόμενον ποθεῖν ἔχεις;*
ΤΙ. *τὴν σὴν κεφαλὴν τυφῶνι· τοῖς δ' ἐκεῖσέ με*
πλουτοῦντ' ἂν εἴποις, εἰ θέλοις. ἰδοὺ δ' ὅσον.
ΑΠ. *τίς δ' ὧδε πλούτου χρῆσις;*
ΤΙ. *ἡ λῴστη γε μήν·*
αὐτοῦ γὰρ εὕδων οὐδέν' ἐπὶ μισθῷ 'δικεῖ.
ΑΠ. *ποῦ νυκτὸς ἐκοιμήσω σύ;*
ΤΙ. *τῶν ὕπερ κάτω.*
σὺ δ' αὖθις ὦ 'τᾶν ποῦ 'φαγες τῆς ἡμέρας;
ΑΠ. *ὅπου περιτύχοι κοιλία τραγήμασι·*
ὅπου μὲν οὖν φάγοιμι.
ΤΙ. *καὶ γὰρ εἴθ' ἐμοὶ*
πίθοιτο φάρμαχ', ὧν ἐρῶ ξυνειδότα.
ΑΠ. *ὡς ποῖ μεθήσων;*
ΤΙ. *σοί γ', ὅπως ὄψον φέρῃς.*
ΑΠ. *οὔπω γὰρ ᾔδῃς τό γε μέσον τοῦ 'νθρωπίνου,*
τῶν ἀκροτάτων μόνον ἐσχάτων τ' ἔμπειρος ὤν·
χρυσοῖσι γάρ σου καὶ μύροις ἠσκημένου
πάντες κατεγέλων, ὡς ἐπιμελὴς ἦσθ' ἄγαν·
ῥάκη δὲ περιβαλόμενος, ἐφάνης οὐκέτ' ὤν·
πάντες δὲ καταφρονοῦσιν ἕκατι τοὔμπαλιν.

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